

# KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.

DUKES OF SOMERSET, SUFFOLK and BUCKINGHAM.

LORD CLIFFORD. YOUNG CLIFFORD, his son.

EARLS OF SALISBURY and WARWICK.

LORDS SCALES and SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother.

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

VAUX. MATTHEW GOFFE.

A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, priests.

BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.

THOMAS HORNER, an armourer. PETER, his man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

SIMPSON, an impostor.

ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.

JACK CADE, a rebel.

GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver,  
MICHAEL, &c., followers of Cade.

Two Murderers.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.

ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.

MARGARET JOURDAIN, a witch.

Wife to Simpson.

Lords, Ladies and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a  
Beadle, Sheriff and Officers, Citizens, Prentices, Falconers,  
Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c. A spirit.

This play is substantially the same as one published by Millington in 1594, but retouched and improved by the hand of Shakespeare himself. The action of the piece follows immediately on that of the First Part. Queen Margaret came over in 1445, and at once commenced the fatal opposition to the Duke of Gloucester which led eventually to the destruction of the Lancastrian dynasty. The authorities for the murder of Suffolk and the rebellion of Cade are Hall and Holinshed. Pictures of costume exist in many manuscripts, as, for example, the Lydgate in the Harleian Collection.

# KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

## Act I.

### Scene I.—London. The Palace.

*Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter King, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick and Cardinal Beaufort, on the one side: Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset and Buckingham, on the other.*

*Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, As procurator to your excellence, To marry Princess Margaret for your grace, So, in the famous ancient city Tours, In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil, The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and ALENÇON, 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 earthly blessings to my soul, If sympathy of love unite our thoughts,

*Que.* Great King of England and my gracious lord,

The mutual conference that my mind hath had, By day, by night, waking and in my dreams, In courtly company or at my beads, With you, mine alder-liest 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, England's happiness!

*Que.* We thank you all. *Flourish.*

*Suf.* My lord protector, so it please your grace, Here are the articles of contracted peace Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

*Glo.* [*Reads.*] Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess 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—

[*Lets the paper fall.*]

*King.* Uncle, how now!

*Glo.* Pardon me, gracious lord; Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

*King.* Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

*Car.* [*Reads.*] Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.

*King.* 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 I' 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 perform'd.

*Exeunt King, Queen and Suffolk.*

*Glo.* Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief, Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

What! did my brother Henry spend his youth, His valour, coin and people, in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field, In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,

To conquer France, his true inheritance? And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,

To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham, Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

Received 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 highness in his infancy

Crown'd in Paris in despite of foes? And shall these labours and these honours die?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?  
Opeers of England, shameful is this league!  
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,  
Blotting your names from books of memory,  
Razing the characters of your renown,  
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,  
Undoing all, as all had never been!

*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,

This peroration with such circumstance?  
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

*Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;  
But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,  
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine  
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

*Sal.* Now, by the death of Him that died for all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy.  
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

*War.* For grief that they are past recovery:  
For, were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful hands?  
Mort Dieu!

*York.* For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!  
France should have torn and rent my very heart,  
Before I would have yielded to this league.  
I never read but England's kings have had  
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;  
And our King Henry gives away his own,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.

*Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth  
For costs and charges in transporting her!  
She should have stayed in France and starved in France,

Before—

*Car.* My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:

It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

*Glo.* My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,  
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.  
Reverence will out: proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.  
Lor dings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. *Exit.*

*Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,  
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,

And 'tis a great friend, I fear me, to the king.  
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

And heir apparent to the English crown:  
Had I Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
And a hundred wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
Look to't, lords; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch our hearts; be wise and circumspect.  
What though the common people favour him,

Calling him *Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,*

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,  
*Jesu maintain your royal excellence!*

With *God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!*

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
He will be found a dangerous protector.

*Buc.* 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. *Exit.*

*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,

Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:

His insolence is more intolerable

Than all the princes in the land beside:

If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector.

*Buc.* Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,  
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*

*Sal.* Pride went before, ambition follows him.

While these do labour for their own preferment,  
Behoves 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 of the church,

As stout and proud as he were lord of all,

Swear like a ruffian and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

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 wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the

people:

Join we together, for the public good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,  
While they do tend the profit of the land.

*War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the

land,

And common profit of his country!

*York.* And so says York, for he hath greatest

cause.

*Sal.* Then let's make haste away, and look

unto the main.

*War.* 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.

*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*

*York.* Anjou and Maine are given to the

French;

Paris is lost; the state of Normandy  
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:  
 Suffolk concluded on the articles,  
 The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased  
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair  
 daughter.

I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?  
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.  
 Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their  
 pillage

And purchase friends and give to courtézans,  
 Still revelling like lords till all be gone;  
 While as the silly owner of the goods  
 Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands  
 And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,  
 While all is shared and all is borne away,  
 Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:  
 So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,  
 While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.  
 Methinks the realms of England, France and  
 Ireland

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood  
 As did the fatal brand Althow 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 Hum-  
 phrey,

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,  
 With his new bride and England's dear-bought  
 queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:  
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;  
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster;  
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the  
 crown,  
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England  
 down. Exit.

*Scene II.—The Duke of Gloucester's House.*

*Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor.*

*Duch.* Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd  
 corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
 Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his  
 brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world?  
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
 What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,  
 Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?  
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
 Until thy head be circled with the same.  
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.

What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;  
 And, having both together heaved it up,  
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
 And never more abase our sight so low  
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

*Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,  
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.  
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,  
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!  
 My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

*Duch.* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll  
 requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

*Glo.* Methought this staff, mine office-badge in  
 court,

Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,  
 But, as I think, 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.* Tut, 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 sat in seat of majesty  
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,  
 And in that chair where kings and queens are  
 crown'd;

Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me  
 And on my head did set the diadem.

*Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:  
 Presumptuous dame, ill-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.

*Glo.* Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' plea-  
 sure

You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,  
 Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.

*Glo.* I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us.

*Duch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

*Revert Gloucester and Messenger.*  
 Follow I must; I cannot go before,  
 While Gloucester bears this base and hum-  
 ble 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 advice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

*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?

*Hume.* This they have promised, to show your highness

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:

When from Saint Alban's we do make return,

We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,

With thy confederates in this weighty 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 mum:

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast;

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,

Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,

They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess

And bus 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 attainure will be Humphrey's fall:

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. *Exit.*

*Scene III.—The Palace.*

*Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter, the Armourer's man, being one.*

1 *Petit.* My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Petit.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

*Enter Suffolk and Queen.*

*Pet.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

3 *Petit.* Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

*Suf.* How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

*Petit.* I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took you for my lord protector.

*Que.* [*Reading.*] *To my Lord Protector!* Are your supplications to his lordship? let me see them; what is thine?

1 *Petit.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

*Suf.* Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed. What's yours? What's here! [*Reads.*] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.* How now, sir knave!

2 *Petit.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

*Pet.* [*Giving his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

*Que.* What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

*Pet.* 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.*

*Que.* And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

*Tears the supplications.*

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

*All.* Come, let's be gone. *Exeunt.*

*Que.* My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still

Under the surly Gloucester's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love

And stolest 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;

His champions are the prophets and apostles,

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canonized saints.

I would the college of the cardinals

Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head:

That were a state fit for his holiness.

*Suf.* Madam, be patient: as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your grace's full content.

*Que.* Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort

The imperious 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.

*Que.* 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?  
 Contemtuons base-born callet as she is,  
 She vaunted 'amongst her minions t'other day,  
 The very train of her worst wearing gown  
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,  
 Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.  
*Suf.* Madam, myself have limed a bush 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 King, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick and the Duchess of Gloucester.*

*King.* For my part, noble lords, I care not which;  
 Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

*York.* If York have ill demean'd himself in France,

Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

*Som.* If Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
 Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

*War.* Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,  
 Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

*Car.* Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

*War.* The cardinal's not my better in the field.

*Buc.* All in this presence are thy betters,  
 Warwick.

*War.* Warwick may live to be the best of all.

*Sal.* Peace, son! and show some reason, Bucking-  
 ham,

Why Somerset should be preferred in this.

*Que.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

*Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself

To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

*Que.* If he be old enough, what needs your grace

To be protector of his excellence?

*Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm;

And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

*Suf.* Design it then and leave thine insolence.

Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;

The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm

Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

*Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the

clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

*Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's

attire

Have cost a mass of public treasury.

*Buc.* Thy cruelty in execution

Upon offenders hath exceed'd law

And left thee to the mercy of the law.

*Que.* Thy sale of offices and towns in France,

if they were known, as the suspect is great,

Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

*Exit Gloucester.*

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

*Duch.* Was't I! yea, I it was, proud French-  
 woman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I 'd set my ten commandments in your face.

*King.* Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her  
 will.

*Duch.* Against her will! good king, look to't  
 in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

Though in this place most master wear no  
 breeches,

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.

*Exit.*

*Buc.* Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,

She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.

*Exit.*

*Re-enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown

With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

But God in mercy so deal with my soul,

As I in duty love my king and country!

But, to the matter that we have in hand:

I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man

To be your regent in the realm of France.

*Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave

To show some reason, of no little force,

That York is most unmeet of any man.

*York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;

Next, if I be appointed for the place,

My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,

Without discharge, money, or furniture,

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:

Last time, I danced attendance on his will

Till Paris was beiseiged, famish'd, and lost.

*War.* That can I witness; and a fouler fact.

Did never traitor in the land commit.

*Suf.* Peace, headstrong Warwick!

*War.* Image of pride, why should I hold my

peace?

*Enter Horner, the Armourer, and his man Peter,*

*guarded.*

*Suf.* Because here is a man accused of treason:

Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

*York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

*King.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk; tell me,

what are these?

*Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man

That doth accuse his master of high treason:

His words were these: that Richard Duke of York

Was rightful heir unto the English crown

And that your majesty was an usurper.

*King.* Say, man, were these thy words?

*Hor.* An't shall please your majesty, I never

said nor thought any such matter: God is my

witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

*Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak

them to me in the parret one night, as we were

scouring my Lord of York's armour.

*York.* Base dunghill villain and mechanical,  
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.  
I do beseech your royal majesty,  
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

*Hor.* Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake  
the words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and  
when I did correct him for his fault the other  
day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even  
with me: I have good witness of this: therefore  
I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an  
honest man for a villain's accusation.

*King.* Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

*Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge:  
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,  
Because in York this breeds suspicion:  
And let these have a day appointed them  
For single combat in convenient place,  
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:  
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

*Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty.

*Hor.* And I accept the combat willingly.

*Pet.* Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's  
sake, pity my case. The spite of man prevaileth  
against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall  
never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

*Glo.* Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

*King.* Away with them to prison; and the day  
of combat shall be the last of the next month.  
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Gloucester's Garden.*

*Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell and Bolingbroke.*

*Hume.* Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell  
you, expects performance of your promises.

*Bol.* Master Hume, we are therefore provided:  
will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

*Hume.* Ay, what else? fear you not her courage?

*Bol.* 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  
Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the  
earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to  
our work.

*Enter Duchess aloft, Hume following.*

*Duch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome all.  
To this gear the sooner the better.

*Bol.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their  
times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;  
The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs  
howl

And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,  
That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,  
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

*Here they do the ceremonies belonging,  
and make the circle; Bolingbroke or  
Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It  
thunders and lightens terribly; then  
the Spirit riseth.*

*Spi.* Adsum.

*M. Jou.* Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power  
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;  
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from  
hence.

*Spi.* Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and  
done!

*Bol.* First of the king: what shall of him be-  
come? [*Reading out of a paper.*]

*Spi.* The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;  
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes  
the answer.*

*Bol.* What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

*Spi.* By water shall he die, and take his end.

*Bol.* What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

*Spi.* Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains  
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

*Bol.* Descend to darkness and the burning lake!  
False fiend, avoid!

*Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*

*Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Bucking-  
ham with their Guard and break in.*

*York.* Lay hands upon these traitors and their  
trash.

Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.

What, madam, are you there? the king and com-  
monweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

*Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king.

Injurious duke, that threatenest where's no cause.

*Buc.* True, madam, none at all: what call you  
this?

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close;  
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

*Aio te, Encida, 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  
them:

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

*Buc.* Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,  
To be the post, in hope of his reward.  
*York.* At your pleasure, my good lord. Who's within there, ho!

*Enter a Serving-man.*

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick  
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!  
*Exeunt.*

## Act II.

### Scene I.—Saint Alban's.

*Enter King, Queen, Gloucester, Cardinal and Suffolk, with Falconers halloing.*

*Que.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,  
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:  
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;  
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

*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.

*Glo.* 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.

*Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by  
that?

Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

*King.* The treasury of everlasting joy.

*Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and  
thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;  
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,  
That smooth'et it so with king and common-  
weal!

*Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown  
peremptory?

*Tantæne animis coelestibus ira?*

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;  
With such holiness can you do it?

*Suf.* No malice, sir; no more than well be-  
comes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

*Glo.* As who, my lord?

*Suf.* Why, as you, my lord,  
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

*Glo.* Why, Suffolk, England knows thine inso-  
lence.

*Que.* And thy ambition, Gloucester.

*King.* I prithee, peace, good queen,  
And what not on these furious peers;  
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

*Car.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

*Glo.* Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to  
that!

*Car.* Marry, when thou darest.

*Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the  
matter;

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

*Car.* Ay, where thou darest not peep: an if  
thou darest,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

*King.* How now, my lords!

*Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloucester,

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,  
We had had more sport. Come with thy two-  
hand sword.

*Glo.* True, uncle.

*Car.* Are ye advised? the east side of the grove?

*Glo.* Cardinal, I am with you.

*King.* Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

*Glo.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my  
lord.

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your  
crown for this,

Or all my fence shall fail.

*Car.* Medice, teipsum—

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

*King.* The winds grow high; so do your  
stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying,*  
*'A miracle!'*

*Glo.* What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

*Tow.* A miracle! a miracle!

*Suf.* Come to the king and tell him what  
miracle.

*Tow.* Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's  
shrine,

Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

*King.* Now, God be praised, that to believing  
souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his  
brethren, bearing Simpcoz, between two in a  
chair, Simpcoz's Wife following.*

*Car.* Here comes the townsmen 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.

*Glo.* Stand by, my masters: bring him near  
the king;

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

*King.* Good fellow, tell us here the circum-  
stance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind and now re-  
stored?

*Sim.* Born blind, an't please your grace.

*Wife.* Ay, indeed, was he.

*Suf.* What woman is this?

*Wife.* His wife, an't like your worship.

*Glo.* Hast thou been his mother, thou couldst  
have better told.

*King.* Where wert thou born?

*Sim.* At Berwick in the north, an't like your  
grace.

*King.* Poor soul, God's goodness hath been  
great to thee:



Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Que.* Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here  
by chance,  
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

*Sim.* 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.

*Car.* What, art thou lame?

*Sim.* Ay, God Almighty help me!

*Suf.* How camest thou so?

*Sim.* A fall off of a tree.

*Wife.* A plum-tree, master.

*Glo.* How long hast thou been blind?

*Sim.* O, born so, master.

*Glo.* What, and wouldst climb a tree?

*Sim.* But that in all my life, when I was a  
youth.

*Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very  
dear.

*Glo.* Maas, thou lovedst plums well, that  
wouldst venture so.

*Sim.* Alas, good master, my wife desired some  
damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

*Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.

Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them:  
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

*Sim.* Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God  
and Saint Alban.

*Glo.* Say'st thou me so? What colour is this  
cloak of?

*Sim.* Red, master; red as blood.

*Glo.* Why, that's well said. What colour is  
my gown of?

*Sim.* Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.

*King.* Why, then, thou know'st what colour  
jet is of?

*Suf.* And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

*Glo.* But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a  
many.

*Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.

*Glo.* Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

*Sim.* Alas, master, I know not.

*Glo.* What's his name?

*Sim.* I know not.

*Glo.* Nor his?

*Sim.* No, indeed, master.

*Glo.* What's thine own name?

*Sim.* Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you,  
master.

*Glo.* Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest  
knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born  
blind, thou mightst as well have known all our  
names as thus to name the several colours we do  
wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sudden-  
ly to nominate 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?

*Sim.* O master, that you could!

*Glo.* My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not  
beadles in your town, and things called whips?

*May.* Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

*Glo.* Then send for one presently.

*May.* Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither  
straight.

*Glo.* Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.  
Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from  
whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

*Sim.* Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:  
You go about to torture me in vain.

*Enter a Beadle with whips.*

*Glo.* Well, sir, we must have you find your  
legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over  
that same stool.

*Bea.* I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off  
with your doublet quickly.

*Sim.* 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?

*Que.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

*Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab  
away.

*Wife.* Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

*Glo.* 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.

*Glo.* 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 Buck-  
ingham?

*Buc.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.  
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,  
Under the countenance and confederacy  
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,  
The ringleader and head of all this rout,  
Have practised dangerously against your state,  
Dealing with witches and with conjurers;  
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;  
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,  
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,  
And other of your highness' privy-council;  
As more at large your grace shall understand.

*Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means  
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's  
edge;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

*Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave 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.

*King.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked  
ones,

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

*Que.* Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy  
nest,

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

*Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,

How I have loved my king and commonweal;  
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard :  
Noble she is, but if she have forgot  
Honour and virtue and conversed with such  
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,  
I banish her my bed and company  
And give her as a prey to law and shame,  
That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.  
*King.* Well, for this night we will repose us here :  
To-morrow toward London back again,  
To look into this business thoroughly  
And call these foul offenders to their answers  
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,  
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause  
prevails. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—London. The Duke of York's  
Garden.*

*Enter York, Salisbury and Warwick.*

*York.* Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and  
Warwick,  
Our simple supper ended, give me leave  
In this close walk to satisfy myself,  
In craving your opinion of my title,  
Which is infallible, to England's crown.  
*Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.  
*War.* Sweet York, begin : and if thy claim be  
good,  
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.  
*York.* Then thus :  
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons :  
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of  
Wales ;  
The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,  
Lionel Duke of Clarence ; next to whom  
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster ;  
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York ;  
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of  
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,  
Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as  
king ;  
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,  
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,  
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,  
Seized on the realm, 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, Philippe, a daughter,  
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March ;  
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March ;  
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.  
*Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,  
As I 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 Philippe,  
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence :  
So, if the issue of the elder son  
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

*War.* What plain proceeding is more plain than  
this ?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
The fourth son ; York claims it from the third.  
Till Lionel's issue fails, he should not reign ;  
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee  
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.  
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together ;  
And in this private plot be we the first  
That shall salute our rightful sovereign  
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

*Both.* Long live our sovereign Richard, Eng-  
land's king !

*York.* We thank you, lords. But I am not  
your king

Till I be crown'd and that my sword be stain'd  
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster ;  
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,  
But with advice and silent secrecy.  
Do you as I do in these dangerous days :  
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,  
At Beaufort'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 prophecy.

*Sal.* My lord, break we off ; we know your  
mind at full.

*War.* My heart assures me that the Earl of  
Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.  
*York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself ;  
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick  
The greatest man in England but the king.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—A Hall of Justice.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter King and state, with  
Guard to banish the Duchess.*

*King.* Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham,  
Gloucester'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.

*Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee :

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

*Ereunt 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,

My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet :

And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved

Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

*Que.* I see no reason why a king of years

Should be to be protected like a child.

God and King Henry govern England's realm.

Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

*Glo.* My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff :

As willingly do I the same resign

As e'er thy father Henry made it mine ;

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it

As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewell, good king : when I am dead and gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne ! *Exit.*

*Que.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen ;

And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,

That bears so shrewd a main ; two pulls at once ;

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.

This staff of honour raught, there let it stand

Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

*Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays ;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

*York.* Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,

This is the day appointed for the combat ;

And ready are the appellant and defendant,

The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,

So please your highness to behold the fight.

*Que.* Ay, good my lord ; for purposely therefore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

*King.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit :

Here let them end it ; and God defend the right !

*York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,

Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,

The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter at one door, Horner, the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk ; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it ; and at the other door Peter, his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'Prentices, drinking to him.*

1 *Nei.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack : and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Nei.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Nei.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour : drink, and fear not your man.

*Hor.* Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all ; and a fig for Peter !

1 *'Pre.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee : and be not afraid.

2 *'Pre.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master : fight for credit of the 'prentices.

*Pet.* I thank you all : drink, and pray for me, I pray you ; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron : and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer : and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me ! I pray God ! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

*Sal.* Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name ?

*Pet.* Peter, forsooth.

*Sal.* Peter ! what more ?

*Pet.* Thump.

*Sal.* Thump ! then see thou thump thy master well.

*Hor.* Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man : and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen : and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow !

*York.* Dispatch : this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarm to the combatants !

*Alarum.* They fight, and Peter strikes him down.

*Hor.* Hold, Peter, hold ! I confess, I confess treason. *Dies.*

*York.* Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

*Pet.* 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 and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

*Sound a flourish. Ereunt.*

#### Scene IV.—A Street.

*Enter Gloucester and his Serving-men, in mourning cloaks.*

*Glo.* Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud ;

And after summer evermore succeeds

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold :

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

Sirs, what's o'clock ?

*Serv.* Ten, my lord.

*Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me

To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess :

Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind brook

The abject people gazing on thy face,

With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,

That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels

When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft ! I think she comes ; and I'll prepare

My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the Duchess of Gloucester in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand; with Sir John Stanley, the Sheriff and Officers.*

*Serv.* So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

*Glo.* No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

*Duch.* Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!

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 pent up, rue my shame,

And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

*Glo.* Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

*Duch.* Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget my self!

For whilst I think I am thy married wife

And thou a prince, protector of this land,

Metinks I should not thus be led along,

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,

And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice

To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,

And when I start, the envious people laugh

And bid me be advis'd 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.

Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,

And he a prince and ruler of the land:

Yet so he ruled and such a prince he was

As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,

Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;

For Suffolk, he that can do all in all

With her that hateth thee and hates us all,

And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,

And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snarled,

Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

*Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;

I must offend before I be attained;

And had I twenty times so many foes,

And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scathe,

No long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.

Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,

But I in danger of the breach of law.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:

I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;

These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Her.* I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament.

Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

*Glo.* And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before! This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff, Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

*She.* An't please your grace, here my commission stays,

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now

To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

*Glo.* Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

*Sta.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

*Glo.* Entreat her not the worse in that I pray

You use her well: the world may laugh again;

And I may live to do you kindness if

You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

*Duch.* What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

*Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

*Ereunt Gloucester and Serving-men.*

*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.

*Sta.* 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?

*Sta.* Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;

According to that state you shall be used.

*Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

*She.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

*Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

*Sta.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes

And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

*Ereunt.*

### Act III.

*Scene I.—The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.*

*Sound a sennet. Enter King, 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.

*Que.* 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 knees,

That all the court admir'd him for submission:

But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,

When every one will give the time of day,  
 He knits his brow and shows an angry eye  
 And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,  
 Disdaining duty that to us belongs.  
 Small curs are not regarded when they grin;  
 But great men tremble when the lion roars;  
 And Humphrey is no little man in England.  
 First note that he is near you in descent,  
 And should you fall, he as the next will mount.  
 Me seemeth then it is no policy,  
 Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears  
 And his advantage following your decease,  
 That he should come about your royal person  
 Or be admitted to your highness' council.  
 By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,  
 And when he please to make commotion,  
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.  
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-  
 rooted;

Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden  
 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.  
 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.

*Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this  
 duke;

And, had I first been put to speak my mind,  
 I think I should have told your grace's tale.  
 The duchess by his subornation,  
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices:  
 Or, if he were not privy to those faults,  
 Yet, by repute of his high descent,  
 As next the king he was successive heir,  
 And such high vaults of his nobility,  
 Did instigate the beilam 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.

*Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

*York.* And did he not, in his protectorship,  
 Levy great sums of money through the realm  
 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?  
 By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

*Buc.* Tut, these are petty faults to faults un-  
 known,

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 annoy our foot,  
 Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my con-  
 science,

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.

*Que.* 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 cannot steal a shape that means deceit?  
 Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all  
 Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter Somerset.*

*Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!  
*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 of France

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.*

*Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the king!  
 Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

*Suf.* Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come  
 too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:  
 I do arrest thee of high treason here.

*Glo.* Well, Suffolk, 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, stay'd the soldiers' pay;  
 By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

*Glo.* Is it but thought so? what are they that  
 think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,  
 Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.  
 So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,  
 Ay, night by night, in studying good for England,  
 That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,

Or any groat 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 dispers'd to the garrisons,  
 And never ask'd for restitution.

*Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

*Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me God!

*York.* In your protectorship you did devise  
 Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,  
 That England was defamed by tyranny.

*Glo.* Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was  
 protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;  
 For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
 And lowly words were ransom for their fault.  
 Unless it were a bloody murderer,  
 Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passen-  
 gers,

I never gave them condign punishment:  
 Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured  
 Above the felon or what trespass else.

*Suf.* My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.  
I do arrest you in his highness' name;  
And here commit you to my lord cardinal  
To keep, until your further time of trial.

*King.* My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope

That you will clear yourself from all suspect:  
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

*Glo.* Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:

Virtue is choked with foul ambition  
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;  
Foul subornation is predominant  
And equity exiled your highness' land.  
I know their complot is to have my life,  
And if my death might make this island happy  
I would expend it with all willingness:  
But mine is made the prologue to their play;  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.  
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;  
Sharp Buckingham unburthens 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 disgraces on my head,  
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up  
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—  
Myself had notice of your conventicles—  
And all to make away my guiltless life.

I shall not want false witness to condemn me,  
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;  
The ancient proverb will be well effected:  
*A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.*

*Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:  
If those that care to keep your royal person  
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage  
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,  
And the offender granted scope of speech,  
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

*Suf.* Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here  
With ignominious words, though clerky couch'd,  
As if she had suborn'd some to swear  
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

*Que.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

*Glo.* Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;  
Besrew the winners, for they play'd me false!  
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

*Buc.* He'll wrest the sense and hold us here  
all day:

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

*Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him  
sure.

*Glo.* Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch

Before his legs be firm to bear his body.  
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.  
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!  
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

*Exit, guarded.*

*King.* My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth  
best,

Do or undo, as if myself were here.

*Que.* What, will your highness leave the parliament?

*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 luring star now envies thy estate,  
That these great lords and Margaret our queen  
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?  
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;  
And as the butcher takes away the calf  
And binds the wretch and beats it when it strays,  
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,  
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;  
And as the dam runs loving 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 sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes  
Look after him and cannot do him good,  
So mighty are his vow'd enemies.

His fortunes I will weep and 'twixt each groan  
Say *Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.*

*Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort,  
Suffolk and York; Somerset remains apart.*

*Que.* Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's  
hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,  
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 haply rise, to save his life;  
And yet we have but trivial argument,  
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

*York.* So that, by this, you would not have him  
die.

*Suf.* Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

*York.* 'Tis York that hath 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?

*Que.* So the poor chicken should be sure of  
death.

*Suf.* Madam, 'tis true; and were 't not ad-  
ness, then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?  
 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 proved an enemy to the flock,  
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,  
 As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.  
 And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:  
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,  
 Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,  
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit  
 Which mates him first that first intends deceit.  
*Que.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.  
*Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were done;  
 For things are often spoke and seldom meant:  
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,  
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,  
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,  
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

*Car.* But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,  
 Ere you can take due orders for a priest:  
 Say you consent and 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.  
*Que.* 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 craves a quick expedient  
 stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?  
*York.* That Somerset be sent as regent thither:  
 'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;  
 Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

*Som.* If York, with all his far-fet policy,  
 Had been the regent there instead of me,  
 He never would have stay'd in France so long.

*York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:  
 I rather would have lost my life betimes  
 Than bring a 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.

*Que.* Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,  
 If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:  
 No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:  
 Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,  
 Might happily have proved far worse than his.

*York.* What, worse than nought? nay, then, a  
 shame take all!

*Som.* And, in the number, thee that wishest  
 shame!

*Car.* My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.  
 The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms  
 And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:  
 To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
 Choic'd choicely, from each county some,  
 And your hap against the Irishmen?

*York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.  
*Suf.* Why, our authority is his consent,  
 And what we do establish he confirms:  
 Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.  
*York.* I am content: provide me with soldiers,  
 lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.  
*Suf.* A charge, Lord York, that I will see per-  
 form'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.  
*Car.* No more of him; for I will deal with him  
 That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.

And so break off; the day is almost spent:  
 Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

*York.* My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days  
 At Bristol I expect my soldiers;  
 For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

*Suf.* I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.  
*Exeunt all but York.*

*York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful  
 thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution:  
 Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art  
 Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:  
 Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,  
 And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought  
 on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.  
 My brain more busy than the labouring spider  
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well, 'tis politically done,  
 To send me packing with an host of men:  
 I fear me you but warm the starv'd snake,  
 Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your  
 hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd and you will give them me:  
 I take it kindly; yet be well assured  
 You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,  
 I will stir up in England some black storm  
 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage  
 Until the golden circuit on my head,  
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,  
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent,  
 I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,  
 John 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,  
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts  
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;

And, in the end being rescued, I have seen  
 Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,  
 Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,  
 Hath he convers'd with the enemy,  
 And undiscover'd come to me again  
 And given me notice of their villainies.

This devil here shall be my substitute;  
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,  
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:

By this I shall perceive the 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 those arms.  
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,  
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength  
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;  
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me. *Exit.*

*Scene II.—Bury St. Edmund's. A Room of State.*

*Enter two or three running over the stage from the murder of the Duke of Gloucester.*

1 *Mur.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know

We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O that it were to do! What have we done?

Did'st ever hear a man so penitent?

*Enter Suffolk.*

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

*Suf.* Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

*Suf.* Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand.

Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,

According as I gave directions?

1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.

*Suf.* Away! be gone. *Exeunt Murderers.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter King, Queen, Cardinal Beaufort and 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 'tis published.

*Suf.* I'll call him presently, my noble lord. *Exit.*

*King.* Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester

Than from true evidence of good esteem

He be approved in practice culpable.

*Que.* God forbid any malice should prevail

That faultless may condemn a nobleman!

Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

*King.* I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.

*Re-enter Suffolk.*

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

*Que.* Marry, God forfend!

*Car.* God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night

The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

*King swoons.*

*Que.* How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is dead.

*Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

*Que.* Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!

*Suf.* He doth revive again: madam, be patient.

*King.* O heavenly God!

*Que.* How fares my gracious lord?

*Suf.* Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

*King.* What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,

Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceiv'd sound?

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:

Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;

For in the shade of death I shall find joy;

In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

*Que.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:

And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?

For it is known we were but hollow friends:

It may be judged I made the duke away;

So shall my name with slander's tongue be

wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

*King.* Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

*Que.* Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leper; look on me.

What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?

Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?

Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.

Erect his statua and worship it,

And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea

And twice by awkward wind from England's bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?

What boded this, but well forewarning wind

Did seem to say *Seek not a scorpion's nest,*

*Nor set no footing on this unblind shore?*

What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts

And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves;

And bid them blow towards England's blessed

shore,

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?

Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,

But left that hateful office unto thee:

The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,

Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on

shore,

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:

The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands

And would not dash me with their ragged sides,

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,

Might in thy palace perish Margaret.



As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,  
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,  
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,  
And when the dusky sky began to rob  
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,  
I took a costly jewel from my neck,  
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,  
And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it,  
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:  
And even with this I lost fair England's view  
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart  
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
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 witch me, as Ascanius did  
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  
him?

Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret!  
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. *Enter Warwick, Salisbury and many Commons.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd

By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.  
The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
That want their leader, scatter up and down  
And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;

But how he died God knows, not Henry:  
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,

With the rude multitude till I return. *Exit.*

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!  
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,  
For judgment only doth belong to thee.

Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
With twenty thousand kisses and to drain  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;  
And to survey his dead and earthy image,  
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*Re-enter Warwick and others, bearing Gloucester's body on a bed.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made;  
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,  
For seeing him I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live  
With that dread King that took our state upon him  
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,  
I do believe that violent hands were laid  
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.  
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless,  
Being all descended to the labouring heart;  
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;  
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.  
But see, his face is black and full of blood,  
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,  
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;  
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretched with struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued;  
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;  
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,  
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.

It cannot be but he was murder'd here;  
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;  
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were wolv'd Duke Humphrey's foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:  
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;  
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Que. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen  
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?  
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,  
But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?  
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Que. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;  
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart  
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.  
Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

*Reunt Cardinal, Somerset and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Que. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;

For every word you speak in his behalf  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!  
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with orch-tree slip; whose fruit thou art  
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee  
And I should rob the deathsmans 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 passèd speech  
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,  
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;  
And after all this fearful homage done,  
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,  
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

*Suf.* Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou darest go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:  
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee  
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*

*King.* What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!

Thrice is he armed that bath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted,

*A noise within.*

*Que.* 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 presence! dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

*Suf.* The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

*Sal.* [To the Commons, entering.] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,  
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,  
Or banished fair England's territories,  
They will by violence tear him from your palace  
And torture him with grievous lingering death;  
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;  
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;  
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,  
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,  
As being thought to contradict your liking,  
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.  
They say, in care of your most royal person,  
That if your highness should intend to sleep  
And charge that no man should disturb your rest  
In pain of your dislike or pain of death,  
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,  
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,  
That sily glided towards your majesty,  
It were but necessary you were waked,  
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.* 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,

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 thank them for their tender loving care;  
And had I not been cited so by them,  
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;  
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
Mischaunce 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.*

*Que.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

*King.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!

No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,  
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.  
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,  
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.  
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found  
On any ground that I am ruler of,  
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.  
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;  
I have great matters to impart to thee.

*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*

*Que.* Mischaunce 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 execrations  
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

*Que.* Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

*Suf.* A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,  
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:  
My tongue should stumple in mine earnest words;  
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;  
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:  
And even now my burthen'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 smart as lizards' stings!  
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,  
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!  
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

*Que.* 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.

*Que.* O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;  
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
To wash away my woful monuments.  
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,  
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;  
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,  
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.  
I will repeal 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  
Embrace and kiss and take ten 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.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;  
A wilderness is populous enough,  
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:  
For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
With every several pleasure in the world,  
And where thou art not, desolation.  
I can no more; live thou to joy thy life;  
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

*Enter Vaux.*

*Que.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

*Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty  
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;  
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,  
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,  
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.  
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost  
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king  
And whispers to his pillow as to him  
The secrets of his overcharg'd soul:  
And I am sent to tell his majesty  
That even now he cries aloud for him.

*Que.* Go tell this heavy message to the king.

*Exit Vaux.*

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!  
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,  
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,  
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?

Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live;  
And in thy sight to die, what were it else  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe  
Dying with mother's dug 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, befall what may befall!

*Que.* Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive;

It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;

For whereso'er thou art in this world's globe,  
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

*Suf.* I go.

*Que.* And take my heart with thee.

*Suf.* A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask  
That ever did contain a thing of worth,  
Even as a splitt'd bark, so sunder we:  
This way fall I to death.

*Que.* This way for me.

*Exeunt severally.*

*Scene III.—A Bed-chamber.*

*Enter King, Salisbury and Warwick to the Cardinal in bed.*

*King.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

*Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

*King.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

*War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

*Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.  
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?  
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?  
O, torture me no more! I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my wing'd 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 griu!

*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.

## Scene I.—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-howling wolves arouse the jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,  
Clip dead men's graves and from their misty jaws  
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.  
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;  
For, whilst our pinnacle anchors in the Downs,  
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,  
Or with their blood stain this discolour'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.

*1 Gen.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

*Mas.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

*Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

*Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?  
Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall:  
The lives of those which we have lost in fight  
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

*1 Gen.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

*2 Gen.* And so will I and write home for it straight.

*Whi.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,  
And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die;

*To Suffolk.*  
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.

*Whi.* And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth  
And told me that by water I should die:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;  
Thy name is Gaultier, being rightly sounded.

*Whi.* Gaultier or Walter, which it is, I care not:  
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,

But with our sword we wiped away the blot;  
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,

Broke by my sword, my arms torn and defaced,  
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

*Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,  
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

*Whi.* The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

*Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:  
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

*Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.  
*Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's  
blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.  
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?  
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule  
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?  
How often hast thou waited at my cup,  
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,  
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?  
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n,  
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride;  
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood  
And duly waited for my coming forth?  
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf  
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

*Whi.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn  
swain?

*Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

*Suf.* Base slave, thy words are blunt and so art thou.

*Cap.* Convey him hence and on our long-boat's  
side

Strike off his head.

*Suf.* Thou dar'est not, for thy own.

*Cap.* Yes, Pole.

*Suf.* Pole!

*Cap.* Pool! Sir Pool! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt  
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.  
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth  
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:  
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the  
ground;

And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's  
death

Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,  
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:  
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,  
For daring to affy a mighty lord  
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,  
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great  
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged  
With goblets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,  
The false revolting Normans through thee

Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy  
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts

And sent the rugged soldiers wounded home.  
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,  
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,

As hating thee, are rising up in arms:  
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown  
By shameful murder of a guiltless king  
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,  
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours  
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,  
Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus*.

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 these paltry, servile, abject drudges!

Small things make base men proud: this villain  
here,

Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more

Than Dargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.  
Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob bee-hives:  
It is impossible that I should die  
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:  
I go of message from the queen to France;  
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter,—

Whi. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Galidus timor occupat artus*: it is thee I fear.

Whi. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 Gen. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.  
Far be 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 uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:

More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,  
That this my death may never be forgot!

Great men oft die by vile bezonians:

A Roman sword and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stab'd Julius Cæsar; 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.*

Whi. There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
Until the queen his mistress bury it. *Exit.*

1 Gen. 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.*

Bev. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Bev. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Bev. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Hol. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bev. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bev. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Bev. He shall have the skin of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

Hol. And Dick the butcher,—

Bev. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith the weaver,—

Bev. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drum.* *Enter Cade, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smi. But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smi. A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smi. He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

Dick. 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 felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheap-side shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a

lamentable thing, that 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.*

*Smi.* The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast account.

*Cade.* O monstrous!

*Smi.* We took him setting of boys' copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain!

*Smi.* Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

*Cade.* Nay, then, he's a conjurer.

*Dick.* Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

*Cade.* I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

*Cle.* Emmanuel.

*Dick.* They use to write it on the top of letters: 'twill go hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

*Cle.* Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

*All.* He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

*Exit one with the Clerk.*

*Enter Michael.*

*Mic.* Where's our general?

*Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow.

*Mic.* 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'?

*Mic.* No.

*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight pre-ently. Rise up Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him!

*Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Brother, with drum and Soldiers.*

*Sta.* Rebellious Linds, the filth and scum of Kent,

Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down; Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:

The king is merciful, if you revolt.

*Bro.* 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.

*Sta.* Villain, thy father was a plasterer; And thou thyself a sheerman, art thou not?

*Cade.* And Adam was a gardener.

*Bro.* And what of that?

*Cade.* Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

*Sta.* Ay, sir.

*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*Bro.* That's false.

*Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true:

The elder of them, being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman 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.

*Smi.* 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.

*Sta.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,

That speaks he knows not what?

*All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

*Bro.* Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

*Cade.* [Aside.] He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

*Dick.* And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

*Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

*Sta.* 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.

*Sta.* Herald, away; and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;

That those which fly before the battle ends May, even in their wives' and children's sight,

Be hang'd up for example at their doors: And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

*Reunt the two Staffords and Soldiers.*

*Cade.* And you that love the commons, follow me.

Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman: Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;

For they are thrifty honest men and such As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

*Dick.* They are all in order and march toward us.

*Cade.* But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

*Reunt.*

*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 behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

*Dick.* I desire no more.

*Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

*Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

*Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—London. The Palace.*

*Enter the King with a supplication, and the Queen with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Say.*

*Que.* 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?

*Buc.* 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 stay, I'll read it over once again.

*Que.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face

Juiled, like a wandering planet, over me,  
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, madam!  
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?  
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,  
Thou woudest not have mourn'd so much for me.

*Que.* No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*King.* How now! what news? why comest thou in such haste?

*Mes.* 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 do.

*Buc.* My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,  
Until a power be raised to put them down.

*Que.* Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,  
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!

*King.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;  
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

*Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger.  
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;  
And therefore in this city will I stay  
And live alone as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:  
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:

The rascal people, thirsting after prey,  
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear  
To spoil the city and your royal court.

*Buc.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

*King.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

*Que.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.  
*King.* Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.

*Buc.* 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.*

*Sca.* How now! is Jack Cade slain?

*1 Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

*Sca.* Such aid as I can spare you shall command;

But I am troubled here with them myself;  
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.  
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Matthew 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 command that, of the city's cost, the rising-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.*

*Sol.* Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

*Cade.* Knock him down there. *They kill him.*

*Smi.* 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.*

*Alarums. Matthew Goffe is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade, with his company.*

*Cade.* So, sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

*Dick.* I have a suit unto your lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

*Dick.* Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

*Hol.* Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

*Smi.* 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.

*Hol.* Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

*Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in common.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

*Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.*

*Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known 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 traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast banged them; when, indeed, only for that cause

they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

*Say.* What of that?

*Cade.* Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

*Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

*Say.* You men of Kent,—

*Dick.* What say you of Kent?

*Say.* Nothing but this; 'tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

*Cade.* Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

*Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar 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 Maine, 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 aught exacted at your hands,

But to maintain the king, the realm and you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king,

And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,

You cannot but forbear to murder me:

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings

For your behoof,—

*Cade.* Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

*Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have

I struck

Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

*Bev.* O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

*Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

*Cade.* Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.

*Say.* Long sitting to determine poor men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

*Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the help of hatchet.

*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?

*Say.* The palsy, and not fear, 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 behead him.

*Say.* Tell me wherein I have offended most?

Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful

thoughts.

O, let me live!

*Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bride it: he shall die, an it be but for



pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strik' off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers, God 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. [Ereunt 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!

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is this not 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 corner have them kiss. Away!

Ereunt.

Scene VIII.—Southwark.

Alarm and retreat. Enter Cade and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [Sound 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.

Buc. 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.

Cl. 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 rardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should have 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: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

Cl. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth, That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him? Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of you earls and dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to; Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends and us.

Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar, The fearful French, whom you late vanquish'd, Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you? Methinks already in this civil broil I see them lording it in London streets, Crying *Villago!* unto all they meet.

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you have lost;

Spare England, for it is your native coast: Henry hath money, you are strong and manly; God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. *Erit.*

Buc. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;

And he that brings his head unto the king Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

Ereunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean To reconcile you all unto the king. *Ereunt.*

Scene IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King, Queen and Somerset, on the terrace.

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,

And could command no more content than I?

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle

But I was made a king, at nine months old.

Was never subject long'd to be a king

As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?

Or is he but retired to make him strong?

*Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.*

Cl. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks, Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!

Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives And show'd how well you love your prince and country:

Continue still in this so good a mind,

And Heury, though he be unfortunate,

Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:

And so, with thanks and parlon to you all,

I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

*Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. Please it your grace to be advertised The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,

And with a puissant and a mighty power

Of gallowglasses and stout kerns

Is marching hitherward in proud array,

And still proclaimeth, 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 straightway 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 thither,

Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,

I'll yield myself to prison willingly,

Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms;

For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buc. 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. *Idea's Garden.*

*Enter Cade.*

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, 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-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a

quart pot to drink in; and now the word *sallet* must serve me to feed on.

*Enter Idea.*

Idea. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

This small inheritance my father left me

Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.

I seek not to wax great by others' waning,

Or gather wealth, I care not, with what envy:

Sufficieth that I have maintains my state

And sends the poor well pleas'd from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize

me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple with-

out leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and

get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my

head to him: but I'll make thee eat iron like an

ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin,

ere thou and I part.

Idea. Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou

be,

I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee?

Is't not enough to break into the soil come,

And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,

Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,

But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that

ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on

me well; I have eat no meat these five days; yet,

come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave

you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may

never eat grass more.

Idea. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England

stands,

That Alexander Idea, 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 heav'd in the air,

Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.

As for words, whose greatness answers words,

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete cham-

pion that ever I heard of. Steel, if thou turn the

edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in

chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I

beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turned

to hobnails. [*Here they fight. Cade falls.*] 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'll

defy them all. Wither, garden; and be hence-

forth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this

house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is

fled.

Idea. Is't Cade that I have slain, that mon-

strous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,

And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:

Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;

But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat

To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy

victory. Tell Kent from me, she hat'st lost her

best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards;  
for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by  
famine, not by valour. *Dies.*

*Idea.* How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be  
my judge.  
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare  
thee;

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,  
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.  
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels  
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,  
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;  
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,  
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. *Exit.*

### 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 hand was made to handle nought but gold.  
I cannot give due action to my words,  
Except a sword or sceptre balance it;  
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,  
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

*Enter Buckingham.*

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb  
me?

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.  
*Buc.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee  
well.

*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy  
greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?  
*Buc.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,  
To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,  
Should raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

*York.* [*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choleric  
is so great:

O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,  
I am so angry at these abject terms;  
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,  
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.  
I am far better born than is the king,  
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:  
But I must make fair weather yet a while,  
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.

*Buc.* 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?

*Buc.* 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, any thing I have,  
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

*Buc.* York, I commend this kind submission:  
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter King and Attendants.*

*King.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm  
to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

*York.* In all submission and humility  
York doth present himself unto your highness.

*King.* Then what intends these forces thou dost  
bring?

*York.* To have the traitor Somerset from hence,  
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,  
Who since I heard to be discomited.

*Enter Iden with Cade's head.*

*Iden.* If one so rude and of so mean condition  
May pass into the presence of a king,  
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,  
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

*King.* The head of Cade! Great God, how just  
art Thou!

O, let me view his visage, being dead,  
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.  
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew  
him?

*Iden.* I was, an 't like your majesty.

*King.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy  
degree?

*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;  
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

*Buc.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss  
He were created knight for his good service.

*King.* Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up  
a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks,  
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,  
And never live but true unto his liege! *Rises.*

*Enter Queen and Somerset.*

*King.* See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with  
the queen:

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Que.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his  
head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

*York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,  
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.  
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?  
 King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,  
 Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,  
 Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.  
 That head of thine doth not become a crown;  
 Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,  
 And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.  
 That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,  
 Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,  
 Is able with the change to kill and cure.  
 Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up  
 And with the same to act controlling laws.  
 Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more  
 O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

*Som.* O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,  
 Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:  
 Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

*York.* Kneel? have me kneel? first let me ask  
 of these,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.  
 Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:

*Exit Attendant.*

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,  
 They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

*Que.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come again,  
 To say if that the bastard boys of York  
 Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

*Exit Buckingham.*

*York.* O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,  
 Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!  
 The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,  
 Shall be their father's killers; and bane to those  
 That for my surety will refuse the boys!

*Enter Edward and Richard.*

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make  
 it good.

*Enter old Clifford and his Son.*

*Que.* And here comes Clifford to deny their hail.  
*Cl.* Health and all happiness to my lord the  
 king!

*Kneels.*

*York.* I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news  
 with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:  
 We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;  
 For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

*Cl.* 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.  
*Cl.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,  
 And chop away that factious pate of his.

*Que.* He is arrested, but will not obey;  
 His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

*York.* Will you not, sons?

*Edw.* Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.  
*Ric.* And if words will not, then our weapons  
 shall.

*Cl.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

*York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so:  
 I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.  
 Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,  
 That with the very shaking of their chains  
 They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:  
 Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

*Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.*

*Cl.* 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.

*Ric.* Off have I seen a hot o'erweening 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.

*Cl.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,  
 As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

*York.* Nay, we shall beat you thoroughly anon.  
*Cl.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn  
 yourselves.

*King.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to  
 bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,  
 Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!  
 What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,  
 And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?  
 O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
 Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?  
 Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,  
 And shame thine honourable age with blood?  
 Why art thou old, and want'st experience?  
 Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?  
 For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me  
 That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

*Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself,  
 The title of this most renown'd duke;  
 And in my conscience do repute his grace  
 The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

*King.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?  
*Sal.* I have.

*King.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for  
 such an oath?

*Sal.* It is great sin to swear unto a sin,  
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.  
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
 To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
 To force a 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?

*Que.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

*King.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm him-  
 self.

*York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends  
 thou hast,  
 I am resolved for death or dignity.

*Cl.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove  
 true.

*War.* You were best to go to bed and dream  
 again,  
 To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*Cl.* I am resolved to bear a greater storm  
 Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;  
 And that I'll write upon thy burgenet,  
 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

*War.* Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's  
 crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,  
 This day I'll wear aloft my burgenet,  
 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.

*Cl.* And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear  
And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

*Y. Cl.* And so to arms, victorious father,  
To quell the rebels and their complices.

*Ric.* Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in  
spite,

For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

*Y. Cl.* Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou  
canst tell.

*Ric.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.  
*Ezeunt severally.*

*Scene II.—Saint Alban's.*

*Alarums to the battle. Enter Warwick.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick  
calls:

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum  
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,  
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:  
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter York.*

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot?

*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my  
steed,

But match to match I have encounter'd him  
And made a prey for 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.*

*Cl.* 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.

*Cl.* 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.

*Cl.* My soul and body on the action both!

*York.* A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

*They fight, and Clifford falls.*

*Cl.* La fin 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. Cl.* Shame and confusion! all is on the  
rout;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,  
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,  
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.

He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially but by circumstance

The name of valour. *Seeing his dead father.*

O, let the vile world end,

And the premised frames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advis'd age,

And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight

My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;

No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,

And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims:

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

I,uto as many gobbets will I cut him

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;

But then Æneas bare a living load,

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

*Exit, bearing off his father.*

*Enter Richard and Somerset to fight. Somerset*

*is killed.*

*Ric.* So, lie thou there;

For underneath an alehouse' paltry 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. Excursions. Enter King, Queen and*

*others.*

*Que.* Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame,

away!

*King.* Can we outrun the heavens? good Mar-

garet, stay.

*Que.* What are you made of? you'll nor fight

nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,

To give the enemy way, and to secure us

By what we can, which can no more but fly.

*Alarum afar off.*

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,

As well we may, if not through your neglect,

We shall to London get, where you are loved,

And where this breach now in our fortunes made

May readily be stopp'd.

*Re-enter young Clifford.*

*Y. Cl.* But that my heart's on future mischief

set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:

But fly you must; incurable discomfit

Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.

Away, for your relief! and we will live

To see their day and them our fortune give:

Away, my lord, away! *Ezeunt.*

*Scene III.—Fields near Saint Alban's.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

*York.* Of Salisbury, who can report of him,  
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.

*Ric.* My noble father,  
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,  
Three times bestrid 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 pleased him that three times to-day  
You have defended me from imminent death.  
Well, lords, we have not got that which we  
have:

'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,  
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

*York.* I know our safety is to follow them;  
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,  
To call a present court of parliament.  
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.  
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after  
them?

*War.* After them! nay, before them, if we  
can.

Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas 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.*

# KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, his son.  
LEWIS XI., King of France.  
DUKES OF SOMERSET and EXETER.  
EARLS OF OXFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND and WESTMORELAND.  
LORD CLIFFORD.  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.  
EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,  
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,  
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,  
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, } his sons.  
DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.  
EARLS OF WARWICK and PEMBROKE.  
LORD HASTINGS.  
LORD STAFFORD.  
SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } uncles to the Duke of York.  
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.

This drama, like the two foregoing, appeared first in the folio of 1623. It is founded on *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke*, published by Millington in 1595. The authorities for the costume are mainly the same as for that of the first and second parts; but there are several representations of Edward IV. and his court, chiefly in manuscripts. An illumination at Lambeth shows Rivers presenting a book to the King, and is often, but erroneously, said to contain a picture of Caxton, the first English printer. The scene is laid partly in France but chiefly in England.

# KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

## Act I.

### Scene I.—London. The Parliament-house.

*Alarum. Enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick and Soldiers.*

*War.* I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

*York.* While we pursued the horsemen of the north,

He slyly stole away and left his men :

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,  
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,  
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,  
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

*Educ.* Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,

Is either slain or wounded dangerously;

I left his beaver with a downright blow :

That this is true, father, behold his blood.

*Mon.* And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

*Ric.* Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.

*York.* Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.

But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

*Nor.* Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

*Ric.* 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.* Thanks, gentle Norfolk : stay by me, my lords ;

And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

*War.* And when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

*York.* The queen this day here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council :

By words or blows here let us win our right.

*Ric.* 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, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter and the rest.*

*King.* 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.

*North.* If I be not, heavens be revenged on me !

*Clf.* The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

*Wes.* What, shall we suffer this ? let's pluck him down :

My heart for anger burns ; I cannot brook it.

*King.* Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

*Clf.* Patience is for poltroons, such as he :

He durst not sit there, had your father lived.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken, cousin : be it so.

*King.* Ah, know you not the city favours them,  
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ?

*Exe.* But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

*King.* Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house !

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,  
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet ;

I am thy sovereign.

*York.* I am thine.

*Exe.* For shame, come down : he made thee Duke of York.

*York.* 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

*Exe.* Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

*War.* Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown

In following this usurping Henry.

*Clf.* Whom should he follow but his natural king ?

*War.* True, Clifford ; and that's Richard Duke of York.

*King.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne ?

*York.* It must and shall be so : content thyself.



*War.* Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.  
*Wes.* He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;  
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall main-  
tain.

*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.

*Wes.* Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,  
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives  
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

*Cli.* Urge it no more; lest ~~it~~ instead of  
words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger  
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

*War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless  
threats!

*York.* Will you we show our title to the crown?  
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

*King.* What title hast thou, traitor, to the  
crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;  
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March;  
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,  
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop  
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

*War.* Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it  
all.

*King.* The lord protector lost it, and not I;

When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

*Ric.* You are old enough now, and yet, me-  
thinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

*Edw.* Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

*Mon.* Good brother, as thou lovest and hon-  
ourest arms,

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

*Ric.* Sound drums and trumpets, and the king  
will fly.

*York.* Sons, peace!

*King.* Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave  
to speak.

*War.* Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him,  
lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

*King.* Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly  
throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,

Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his.

*War.* Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

*King.* Henry the Fourth by conquest got the  
crown.

*York.* 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

*King.* [Aside.] I know not what to say; my  
title's weak.—

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

*York.* What then?

*King.* 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 uncon-  
strain'd,

Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

*Eze.* No; for he could not so resign his crown  
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

*King.* Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

*Eze.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer  
not?

*Eze.* My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

*King.* All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

*North.* Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,  
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

*War.* 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.

*Cli.* 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!

*King.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my  
heart!

*York.* Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.

What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

*War.* Do right unto this princely Duke of York,

Or I will fill the house with arm'd 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.*

*King.* My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one  
word:

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

*York.* Confirm the crown to me and to mine  
heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

*King.* I am content: Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

*Cli.* What wrong is this unto the prince your  
son!

*War.* What good is this to England and him-  
self!

*Wes.* Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

*Cli.* How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

*Wes.* I cannot stay to hear these articles.

*North.* Nor I.

*Cli.* Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these  
news.

*Wes.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate  
king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

*North.* Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

*Cli.* In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!

*Ezeunt North., Cli. and Wes.*  
*War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them  
not.

*Eze.* They seek revenge and therefore will not  
yield.

*King.* Ah, Exeter!

*War.* Why should you sigh, my lord?

*King.* Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my  
son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.  
But be it as it may : I here entail  
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever ;  
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath  
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,  
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,  
And neither by treason nor hostility  
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

*York.* This oath I willingly take and will perform.

*War.* Long live King Henry ! Plantagenet, embrace him.

*King.* And long live thou and these thy forward sons !

*York.* Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

*Eze.* Accused 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.

*Mon.* And I unto the sea from whence I came.

*Ereunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers, and Attendants.*

*King.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

*Enter Queen and the Prince of Wales.*

*Eze.* Here comes the queen, whose looks betray her anger :

I'll steal away.

*King.* Exeter, so will I.

*Que.* Nay, go not from me ; I will follow thee.

*King.* Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

*Que.* 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,  
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir  
And disinherited thine only son.

*Pri.* Father, thou canst not disinherit me :

If you be king, why should not I succeed ?

*King.* Pardon me, Margaret ; pardon me, sweet son :

The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

*Que.* Enforced thee ! art thou king, and wilt be forced ?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch !  
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son and me ;

And given unto the house of York such head

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it, but to make thy sepulchre

And creep into it 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 shalt thou be safe ? such safety finds

The trembling lamb environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes

Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferrest 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 forsworn thy colours  
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread ;  
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace  
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away ;  
Our army is ready ; come, we'll after them.

*King.* Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

*Que.* Thou hast spoke too much already : get thee gone.

*King.* Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

*Que.* Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

*Pri.* When I return with victory from the field  
I'll see your grace : till then I'll follow her.

*Que.* Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.

*Ereunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*

*King.* Poor queen ! how love to me and to her son

Hath made her break out into terms of rage !  
Revenge may she be on that hateful duke,  
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle  
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son !  
The loss of those three lords torments my heart :

I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.  
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

*Eze.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

*Ereunt.*

*Scene II.—Sandal Castle.*

*Enter Richard, Edward and Montague.*

*Ric.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

*Edw.* No, I can better play the orator.

*Mon.* But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter the Duke of York.*

*York.* Why, how now, sons and brother ! at a strife ?

What is your quarrel ? how began it first ?

*Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

*York.* About what ?

*Ric.* About that which concerns your grace and us ;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

*York.* Mine, boy ? not till King Henry be dead.

*Ric.* Your right depends not on his life or death.

*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,  
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

*York.* I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

*Edw.* But for a kingdom any oath may be broken :

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

*Ric.* No ; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

*York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.

*Ric.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

*York.* Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

*Ric.* An oath is of no moment, being not took  
Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears:  
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;  
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.  
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think  
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;  
Within whose circuit is Elysium  
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest  
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed  
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.  
*York.* Richard, enough; I will be king, or  
die.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,  
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.  
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,  
And tell him privily of our intent.  
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:  
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,  
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,  
But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger.*

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such  
post?

*Mes.* The queen with all the northern earls and  
lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle:  
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;  
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

*York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st  
thou that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;  
My brother Montague shall post to London:  
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
Whom we have left protectors of the king,  
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
And trust not simple Henry nor his heirs.

*Mon.* 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.

*Sir John.* She shall not need; we'll meet her  
in the field.

*York.* What, with five thousand men?

*Ric.* 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,

I doubt not, uncles, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?

*Alarum. Eeunt.*

*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.*

*Cli.* Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy  
life.

As for the brat of this accurs'd duke,  
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

*Tut.* And I, my lord, will bear him company.

*Cli.* Soldiers, away with him!

*Tut.* Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,  
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

*Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.*

*Cli.* 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.

*Cli.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my  
father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should  
enter.

*Rut.* Then let my father's blood open it again:  
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

*Cli.* Had I thy brethren here, their lives and  
thine

Were not revenge sufficient for me;

No, if I dig'd up thy forefathers' graves

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

I could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York

Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And till I root out their accurs'd 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!

*Cli.* Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

*Rut.* I never did thee harm: why wilt thou  
slay me?

*Cli.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.* But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,

Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Cli.* No cause!

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

*Stabs him.*

*Rut.* *Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tux.*

*Dies.*

*Cli.* Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,

Congel'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

*Exit.*

*Scene IV.—Another part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York.*

*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:  
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;  
And all my followers to the eager foe  
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind  
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starv'd wolves.  
My sons, God knows what hath bechanc'd them:  
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves  
Like men born to renown by life or death.  
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,  
And thrice cried *Courage, father! fight it out!*  
And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt  
In blood of those that had encounter'd him;  
And when the hardest 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 their fury;  
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:  
The sands are number'd that make up my life;  
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter Queen, 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.

*Cl.* Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,  
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.  
Now Phaëton 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,  
Scorning what'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?  
*Cl.* So cowards fight when they can fly no  
farther;

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*York.* O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,  
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;  
And, if thou caust for blushing, view this face,  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with  
cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!  
*Cl.* I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

*Que.* Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand  
causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.  
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northum-  
berland.

*North.* Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so  
much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:  
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot away?  
It is war's prize to take all vantages;  
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

*Cl.* Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

*North.* So doth the cony struggle in the net.

*York.* So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd  
booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

*North.* What would your grace have done unto  
him now?

*Que.* Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumber-  
land,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

What! was it you that would be England's king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,

And made a preaching of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy;

And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy 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 thine en-  
trails

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst 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 for York! and, lords, bow low to him:

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

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 too unpardonable!

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his

head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

*Cl.* That is my office, for my father's sake.

*Que.* Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he

makes.

*York.* She-wolf of France, but worse than

wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's

tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!

But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,  
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee 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 yeoman.  
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?  
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,  
Unless the adage must be verified,  
'That beggars mounted run their horse to death.  
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:  
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;  
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:  
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;  
The want thereof makes thee abominable:  
Thou art as opposite to every good  
As the Antipodes are unto us,  
Or as the south to the septentrion.  
O tiger's heart 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 stern, obdurate, flinty, 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 French-  
woman.

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 cannibals  
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 thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:  
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;  
Yea even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
And say *Alas, it was a piteous deed!*  
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my  
curse;

And in thy need such comfort come to thee  
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!  
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:  
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,  
I should not for my life but weep with him,  
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Que. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northum-  
berland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,  
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Cl. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's  
death. *Stabbing him.*

Que. And here's to right our gentle-hearted  
king. *Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out  
Thee. *Dies.*

Que. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;  
So York may overlook the town of York.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

## Act II.

Scene I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in  
Herefordshire.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their  
power.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,  
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no  
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:  
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;  
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;  
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Ric. 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 singled Clifford forth.

Methought he bore him in the thickest troop  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,  
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

So fared our father with his enemies;  
So fled his enemies my warlike father:

Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.  
See how the morning opens her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!

How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trimmi'd like a younger prancing in his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?  
Ric. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;  
Not separated with the racking clouds,  
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.  
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never  
heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,  
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
Each one already blazing by our needs,  
Should notwithstanding join our lights together  
And over-shine the earth as this the world.

Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear  
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Ric. 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?

Mes. 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.

Ric. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

*Mes.* Environ'd 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-timber'd oak.  
By many hands your father was subdued;  
But only slaughter'd by the cruel arm  
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,  
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,  
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,  
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks  
A napkin steep'd in the harmless blood  
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:  
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
They took his head, and on the gates of York  
They set the same; and there it doth remain,  
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

*Edw.* Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay,  
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain  
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;  
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,  
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.  
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:  
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body  
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!  
For never henceforth shall I joy again,  
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

*Ric.* 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 bur-  
then;

For kind'same wind that I should speak withal  
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,  
And burns me up with flames that tears would  
quench.

To weep is to make less the depth of grief:  
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me.  
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,  
Or die renowned by attempting it.

*Edw.* His name that valiant duke hath left with  
thee;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

*Ric.* Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:  
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;  
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March.* Enter Warwick, Marquess of Montague  
and their army.

*War.* How now, fair lords! What fare? what  
news abroad?

*Ric.* Great Lord of Warwick, if we should re-  
count

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 befall'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,  
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,  
And very well appointed, as I thought,  
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the  
queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along;  
For by my scouts I was advertised  
That she was coming with a full intent  
To dash our late decree in parliament  
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.  
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,  
Our battles join'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 spleen;  
Or whether 'twas report of her success;  
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,  
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,  
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,  
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;  
Our soldiers' like the night-owl's lazy flight,  
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,  
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause:  
With promise of high pay and great rewards:  
But all in vain: they had no heart to fight,  
And we in them no hope to win the day;  
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;  
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,  
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;  
For in the marches here we heard you were,  
Making another head to fight again.

*Edw.* Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle  
Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to Eng-  
land?

*War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the  
soldiers;

And for your brother, he was lately sent  
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,  
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

*Ric.* 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick  
fed;

Off have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

*War.* Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou  
hear;

For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine  
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,  
And bring the awful sceptre from his fist,  
Were he as famous and as bold in war  
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

*Ric.* I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me  
not;

'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.

But in this troublous time what's to be done?

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,

And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,

Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

*War.* Why, therefore Warwick came to seek  
you out;  
And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,

With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,  
And of their feather many moe proud birds,  
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.  
He swore consent to your succession,  
His oath enrolled in the parliament;  
And now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate both his oath and what beside  
May make against the house of Lancaster.  
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:  
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,  
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of  
March,  
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,  
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,  
Why, Via! to London will we march amain,  
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
And once again cry *Charge upon our foes!*  
But never once again turn back and fly.  
Ric. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick  
speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,  
That cries *Retire*, if Warwick bid him stay.  
Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I  
lean;  
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—  
Must Edward fall, which per heaven forbid!  
War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of  
York:

The next degree is England's royal throne;  
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
In every borough as we pass along;  
And he that throws not up his cap for joy  
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.  
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,  
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,  
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Ric. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as  
steel,  
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,  
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums: God and Saint  
George for us!

*Enter a Messenger.*

War. How now! what news?  
Mes. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by  
me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;  
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let's  
away. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Before York.*

*Flourish. Enter King, Queen, the Prince of  
Wales, Clifford and Northumberland, with  
drum and trumpets.*

Que. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of  
York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy  
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:  
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

King. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear  
their wreck;

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.  
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,  
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Cl. My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
And harmful pity must be laid aside,

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,  
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:  
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;  
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,  
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
Which argued thee a most unloving father.  
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
Which sometime they have used with fearful  
flight,

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?  
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!  
Were it not pity that this goodly boy  
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
And long hereafter say unto his child,  
*What my great-grandfather and grandsire got  
My careless father fondly gave away?*

Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;  
And let his manly face, which promiseth  
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear  
That things ill-got had ever bad success?  
And happy always was it for that son  
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
And would my father had left me no more!  
For all the rest is held at such a rate  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did  
know

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Que. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes  
are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
You promised knighthood to our forward son:  
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.  
Edward, kneel down.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Pri. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,  
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,  
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Cl. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness:  
For with a band of thirty thousand men  
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:  
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.  
Cl. I would your highness would depart the  
field:

The queen hath best success when you are absent.

*Que.* Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

*King.* Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

*North.* Be it with resolution then to fight.

*Pri.* My royal father, cheer these noble lords  
And hearten those that fight in your defence:  
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry *Saint George!*

*March.* Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague and Soldiers.

*Educ.* Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head;  
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

*Que.* Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms  
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

*Educ.* I am his king, and he should bow his knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent:  
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,  
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,  
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

*Clf.* And reason too:

Who should succeed the father but the son?

*Ric.* Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!

*Clf.* Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

*Ric.* 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

*Clf.* Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

*Ric.* For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

*War.* What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

*Que.* Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands.

*War.* Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

*Clf.* You said so much before, and yet you fled.  
*War.* 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

*North.* No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

*Ric.* Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.  
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain  
The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

*Clf.* I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

*Ric.* Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;  
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

*King.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

*Que.* Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

*King.* I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:  
I am a king, and privileged to speak.

*Clf.* My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

*Ric.* Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:  
By Him that made us all, I am resolved  
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

*Educ.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?  
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,  
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.  
*War.* If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;  
For York in justice puts his armour on.

*Pri.* If that be right which Warwick says is right,  
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

*Ric.* Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;

For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

*Que.* But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;

But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

*Ric.* Iron of Naples hid with English guilt,  
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-  
trah't,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

*Educ.* 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 revell'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 his day;  
But when he took a beggar to his bed,  
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,  
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,  
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,  
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.  
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;  
And we, in pity of the gentle king,  
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

*Geo.* But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,  
We set the axe to thy usurping root;  
And though the edge hath something hit our-  
selves,

Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,  
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

*Educ.* And, in this resolution, I defy thee;  
Not willing any longer conference,  
Since thou demest the gentle king to speak.

Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!  
And either victory, or else a grave.

*Que.* Stay, Edward.

*Educ.* No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:

These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.  
*Exeunt.*



*Scene III.—A Field of Battle between Towton and Sarton, in Yorkshire.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.*

*War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,  
I lay me down a little while to breathe;  
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,  
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,  
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

*Enter Edward, running.*

*Edw.* Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!  
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

*War.* How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

*Enter George.*

*Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;  
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:  
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

*Edw.* Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;  
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter Richard.*

*Ric.* Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;  
And in the very pangs of death he cried,  
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,  
*Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*  
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,  
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;  
And look upon, as if the tragedy  
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?  
Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
I'll never pause again, never stand still,  
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine  
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

*Edw.* O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;

And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!  
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,  
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,  
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,  
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands  
That to my 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.

*Ric.* Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:  
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe  
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.  
Forslow no longer, make we hence again.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Another part of the Field.*

*Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.*

*Ric.* 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.

*Clf.* Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:  
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;  
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death

And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother

To execute the like upon thyself;

And so, have at thee!

*They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*

*Ric.* 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 alone.*

*King.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light,  
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day nor night,  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea  
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea  
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:  
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;  
Now one the better, then another best;  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory!  
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and woe?  
O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,  
How many make the hour full complete;  
How many hours bring about the day;  
How many days will finish up the year;  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times:  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;

So many days my ewes 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 fear their subjects' treachery ?  
 O, yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.  
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 His 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,  
 at one door, and a Father that has killed his  
 son, at another door.*

*Son.* Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.  
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
 May be possess'd with some store of crowns ;  
 And I, that haply take them from him now,  
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.  
 Who's this ? O God ! 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, press'd by his master ;  
 And I, who at his hands received my life,  
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.  
 Pardon me, God, I 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.

*King.* O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !  
 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ;  
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,  
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with  
 grief.

*Enter a Father, bearing of his son.*

*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold ;  
 For I have bought it with a hundred blows.  
 But let me see : is this our foeman's face ?  
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !  
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
 Throw up thine eye ! see, see what showers arise,  
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !  
 O pity, God, this miserable age !  
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
 Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural,  
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !  
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,  
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !

*King.* Woe above woe ! grief more than com-  
 mon grief !  
 O that my death would stay these ruthless deeds !

O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatal colours of our striving houses ;  
 The one his purple blood right well resembles ;  
 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth :  
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish ;  
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

*Son.* How will my mother for a father's death  
 Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied !

*Fath.* How will my wife for slaughter of my son  
 Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied !

*King.* How will the country for these woful  
 chances

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 ?

*King.* Was ever king so grieved 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-  
 sheet ;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,  
 For from my heart thy image ne'er shall go ;  
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;  
 And so obsequious will thy father 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.*

*King.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with  
 care,  
 Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen, the Prince  
 and Exeter.*

*Pri.* Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are  
 fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull ;

Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

*Que.* Mount you, my lord ; towards Berwick  
 post again ;

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 ireful hands,  
 Are at our backs ; and therefore hence again.

*Ese.* Away ! for vengeance comes along with  
 them :

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed ;

Or else come after : I'll away before.

*King.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet  
 Exeter :

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

Whither the queen intends. Forward ; away !

*Exeunt.*

*Scene VI.—Another part of the Field.*

*A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.*

*Clf.* Here burns my candle out ; ay, here it dies,  
 Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.  
 O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow  
 More than my body's parting with my soul !  
 My love and fear glued many friends to thee ;  
 And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.  
 Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,

The common people swarm like summer flies ;  
 And whither fly the gnats but to the sun ?  
 And who shines now but Henry's enemies ?  
 O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent  
 That Phœthon should check thy fiery steeds,  
 Thy burning car never had scorched the earth !  
 And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,  
 Or as thy father and his father did,  
 Giving no ground unto the house of York.  
 They never then had sprung like summer flies ;  
 I and ten thousand in this luckless realm  
 Had left no mourning widows for our death ;  
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.  
 For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?  
 And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity ?  
 Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds ;  
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight :  
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;  
 For at their hands I have deserved no pity.  
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.  
 Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest ;  
 I stabb'd your father's bosoms, split my breast.

*He faints.*

*Alarm and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard, 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, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
 Command an argosy to stem the waves.  
 But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?

*War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape ;  
 For, though before his face I speak the words,  
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave :  
 And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

*Clifford groans, and dies.*

*Edw.* Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave ?

*Ric.* A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

*Edw.* See who it is : and, now the battle's ended,  
 If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

*Ric.* 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.

*War.* From off the gates of York fetch down the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford plac'd there ;  
 Instead whereof let this supply the room :  
 Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,

That nothing sung but death to us and ours :  
 Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

*War.* I think his understanding is bereft.

Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee ?

Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,  
 And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

*Ric.* O, would he did ! and so perhaps he doth :  
 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,  
 Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
 Which in the time of death he gave our father.

*Geo.* If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

*Ric.* Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

*Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

*War.* Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

*Geo.* While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

*Ric.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

*Edw.* Thou pitied'st Rutland ; I will pity thee.

*Geo.* Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now ?

*War.* They mock thee, Clifford : swear as thou wast wont.

*Ric.* 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 rail at him,  
 This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing

blood

Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst  
 York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

*War.* Ay, but he's dead : off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.  
 And now to London with triumphant march,  
 There to be crown'd England's royal king :

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,  
 And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen :

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;  
 And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again ;  
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
 Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.

First will I see the coronation ;  
 And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,  
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

*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 undo as him pleaseth best.

*Ric.* 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. *Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

*Scene I.—A Forest in the North of England.*

*Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.*

I Kee. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves ;

For through this laund anon the deer will come ;

And in this covert will we make our stand,  
 Calling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Kee*. I'll stay above the hill, so both may  
 shoot.

1 *Kee*. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-  
 bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.  
 Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:  
 And, for the time shall not seem tedious,  
 I'll tell thee what befell me on a day  
 In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Kee*. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be  
 past.

*Enter King, disguised, with a prayer-book.*

*King*. 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 fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,  
 Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast an-  
 ointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar 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?

1 *Kee*. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a  
 keeper's fee:

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

*King*. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,  
 For wise men say it is the wisest course.

2 *Kee*. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon  
 him.

1 *Kee*. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.  
*King*. My queen and son are gone to France  
 for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick  
 Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister  
 To wife for Edward: if this news be true,  
 Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;  
 For Warwick is a subtle orator,  
 And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.  
 By this account then Margaret may win him;  
 For she's a woman to be pitied much:

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
 The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;  
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse,  
 To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.  
 Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick, to give;  
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,  
 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.  
 She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;  
 He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;  
 That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no  
 more;

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,  
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
 And in conclusion wins the king from her,  
 With promise of his sister, and what else,  
 To strengthen and support King Edward's place.  
 O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

2 *Kee*. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings  
 and queens?

*King*. More than I seem, and less than I was  
 born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;  
 And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Kee*. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a  
 king.

*King*. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's  
 enough.

2 *Kee*. But, if thou be a king, where is thy  
 crown?

*King*. My crown is in my heart, not on my  
 head;

Nor deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,  
 Nor to be seen: my crown is called content:  
 A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Kee*. Well, if you be a king crown'd with con-  
 tent,

Your crown content and you must be contented  
 To go along with us; for, as we think,  
 You are the king King Edward hath deposed;  
 And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance  
 Will apprehend you as his enemy.

*King*. But did you never swear, and break an  
 oath?

2 *Kee*. No, never such an oath; nor will not  
 now.

*King*. Where did you dwell when I was King  
 of England?

2 *Kee*. Here in this country, where we now re-  
 main.

*King*. I was anointed king at nine months old;  
 My father and my grandfather were kings,  
 And you were sworn true subjects unto me:  
 And tell me, then, have you not broke your  
 oaths?

1 *Kee*. No;

For we were subjects but while you were king.

*King*. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a  
 man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!  
 Look, as I blow this feather from my face,  
 And as the air blows it to me again,  
 Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
 And yielding to another when it blows,  
 Commanded always by the greater gust;  
 Such is the lightness of you common men.  
 But do not break your oaths; for of that sin  
 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.  
 Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;  
 And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

1 *Kee*. We are true subjects to the king, King  
 Edward.

*King*. So would you be again to Henry,  
 If he were seated as King Edward is.

1 *Kee*. We charge you, in God's name, and the  
 king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

*King*. In God's name, lead; your king's name  
 be obey'd:

And what God will, that let your king perform;  
 And what he will, I humbly yield unto. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—London. 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 in quarrel with the house of York  
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

*Glo.* Your highness shall do well to grant her  
suit;

It were dishonour to deny it her.

*K. Edu.* It were no less; but yet I'll make a  
pause.

*Glo.* Yea, is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*Glo.* He knows the game: how true he keeps  
the wind!

*Glo.* Silence!

*K. Edu.* Widow, we will consider of your suit;  
And come some other time to know our mind.

*L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook  
delay:

May it please your highness to resolve me now;  
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

*Glo.* Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all  
your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

*Glo.* I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

*Glo.* God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

*K. Edu.* How many children hast thou,  
widow? tell me.

*Glo.* I think he means to beg a child of her.

*Glo.* Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her  
two.

*L. Grey.* Three, my most gracious lord.

*Glo.* You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by  
him.

*K. Edu.* 'Twere pity they should lose their  
father's lands.

*L. Grey.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

*K. Edu.* Lords, give us leave: I'll try this  
widow's wit.

*Glo.* Ay, good leave have you; for you will  
have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.  
*Gloucester and Clarence retire.*

*K. Edu.* Now tell me, madam, do you love  
your children?

*L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

*K. Edu.* And would you not do much to do  
them good?

*L. Grey.* To do them good, I would sustain  
some harm.

*K. Edu.* Then get your husband's lands, to do  
them good.

*L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

*K. Edu.* I'll tell you how these lands are to  
be got.

*L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your high-  
ness' service.

*K. Edu.* What service wilt thou do me, if I  
give them?

*L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me  
to do.

*K. Edu.* But you will take exceptions to my  
boon.

*L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

*K. Edu.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean  
to ask.

*L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your grace  
commands.

*Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears  
the marble.

*Glo.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax must  
melt.

*L. Grey.* Why stops my lord? shall I not hear  
my task?

*K. Edu.* An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

*L. Grey.* That's soon perform'd, because I am  
a subject.

*K. Edu.* Why, then, thy husband's lands I  
freely give thee.

*L. Grey.* I take my leave with many thousand  
thanks.

*Glo.* The match is made; she seals it with a  
curtsy.

*K. Edu.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love  
I mean.

*L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving  
hege.

*K. Edu.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

*L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks,  
my prayers;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

*K. Edu.* No, by my troth, I did not mean  
such love.

*L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought  
you did.

*K. Edu.* But now you partly may perceive my  
mind.

*L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I  
perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

*K. Edu.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with  
thee.

*L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in  
prison.

*K. Edu.* Why, then thou shalt not have thy  
husband's lands.

*L. Grey.* Why, then mine honesty shall be my  
dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

*K. Edu.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children  
mightily.

*L. Grey.* Herein your highness wrongs both  
them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit:

Please you dismiss me, either with *ay* or *no*.

*K. Edu.* Ay, if thou wilt say *ay* to my request;  
No, if thou dost say *no* to my demand.

*L. Grey.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an  
end.

*Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her  
brows.

*Glo.* He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

*K. Edu.* Her looks do argue her replete with  
modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

*L. Grey.* 'Tis better said than done, my  
gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

*K. Edu.* Sweet widow, by my state I swear to  
thee

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

*L. Grey.* And that is more than I will yield unto:

I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
And yet too good to be your concubine.

*K. Educ.* You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

*L. Grey.* 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.

*K. Educ.* No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;  
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,  
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing  
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

*Glo.* The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

*Cl.* When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

*K. Educ.* Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

*Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

*K. Educ.* You 'ld think it strange if I should marry her.

*Cl.* To whom, my lord?

*K. Educ.* Why, Clarence, to myself.

*Glo.* That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

*Cl.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

*Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

*K. Educ.* Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman.*

*Nob.* My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

*K. Educ.* See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.

*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

*Glo.* Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden time I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire and me—  
The lustful Edward's title buried—

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,

To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,

And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
Saying, he 'll lade 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'erween's too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;  
What other pleasure can the world afford?

I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

O miserable thought! and more unlikely  
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,

She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;

To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part,

Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp  
That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I then a man to be beloved?  
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!

Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
But to command, to check, to 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 imaped 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 knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling desperately to find it out,—

Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
And from that torment I will free myself,

Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
Why, I can smile, and murder 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 slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,

Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, 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 Lewis the French King, his sister Bona, his Admiral, called Bourbon;*

*Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.*

*K. Lew.* Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,

Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state  
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis

doth sit.

*Que. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret*

Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve  
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

Great Albion's queen in former golden days;  
But now mischance hath trod my title down,

And with dishonour laid me on the ground;  
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,

And to my humble seat conform myself.

*K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs  
this deep despair?

*Que.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with  
tears  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in  
cares.

*K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side: [*Seats her by him.*]  
yield not thy neck  
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

*Que.* Those gracious words revive my drooping  
thoughts

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,  
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
Is of a king become a banish'd man,  
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;  
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York  
Usurps the regal title and the seat  
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,  
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,  
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;  
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:  
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;  
Our people and our peers are both misled,  
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

*K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm  
the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

*Que.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our  
foe.

*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour  
thee.

*Que.* 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?

*Que.* Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest  
friend.

*K. Lew.* Welcome, brave Warwick! What  
brings thee to France?

*He descends. She ariseth.*

*Que.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;  
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

*War.* From worthy Edward, King of Albion,  
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,  
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,  
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;  
And then to crave a league of amity;  
And lastly, to confirm that amity  
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant  
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,  
To England's king in lawful marriage.

*Que.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

*War.* [*To Bona.*] And, gracious madam, in our  
king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,  
Humbly to kiss your hand and with my tongue  
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;  
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,  
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

*Que.* King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand  
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest  
love,

But from deceit bred by necessity;  
For how can tyrants safely govern home,  
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?  
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,  
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,  
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.  
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and  
marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;  
For though usurpers away the rule awhile,  
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

*War.* Injurious Margaret!

*Pri.* And why not queen?

*War.* Because thy father Henry did usurp;  
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

*Oxf.* Then Warwick disannuls great John of  
Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;  
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;  
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,  
Who by his prowess conquer'd all France:  
From these our Henry lineally descends.

*War.* Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth dis-  
course,

You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost  
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?  
Methinks these peers of France should smile at  
that.

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree  
Of threescore and two years; a silly time  
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

*Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against  
thy hege,

Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,  
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

*War.* Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,  
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?  
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

*Oxf.* Call him my king by whose injurious doom  
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,  
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,  
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,  
When nature brought him to the door of death?  
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,  
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

*War.* And I the house of York.

*K. Lew.* Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and  
Oxford,

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,  
While I use further conference with Warwick.

*They stand aloof.*

*Que.* Heavens grant that Warwick's words be-  
witch him not!

*K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon  
thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath  
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

*War.* Thereon I pawn my credit and mine  
honour.

*K. Lew.* But is he gracious in the people's eye?  
*War.* The more that Henry was unfortunate.

*K. Lew.* Then further, all dissembling set aside,  
Tell me for truth the measure of his love  
Unto our sister Bona.

*War.* Such it seems

As may besem a monarch like himself.  
Myself have often heard him say and swear  
That this his love was an eternal plant,  
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,  
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

*K. Lew.* Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

*Bona.* Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:  
[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,  
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

*K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your king must make,  
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.  
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness  
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

*Pri.* To Edward, but not to the English king.

*Que.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device  
By this alliance to make void my suit:  
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

*K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret:  
But if your title to the crown be weak,  
As may appear by Edward's good success,  
Then 'tis but reason that I be 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 'twere you troubled him than France.

*Que.* 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 self-same feather.

*Post blowing a horn within.*

*K. Lew.* Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

*Enter the Post.*

*Post.* [*To War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:

[*To Lewis.*] These from our king unto your majesty:

[*To Margaret.*] And, madam, these for you;  
from whom I know not.

*They all read their letters.*

*Orf.* I like it well that our fair queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

*Pri.* Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled:

I hope all 's for the best.

*K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

*Que.* Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

*War.* Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

*K. Lew.* What! has your king married the Lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,  
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?  
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?  
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

*Que.* I told your majesty as much before:  
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

*War.* King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,  
No more my king, for he dishonours me,  
But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of York  
My father came untimely to his death?  
Did I let pass 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 gerdon'd at the last with shame?  
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:

And to repair my honour lost for him,  
I here renounce him and return to Henry.

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,  
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona  
And replant Henry in his former state.

*Que.* 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 unfeigned friend,

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us  
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,  
I'll undertake to land them on our coast  
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.  
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:  
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,  
He's very likely now to fall from him,  
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,  
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

*Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

*Que.* Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

*Bona.* My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

*War.* And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

*K. Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore at last I firmly am resolved  
You shall have aid.

*Que.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

*K. Lew.* Then, England's messenger, return in post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers  
To revel it with him and his new bride:

Thou seest what 's past, go fear thy king withal.  
*Bona.* Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

*Que.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,  
And I am ready to put armour on.

*War.* Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,



And therefore I'll uncerown him ere 't be long.  
There's thy reward : be gone. *Exit Post.*

*K. Lew.* But, Warwick,  
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,  
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;  
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen  
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.  
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,  
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

*War.* This shall assure my constant loyalty,  
That if our queen and this young prince agree,  
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy  
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

*Que.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,  
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;  
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

*Pri.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;  
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

*He gives his hand to Warwick.*

*K. Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers  
shall be levied,

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,  
Shall walt them over with our royal fleet.  
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,  
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

*Exeunt all but Warwick.*

*War.* I came from Edward as ambassador,  
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:  
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,  
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stale but me?  
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.  
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.*

*Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you  
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?  
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

*Cl.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;

How could he stay till Warwick made return?  
*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

*Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

*Cl.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Pembroke, Stafford and Hastings: four stand on one side and four on the other.*

*K. Edu.* Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

*Cl.* As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage and in judgment  
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

*K. Edu.* Suppose they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,  
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

*Glo.* And shall have your will, because our king:  
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*K. Edu.* Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

*Glo.* Not I:

No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd  
Whom God hath joined together; ay, and 'twere pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

*K. Edu.* Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey  
Should not become my wife and England's queen.  
And you too, Somerset and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

*Cl.* Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis  
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him  
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

*Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

*K. Edu.* What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased

By such invention as I can devise?

*Mon.* Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

*Has.* Why, knows not Montague that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself?

*Mon.* But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

*Has.* '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.

*Cl.* For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

*K. Edu.* Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;

And for this once my will shall stand for law.

*Glo.* And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales  
Unto the brother of your loving bride;  
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:  
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

*Cl.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

*K. Edu.* Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife  
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

*Cl.* 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. Edu.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,

And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. *Eli.* My lords, before it pleased his majesty  
To raise my state to title of a queen,  
Do me but right, and you must all confess  
That I 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 befall thee,  
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,  
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?  
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,  
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;  
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the  
more.

*Enter a Post.*

K. *Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters or what  
news  
From France?

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 it with him and his new bride.*

K. *Edw.* Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks  
me Henry.

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  
are done,*

*And I am ready to put armour on.*

K. *Edw.* Belike she minds to play the Amazon.  
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post. He, more incensed against your majesty  
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:  
*Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.*

K. *Edw.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so  
proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:  
They shall have wars and pay for their presump-  
tion.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so  
link'd in friend-ship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's  
daughter.

Cla. 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.*

Glo. [*Aside.*] Not I:  
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I  
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. *Edw.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to  
Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;  
And haste is needful in this desperate case.  
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf  
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;  
They are already, or quickly will be landed;  
Myself in person will straight follow you.

*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,  
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,  
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?  
If it be so, then both depart to him;  
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:  
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,  
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,  
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mon. So God help Montague as he proves true!  
Has. And Hastings as he favours Edward's  
cause!

K. *Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand  
by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand  
you.

K. *Edw.* Why, so! then am I sure of victory.  
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,  
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.*

*Enter Warwick and Oxford in England, 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?

Cla. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto  
Warwick;

And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;  
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's bro-  
ther,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:  
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall  
be thine.

And now what rests but, in night's coverture,  
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,  
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,  
And but attended by a simple guard,  
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?  
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:  
That as Ulysses and stout Diomed  
With sleight and manhood stole the Rhesus' tents,  
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal  
steeds,

So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,  
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard  
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,  
For I intend but only to surprise him.  
You that will follow me to this attempt,  
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

*They all cry, 'Henry!'*

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:  
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint  
George!

*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—Edward's Camp, near Warwick.*

*Enter three Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.*

1 *Wat.* Come on, my masters, each man take  
his stand:

The king by this is set him down to sleep.

2 *Wat.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Wat.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow  
Never to lie and take his natural rest  
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

2 *Wat.* To-morrow then belike shall be the day,  
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Wat.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that  
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Wat.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's  
chiefest friend.

3 *Wat.* O, is it so? But why commands the king  
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 *Wat.* 'Tis the more honour, because more  
dangerous.

3 *Wat.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;  
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1 *Wat.* Unless our halberds did shut up his  
passage.

2 *Wat.* 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.

1 *Wat.* Who goes there?

2 *Wat.* 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 Warwick, Somerset and the rest, bring-  
ing 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.

*K. Edu.* The duke! Why, Warwick, when we  
parted,  
Thou call'dst me king.

*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgraced me in my embassy,  
Then I degraded you from being king.  
And come now to create you Duke of York.  
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

*K. Edu.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou  
here too?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.  
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,  
Edward will always bear himself as king:  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*War.* Then, for his mind, be Edward England's  
king:

*Takes off his crown.*

But Henry shall now wear the English crown,  
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.

*My Lord of Somerset, at my request,  
See that with Duke Edward be convey'd  
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.*

When I have fought with Pembroke and his  
fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer  
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.

Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

*They lead him out forcibly.*

*K. Edu.* What fates impose, that men must  
needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

*Exit, guarded.*

*Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to do  
But march to London with our soldiers?

*War.* Ay, that's the first thing that we have  
to do;

To free King Henry from imprisonment

And see him seated in the regal throne. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—London. The Palace.*

*Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.*

*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden  
change?

*Q. Eli.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to  
learn

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?  
*Riv.* What! loss of some pitch'd battle against  
Warwick?

*Q. Eli.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.  
*Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?

*Q. Eli.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,  
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard  
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:  
And, as I further have to understand,  
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,  
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.

*Riv.* These news I must confess are full of grief;  
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:  
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

*Q. Eli.* Till then fair hope must hinder life's  
decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair  
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

This is it that makes me bride passion  
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear  
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,  
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown  
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English  
crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eli. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head :  
Guess thou the rest ; King Edward's friends must  
down,

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—  
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—  
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,  
To save at least the heir of Edward's right :  
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.  
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly :  
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. *Ereunt.*

*Scene V.—A Park near Middleham Castle  
in Yorkshire.*

*Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings and  
Sir William Stanley.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William  
Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.  
Thus stands the case : you know our king, my  
brother,

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands  
He hath good usage and great liberty,  
And, often but attended with weak guard,  
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.  
I have advertised him by secret means  
That if about this hour he make this way  
Under the colour of his usual game,  
He shall here find his friends with horse and men  
To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him.*

Hun. This way, my lord ; for this way lies the  
game.

K. Edu. Nay, this way, man : see where the  
huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and  
the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer ?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste :  
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edu. But whither shall we then ?

Has. To Lynn, my lord,  
And ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me ; for that was my  
meaning.

K. Edu. Stanley, I will requite thy forward-  
ness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we ? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edu. Huntsman, what say'st thou ? wilt  
thou go along ?

Hun. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away ; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edu. Bishop, farewell : shield thee from  
Warwick's frown ;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. *Ereunt.*

*Scene VI.—London. The Tower.*

*Flourish. Enter King, Clarence, Warwick,  
Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Mon-  
tagne and Lieutenant of the Tower.*

King. Master lieutenant, now that God and  
friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,  
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,  
At our enlargement what are thy due fees ?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their  
sovereigns ;

But if an humble prayer may prevail,  
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

King. 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 conquer fortune's spite

By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,  
And that the people of this blessed land

May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,  
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

I here resign my government to thee,  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been famed for  
virtuous ;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,  
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.

Cl. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
To whom the heavens in thy nativity

Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,  
As likely to be blest in peace and war ;

And therefore I yield thee my free consent.  
War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

King. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your  
hands :

Now join your hands, and with your hands your  
hearts,

That no dissension hinder government :  
I make you both protectors of this land,

While I myself will lead a private life,  
And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's  
will ?

Cl. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent ;  
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be  
content :

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow  
To Henry's body, and supply his place ;

I mean, in wearing weight of government,  
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.

And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful  
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,  
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Cl. What else ? and that succession be deter-  
mined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his  
part.

King. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,  
Let me entreat, for I command no more,

That Margaret your queen and my son Edward  
Be sent for, to return from France with speed ;

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

*Cla.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

*King.* My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that, Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

*Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

*King.* 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 wear a crown, His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself Likely in time to bless a regal throne. Make much of him, my lords, for this is he Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Post.*

*War.* What news, my friend?

*Post.* That Edward is escaped from your brother, And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

*War.* Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

*Post.* He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloucester

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him In secret ambush on the forest side And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him; For hunting was his daily exercise.

*War.* My brother was too careless of his charge. But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide A salve for any sore that may betide.

*Exeunt all but Som., Rich. and Orf.*

*Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, And we shall have more wars before 't be long. As Henry's late presaging prophecy Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts What may befall him, to his harm and ours: Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst, Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany, Till storms be past of civil enmity.

*Orf.* Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown, 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

*Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Brittany. Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. *Exeunt.*

*Scene VII.—Before York.*

*Flourish.* *Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings and the rest,

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends, And says that once more I shall interchange My waned state for Henry's regal crown. Well have we pass'd and now repass'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?

*Glo.* The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this;

For many men that stumble at the threshold Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

*K. Edw.* Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in, For hither will our friends repair to us.

*Has.* My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

*Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.*

*May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming, And shut the gates for safety of ourselves; For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

*K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,

Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

*May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom, As being well content with that alone.

*Glo.* But when the fox hath once got in his nose,

He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

*Has.* 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.*

*Glo.* A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded! *Has.* The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd, I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.*

*K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut

But in the night or in the time of war.

What! 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.*

*Glo.* Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

*K. Edw.* Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

*Mon.* To help King Edward in his time of storm, As every loyal subject ought to do.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget

Our title to the crown and only claim Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

*Mon.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again:

I came to serve a king and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

*The drum begins to march.*

*K. Edw.* Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and we'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

*Mon.* 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?

*Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

*K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

*Has.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

*Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;  
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

*K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,  
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

*Mon.* Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

*Has.* Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

*Flourish.*

*Sol.* Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

*Mon.* And whoso'er gainsays King Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

*Throws down his gauntlet.*

*All.* Long live Edward the Fourth!

*K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto you all:

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;  
And when the morning sun shall raise his car  
Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;  
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it becometh thee,  
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,  
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene VIII.—London. The Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter King, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Exeter and Oxford.*

*War.* What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia.

With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,  
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,  
And with his troops doth march amain to London;  
And many giddy people flock to him.

*King.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

*Cl.* A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*War.* In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;  
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,

Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,  
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee;

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,  
Northampton and in 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 girt 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.

*King.* Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

*Cl.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

*King.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

*Mon.* Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

*Oxf.* And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

*King.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,  
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

*War.* Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry. *Exeunt all but King and Exe.*

*King.* 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.

*King.* 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 slow delays;

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
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,  
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:

Then why should they love Edward more than me?  
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

*Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*

*Exe.* Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

*Enter King Edward, Gloucester and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;

And once again proclaim us king of England.  
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,  
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.

Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.  
*Exeunt some with King.*

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 hoped-for hay.

*Glo.* A way betimes, before his forces join,  
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.  
*Exeunt.*

## Act V.

### Scene I.—Coventry.

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, 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?

1 *Mes.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

*War.* How far off is our brother Montague? Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Mes.* 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 honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

*War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

*Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March: flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

*Glo.* 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?

*K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee, Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy? And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

*War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down, Call Warwick patron and be penitent? And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

*Glo.* I thought, at least, he would have said the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

*War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

*Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give: I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

*War.* 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

*K. Edw.* Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

*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 prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: What is the body when the head is off?

*Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast, But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten, The king was sllily finger'd from the deck!

You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace, And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

*Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

*War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, And with the other fling it at thy face, Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

*K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair, Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off, Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood, Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

*Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.*

*War.* O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

*He and his forces enter the city.*

*Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too.

*K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs. Stand we in good array; for they no doubt Will issue out again and bid us battle: If not, the city being but of small defence, We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

*War.* O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

*Enter Montague, with drum and colours.*

*Mon.* Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

*He and his forces enter the city.*

*Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

*K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory:

My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

*Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.*

*Som.* Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

*He and his forces enter the city.*

*Glo.* Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset, Have sold their lives unto the house of York; And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.*

*War.* And lo, where George of Clarence sweepeth along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;

With whom an upright zeal to right prevails

More than the nature of a brother's love!

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call

*Cl.* Father of Warwick, know you what this means? Taking his red rose out of his hat

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruinate my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother and his lawful king?

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:

To keep that oath were more impiety

Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter

I am so sorry for thy foul misleading me

That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—

As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad—

To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:

And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

*K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,  
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.  
*Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

*War.* O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!  
*K. Edw.* What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?  
*War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!  
I will away towards Barnet presently,  
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

*K. Edw.* Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.

Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!  
*Exeunt King Edward and his company.*  
*March. Warwick and his company follow.*

*Scene II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

*Alarm and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.*

*K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.  
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,  
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.  
*Exit.*

*War.* Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,  
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?  
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth  
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.  
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,  
Whose top-branch 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 durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?  
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands  
Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter Oxford and Somerset.*

*Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,  
We might recover all our loss again:  
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:  
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

*War.* Why, then 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 glues my lips and will not let me speak.  
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

*Som.* Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,  
And said *Commend me to my valiant brother.*  
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,  
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,  
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last  
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,  
*O, farewell, Warwick!*

*War.* Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;

For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. *Dies.*

*Oxf.* Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!  
*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 graced with wreaths of victory.  
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,  
That will encounter with our glorious sun,  
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:  
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen  
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast  
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

*Cl.* 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, be well assured  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*K. Edw.* We are advertised by our loving friends  
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:  
We, having now the best at Barnet field,  
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;  
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented  
In every county as we go along.  
Strike up the drum; cry *Courage!* and away.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.*

*March. Enter Queen, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford and Soldiers.*

*Que.* 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 lad  
With tearful eyes add water to the sea  
And give more strength to that which hath too much,

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,  
Which industry and courage might have saved?



Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!  
 Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?  
 And Montague our topmast; what of him?  
 Our 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 tacklings?  
 And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I  
 For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?  
 We will not from the helm to sit and weep,  
 But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,  
 From shelves and rocks that threaten us with  
 wreck.

As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.  
 And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?  
 What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?  
 And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?  
 All these the enemies to our poor bark.  
 Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!  
 Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:  
 Bstride the rock; the tide will wash you off,  
 Or else you faunish; 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 hoped-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.

*Pri.* Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit  
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,  
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity  
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
 I speak not this as doubting any here;  
 For did I but suspect a fearful man,  
 He should have leave to go away betimes,  
 Lest in our need he might infect another  
 And make him of like spirit to himself.  
 If any such be here—as God forbid!—  
 Let him depart before we need his help.

*Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage,  
 And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.  
 O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather  
 Doth live again in thee: long 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.

*Que.* Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford,  
 thanks.

*Pri.* And take his thanks that yet hath nothing  
 else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,  
 Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

*Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy  
 To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

*Som.* But he's deceived; we are in readiness.  
*Que.* This cheers my heart, to see your forward-  
 nesses.

*Oxf.* Here pitch our battle; hence we will not  
 budge.

*Flourish and march. Enter King Edward,  
 Gloucester, Clarence and Soldiers.*

*K. Edu.* Brave followers, yonder stands the  
 thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance and your  
 strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,  
 For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:  
 Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

*Que.* 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 sove-  
 reign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,  
 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,  
 His statutes cancell'd and his treasure spent;  
 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.  
 You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,  
 Be valiant and give signal to the fight.

*Alarum. Retreat. Excursions. Ezeunt.*

*Scene V.—Another part of the Field.*

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Cla-  
 rence and Soldiers; with Queen, Orford and  
 Somerset, prisoners.*

*K. Edu.* Now here a period of tumultuous broila.  
 Away with Oxford to Hames 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.

*Ezeunt Orford and Somerset, guarded.*

*Que.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,  
 To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

*K. Edu.* Is proclamation made, that who finds  
 Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

*Glo.* It is: and lo, where youthful Edward  
 comes!

*Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.*

*K. Edu.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear  
 him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make  
 For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,  
 And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

*Pri.* 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.

*Que.* Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

*Glo.* That you might still have worn the petti-  
 coat.

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

*Pri.* Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night;

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

*Glo.* By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that  
 word.

*Que.* Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

*Glo.* For God's sake, take away this captive  
 scold.

*Pri.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-back  
 rater.

*K. Edu.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your  
 tongue.

*Cl.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.  
*Pri.* I know my duty; you are all undutiful:  
 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'st my father's right and mine.  
*K. Educ.* Take that, thou likeness of this railer  
 here. *Stabs him.*  
*Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy  
 agony. *Stabs him.*  
*Cl.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.  
*Stabs him.*  
*Que.* O, kill me too!  
*Glo.* Marry, and shall. *Offers to kill her.*  
*K. Educ.* Hold, Richard, hold; for we have  
 done too much.  
*Glo.* Why should she live, to fill the world with  
 words?  
*K. Educ.* What, doth she swoon? use means for  
 her recovery.  
*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;  
 I'll hence to London on a serious matter:  
 Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.  
*Cl.* What? what?  
*Glo.* The Tower, the Tower. *Exit.*  
*Que.* O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother,  
 boy!  
 Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!  
 They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all,  
 Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,  
 If this foul deed were by to equal it:  
 He was a man; this, in respect, a child:  
 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.  
 What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?  
 No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:  
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.  
 Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!  
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!  
 You have no children, butchers! if you had,  
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up re-  
 morse:  
 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. Educ.* Away with her; go, bear her hence  
 perforce.  
*Que.* Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me  
 here;  
 Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my  
 death:  
 What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.  
*Cl.* By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.  
*Que.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do  
 thou do it.  
*Cl.* Didst thou not hear me swear I would not  
 do it?  
*Que.* Ay, but thou n'est to forswear thyself:  
 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.  
 What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's  
 butcher,  
 Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?  
 Thou art not here: murder is thy aim-deed;  
 Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.  
*K. Educ.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her  
 hence.  
*Que.* So come to you and yours, as to this  
 price! *Exit, led out forcibly.*  
*K. Educ.* Where's Richard gone?

*Cl.* To London, all in post; and, as I guess,  
 To make a bloody supper in the Tower.  
*K. Educ.* He's sudden, if a thing comes in his  
 head.  
 Now march we hence: discharge the common sort  
 With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London  
 And see our gentle queen how well she fares:  
 By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. *Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—London. The Tower.

*Enter King and Gloucester, with the Lieu-  
 tenant, on the walls.*

*Glo.* Good day, my lord. What, at your book  
 so hard?

*King.* 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  
 confer. *Exit Lieutenant.*

*King.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the  
 wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece  
 And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.  
 What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

*Glo.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*King.* The bird that hath been limed in a bush,  
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;  
 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
 Have now the fatal object in my eye  
 Where my poor young was limed, was caught and  
 kill'd.

*Glo.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
 That taught his son the office of a fowl!  
 And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

*King.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;  
 Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
 The sun that scar'd the wings of my sweet boy  
 Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea  
 Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!  
 My breast can better brook thy dagger's point  
 Than can my ears that tragic history.  
 But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

*Glo.* Think'st thou I am an executioner?

*King.* 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.

*King.* Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou  
 didst presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.  
 And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,  
 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,  
 And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,  
 And many an orphan's water-standing eye—  
 Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,  
 And orphans for their parents' timeless death—  
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;  
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;  
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down  
 trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
 And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.  
 Thy mother felt more than a discord's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,  
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
Teeth 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 bear no more: die, prophet, in thy  
speech: *Stabs him.*

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

*King.* Ay, and for much more slaughter after  
this.

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! *Dies.*

*Glo.* What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have  
mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's  
death!

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, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:  
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;  
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies  
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,  
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.  
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:  
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,  
Counting myself but bad till I be best.  
I'll throw thy body in another room  
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

*Exit, with the body.*

Scene VII.—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  
throne,

Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.  
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!  
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd  
For hardy and undoubted champions;  
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,  
And two Northumberland; two braver men  
Ne'er spur'd their coursers 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 roar'd.  
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat  
And made our footstool of security.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.  
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself  
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,  
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;  
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

*Glo.* [*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 heave it shall some weight, or break my  
back:

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Gloucester, love my  
lovely queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

*Cl.* The duty that I owe unto your majesty  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

*Q. Eli.* Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy bro-  
ther, thanks.

*Glo.* 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 de-  
lights,

Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

*Cl.* What will your grace have done with  
Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicile 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 befits the pleasure of the court?  
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

*Exeunt.*

# KING RICHARD III.

## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V., } sons to the King.  
RICHARD, Duke of York, }

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, } brothers to

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III., } the King.

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHEHAM, Archbishop of York.

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 Elizabeth.

EARL OF OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY. LORD LOVELL.

SIRS THOMAS VAUGHAN, RICHARD RATCLIFF, WILLIAM CATESBY, JAMES

TYRREL, JAMES BLOUNT and WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, queen to King Edward IV.

MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.

DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV.

LADY ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.;  
afterwards married to Richard.

A young daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and other  
Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens,  
Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

First printed in 1597, in quarto, under the title of *The Tragedy of King Richard the Third*.  
Containing his treacherous plots against his brother Clarence. It was reprinted several  
times before it reappeared in the folio of 1623, in a very much altered form.

Whether these alterations were made by Shakespeare or only by the actors  
has been a subject of considerable controversy. We have, for the

most part, followed the "Cambridge" edition. Several por-  
traits of Richard III. are known to exist, and we have

paintings by Van Eyck and his contempora-  
ries to show at least the Flemish costume,

which was affected by Edward IV.

and his court. The scene

is laid wholly in

England.

# KING RICHARD III.

## Act I.

### Scene I.—London. A Street.

Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.

*Glo.* 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;  
Nor bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled  
front;

And now, instead of mounting barb'd steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable  
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 see 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 determin'd 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.  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence  
comes.

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day: what means this arm'd guard  
That waits upon your grace?

*Cl.* His majesty,  
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

*Glo.* Upon what cause?

*Cl.* Because my name is George.  
*Glo.* Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers:  
O, belike his majesty hath some intent  
That you shall be new-Christen'd in the Tower.  
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

*Cl.* Yea, Richard, when I know; but I protest  
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,  
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
And says a wizard told him that by G  
His issue disinherited should be;  
And, for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thought that I am he.  
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,  
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

*Glo.* 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 that good man of 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.

*Cl.* By heaven, I think there is no man 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?

*Glo.* Humbly complaining to her deity  
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,  
If we will keep in favour with the king,  
To be her men and wear her livery:  
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,  
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

*Bra.* 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.

*Glo.* Even so; an't please your worship,  
Brakenbury,

You may partake of any thing we say:  
We speak no treason, man: we say the king  
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen  
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;  
We say that 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 gentle-  
folks:

How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

*Bra.* With this, my lord, myself have nought  
to do.

*Glo.* Naught to do with Mistress Shore?  
I tell thee, fellow, he that doth naught with her  
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly, alone.  
*Bra.* What one, my lord?

*Glo.* Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?

*Bra.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*Glo.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

*Glo.* We are the queen's subjects, and must obey. Brother, farewell: I will unto the king; And whatsoever you will employ me in, Were it to call King Edward's widow sister, I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Glo.* I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Glo.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long; I will deliver you, or else lie for you: Meantime, have patience.

*Glo.* I must perforce. Farewell.

*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury and guard.*

*Glo.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so, That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven, If heaven will take the present at our hands. But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Has.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord! *Glo.* As much unto my good lord chamberlain! Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment? *Has.* With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his, And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

*Has.* More pity that the eagles should be mew'd, While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

*Glo.* What news abroad?

*Has.* No news so bad abroad as this at home; The king is sickly, weak and melancholy, And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Glo.* Now, by Saint John, that news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long, And overmuch consumed his royal person: 'Tis very grievous to be thought upon. Where is he, in his bed?

*Has.* He is.

*Glo.* Go you before, and I will follow you.

*Exit Hastings.*

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence, With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments; And, if I fail not in my deep intent, Clarence hath not another day to live: Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy, And leave the world for me to bustle in! For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.

What, though I kill'd her husband and her father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends Is to become her husband and her father: The which will I; not all so much for love As for another secret close intent, By marrying her which I must reach unto. But yet I run before my horse to market: Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:

When they are gone, then must I count my gains. *Exit.*

*Scene II.—London. Another Street.*

*Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, with halberds to guard it; Lady Anne being the mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honourable load,

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse, Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster. Poor key-cold figure of a holy king! Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster! Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood! Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost, To hear the lamentations of poor Anne, Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life, I pour the helpless 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 hap betide that hated wretch, That makes us wretched by the death of thee, Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads, Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! If ever he have child, abortive be it, Prodigious, and untimely brought to light, Whose ugly and unnatural aspect May fright the hopeful mother at the view; And that be heir to his unhappiness! If ever he have wife, let her be made More miserable by the death of him Than I am made by my young lord and thee! Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load, Taken from Paul's to be interr'd there; And still, as you are weary of the weight, Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's course.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Glo.* Villains, set down the corpse; or, by Saint Paul,

I'll make a corpse of him that disobeys.

*Gen.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Glo.* Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot. And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*Anne.* What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal, And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!  
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,  
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

*Glo.* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclams.  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 'tis thy presence that exhales 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!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his  
death!

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer  
dead,

Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

*Glo.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,

Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.  
*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor  
man:

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no  
beast.

*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!  
*Glo.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,  
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

*Anne.* Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,  
Of these known evils, but to give me leave,  
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

*Glo.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me  
have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou  
canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

*Glo.* By such despair, I should accuse myself.

*Anne.* And, by despairing, shalt thou stand  
excused;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Glo.* Say that I slew them not?

*Anne.* Then say they were not slain.

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.

*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.

*Glo.* Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen

Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*Glo.* I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:  
Didst thou not kill this king?

*Glo.* I grant ye.

*Anne.* Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God  
grant me too

Thou mayst be damn'd for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

*Glo.* The better for the King of heaven, that  
hath him.

*Anne.* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never  
come.

*Glo.* Let him thank me, that help to send him  
thither;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

*Anne.* And thou unfit for any place but hell.

*Glo.* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me  
name it.

*Anne.* Some dungeon.

*Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

*Anne.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou  
liest!

*Glo.* So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

*Anne.* I hope so.

*Glo.* I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall somewhat into a slower method,  
Is not the cause of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?

*Anne.* Thou wast the cause, and most accursed  
effect.

*Glo.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect;  
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*Anne.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my  
cheeks.

*Glo.* These eyes could not endure sweet beauty's  
wreck;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:

As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life.

*Anne.* Black night o'ershade thy day, and  
death thy life!

*Glo.* Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art  
both.

*Anne.* I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

*Glo.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

*Anne.* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,

To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

*Glo.* He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*Anne.* His better doth not breathe upon the  
earth.

*Glo.* He lives that loves thee better than he  
could.

*Anne.* Name him.

*Glo.* Plantagenet.

*Anne.* Why, that was he.

*Glo.* The selfsame name, but one of better  
nature.

*Anne.* Where is he?

*Glo.* Here. *Spits at him.*

Why dost thou spit at me?

*Anne.* Would it were mortal poison, for thy  
sake!

*Glo.* Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*Anne.* Never hung poison on a fouler toad.  
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

*Glo.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

*Anne.* Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

*Glo.* I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Sham'd their aspect with store of childish drops :  
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,  
No, when my father York and Edward wept,  
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made  
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,  
Told the sad story of my father's death,  
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,  
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,  
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time  
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;  
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy ;  
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;

But, now thy beauty is proposed my foe,  
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 such contempt.  
If thy revenged 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 adoreth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*He lays his breast open : she offers at it with his sword.*

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry,  
But 'twas thy beauty that provok'd me.  
Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.  
*She falls the sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Anne.* Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

*Glo.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Anne.* I have already.

*Glo.* That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and, even with the word,  
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,  
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ;  
To both their deaths thou shalt be necessary.

*Anne.* I would I knew thy heart.

*Glo.* 'Tis figured in my tongue.

*Anne.* I fear me both are false.

*Glo.* Then never man was true.

*Anne.* Well, well, put up your sword.

*Glo.* Say, then, my peace is made.

*Anne.* That shalt thou know hereafter.

*Glo.* But shall I live in hope ?

*Anne.* All men, I hope, live so.

*Glo.* Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

*Anne.* To take is not to give.

*Glo.* Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast enclareth my poor heart ;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it ?

*Glo.* That it would please thee leave these sad designs

To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby Place ;  
Where, after I have solemnly interr'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 joys me too,

To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

*Glo.* 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 Anne, Tressel and Berkeley.*

*Glo.* Take up the corse.

*Gen.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

*Glo.* No, to White-Friars ; there attend my coming.  
*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

I'll have her ; but I will not keep her long.

What ! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,  
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;  
Having God, her conscience, and these bars  
against me,

And I no friends to back 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 lovelier gentleman,  
Framed in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,  
The spacious world cannot again afford :  
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,  
That crop'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 mishapen thus ?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while :

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body :

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost.

But first I'll turn yon 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, Lord Rivers and Lord Grey.*

*Riv.* Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty  
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

*Grey.* In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort, And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

*Que.* If he were dead, what would betide on me?

*Riv.* No other harm but loss of such a lord.

*Que.* The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

*Grey.* The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,  
To be your comforter when he is gone.

*Que.* O, he is young, and his minority  
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloucester,  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

*Riv.* Is it concluded he shall be protector?

*Que.* 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.

*Buc.* Good time of day unto your royal grace!

*Der.* God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

*Que.* The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby,

To your good prayer 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 envious slanders of her 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 his majesty.

*Que.* What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

*Buc.* Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

*Que.* God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

*Buc.* Madam, we did: he desires to make atonement

Between the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,  
And between them and my lord chamberlain;  
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

*Que.* Would all were well! but that will never be:

I fear our happiness is at the height.

*Enter Gloucester, Hastings and Dorset.*

*Glo.* They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:  
Who is it that complains unto the king,  
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?  
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly  
That fill his ears with such dissident rumours.  
Because I cannot flatter and look fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,  
Duck with French nods and spish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,

But thus his simple truth must be abused  
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

*Riv.* To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

*Glo.* To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.  
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?  
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?  
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—  
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,  
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

*Que.* Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.

The king, of his own royal disposition,  
And not provoked by any sutor else;  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
Which in your outward actions shows itself  
Against my kindred, brothers and myself,  
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather  
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

*Glo.* I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,  
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*Que.* Come, come, we know your meaning,  
brother Gloucester;

You envy my advancement and my friends':  
God grant we never may have need of you!

*Glo.* Meantime, God grants that I have need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,  
Myself disgraced, and the nobility  
Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions  
Are daily given to ennoble those  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

*Que.* By Him that raised me to this careful height

From that contented lap which I enjoy'd,  
I never did incense his majesty  
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My lord, you do me shameful injury,  
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Glo.* You may deny that you were not the cause  
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord, for—

*Glo.* She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
She may help you to many fair preferments,  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
And lay those honours on your high deserts.  
What may she not? She may. Ay, marry, may she—

*Riv.* What, marry, may she?

*Glo.* What, marry, may she! marry with a king,  
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:  
I wis your grandam had a worsor match.

*Que.* My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:  
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty  
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endured.  
I had rather be a country 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.

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

*Glo.* What! threaten you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said I will vouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite 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.

*Glo.* Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends:

To royalise his blood I spent mine own.

*Q. Mar.* Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

*Glo.* In all which time you and your husband Grey

were factious for the house of Lancaster;

And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband in Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget, What you have been ere now, and what you are; Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Q. Mar.* A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

*Glo.* Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;

Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge!

*Glo.* To fight on Edward's party for the crown;

And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.

I would to God my heart were fint, like Edward's;

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

*Q. Mar.* His thee to hell for shame, and leave

the world,

Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

*Riv.* My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,

We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king:

So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Glo.* If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

*Que.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose

You should enjoy, were you this country's king,

As little joy may you suppose in me,

That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

*Q. Mar.* A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;

For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient. *Advancing.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out

In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!

Which of you trembles not that looks on me?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,

Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?

O gentle villain, do not turn away!

*Glo.* Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou

in my sight?

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast

marr'd;

That will I make before I let thee go.

*Glo.* Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

*Q. Mar.* I was; but I do find more pain in banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband and a son thou owest to me;

And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,

And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;

And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

*Que.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Has.* O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

*Dor.* No man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buc.* Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

*Q. Mar.* What! were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,

Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?

Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,

For Edward my son, that was Prince of Wales,

Die in his youth by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's death;

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death;

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!

Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,

And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,

That none of you may live his natural age,

But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

*Glo.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful

wither'd hag!

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou

shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,

And then hurl down their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!

The worm of conscience still 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

Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!  
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
 The slave of nature and the son of hell!  
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!  
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!  
 Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

*Glo.* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* Richard!

*Glo.* Ha!

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glo.* 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!

*Glo.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.

*Que.* Thus have you breathed your curse against  
 yourself.

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of  
 my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,  
 Whose deadly web ensnares 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 hunch-back'd  
 toad.

*Has.* False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,  
 Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you! you have all  
 moved mine.

*Riv.* Were you well served, you would be taught  
 your duty.

*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do me  
 duty.

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:  
 O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

*Dor.* Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, master marquess, you are mala-  
 pert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.  
 O, that your young nobility could judge  
 What '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.

*Glo.* Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it,  
 marquess.

*Dor.* It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

*Glo.* Yea, and much more; but I was born so  
 high.

Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,  
 And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

*Q. Mar.* And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!  
 Witness my son, now in the shade of death;

Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
 Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest.  
 O God, that sees it, do not suffer it;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

*Buc.* Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.

*Q. Mar.* Urge neither charity nor shame to me:  
 Uncharitably with me have you dealt,  
 And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame;  
 And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

*Buc.* Have done, have done.

*Q. Mar.* O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy  
 hand,  
 In sign of league and amity with thee:  
 Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
 Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

*Buc.* Nor no one here; for curses never pass  
 The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

*Q. Mar.* I will not think but they ascend the sky,  
 And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!  
 Look, when he fawns, 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.

*Glo.* What doth she say, my Lord of Bucking-  
 ham?

*Buc.* 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.*

*Has.* My hair doth stand on end to hear her  
 curses.

*Riv.* And so doth mine: I muse why she's at  
 liberty.

*Glo.* I cannot blame her; by God's holy mother,  
 She hath had too much wrong; and I repent  
 My part thereof that I have done to her.

*Que.* I never did her any, to my knowledge.

*Glo.* Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.  
 I was too hot to do somebody good,  
 That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;  
 He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains:

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

*Riv.* A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,  
 To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

*Glo.* So do I ever: [*Aside.*] being well advised.  
 For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cat.* Madam, his majesty doth call for you;  
 And for your grace; and you, my noble lords.

*Que.* Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go  
 with us?

*Riv.* We wait upon your grace.

*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad  
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,  
 I do bewep 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; and withal whet me  
 To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;

But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,  
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:

And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
 With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;

And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

But, soft! here come my executioners.  
 How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates!

Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

*1 Mur.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glo.* Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

*Gives the warrant.*

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution, Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

*1 Mur.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;

Talkers are no good doers: be assured

We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

*Glo.* Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears:

I like you, lads; about your business straight;

Go, go, dispatch.

*1 Mur.* We will, my noble lord. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—London. The Tower.*

*Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.*

*Bra.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

*Cl.* O, I have pass'd a miserable night, So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights, That, as I am a Christian faithful man, I would not spend another such a night, Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days, So full of dismal terror was the time!

*Bra.* What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.

*Cl.* Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,

And cited up a thousand fearful times, During the wars of York and Lancaster, That had befall'n us. As we paced along Upon the giddy footing of the hatches, Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard, Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!

What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Bra.* Had you such leisure in the time of death

To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

*Cl.* Methought I had; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost: but still the envious fiend

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 to belch it in the sea.

*Bra.* Awaked you not with this sore agony?

*Cl.* O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;

O, then began the tempest of 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 stranger 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 he squeak'd out aloud,

*Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Cla-*

*rence,*

*That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;*

*Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!*

With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends

Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that with the very noise

I trembling waked, and for a season after

Could not believe but that I was in hell,

Such terrible impression made the dream.

*Bra.* No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted

you;

I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

*Cl.* 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.

*Bra.* I will, my lord: God give you grace good

rest! *Clarence sleeps.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,

Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toil;

And, for unfelt imagination,

They often feel a world of restless cares:

So that, between their titles and low name,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

*1 Mur.* Ho! who's here?

*Bra.* In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?

*1 Mur.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

*Bra.* Yea, are you so brief?

*3 Mur.* O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious. Let him see our commission; talk no more.

*Brakenbury reads it.*

*Bra.* I am, in this, commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep:

I'll to the king; and signify to him

That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

*1 Mur.* Do so, it is a point of wisdom: fare

you well. *Exit Brakenbury.*

*2 Mur.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

*1 Mur.* No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

*2 Mur.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.

1 *Mur.* Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

2 *Mur.* The urging of that word *judgment* hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Mur.* What, art thou afraid?

2 *Mur.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Mur.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Mur.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Mur.* Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

2 *Mur.* I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Mur.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Mur.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Mur.* Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

2 *Mur.* 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Mur.* Where is thy conscience now?

2 *Mur.* In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

1 *Mur.* So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Mur.* Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Mur.* How if it come to thee again?

2 *Mur.* I'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it 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 one 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 take to himself and to live without it.

1 *Mur.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Mur.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Mur.* Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

2 *Mur.* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

1 *Mur.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Mur.* O excellent device! make a sop of him.

1 *Mur.* Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

2 *Mur.* No, first let's reason with him.

*Cl.* Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Mur.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

*Cl.* In God's name, what art thou?

2 *Mur.* A man, as you are.

*Cl.* But not, as I am, royal.

2 *Mur.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*Cl.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

2 *Mur.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

*Cl.* How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

*Both.* To, to, to—

*Cl.* To murder me?

*Both.* Ay, ay.

*Cl.* You scarcely have the hearts to scare me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Mur.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

*Cl.* I shall be reconciled to him again.

2 *Mur.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

*Cl.* Are you call'd forth from out a world of men

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where are the evidence that do accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the 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 dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart and lay no hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Mur.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Mur.* And he that hath commanded is the king.

*Cl.* 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.

2 *Mur.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl

on thee,

For false forswearing and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,

To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Mur.* 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.

2 *Mur.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Mur.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

*Cl.* 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 indirect nor lawless course

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Mur.* Who made thee, then, a bloody

minister,

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

*Cl.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Mur.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy

fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Cl.* 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.

2 *Mur.* You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.

*Cl.* O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear :  
Go you to him from me.

*Both.* Ay, so we will.

*Cl.* Tell him, when that our princely father  
York

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.

1 *Mur.* Ay, millstones ; as he lesson'd us to  
weep.

*Cl.* O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Mur.* Right,

As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself :  
'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Cl.* It cannot be ; for when I parted with him,  
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery.

2 *Mur.* Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee  
From this world's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

1 *Mur.* Make peace with God, for you must die,  
my lord.

*Cl.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me ?  
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on  
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 *Mur.* What shall we do ?

*Cl.* Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Mur.* Relent ! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

*Cl.* Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.  
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
Would not entreat for life ?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress :

A begging prince what beggar pities not ?

2 *Mur.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Mur.* Take that, and that : if all this will  
not do, *Stabs him.*

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

*Exit, with the body.*

2 *Mur.* 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.*

1 *Mur.* How now ! what mean'st thou, that  
thou help'st me not ?

By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou  
art !

2 *Mur.* I would he knew that I had saved his  
brother !

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;  
For I repent me that the duke is slain. *Exit.*

1 *Mur.* So do not I : go, coward as thou art.

Now must I hide his body in some hole,

Until the duke take order for his burial :

And when I have my need, I must away ;

For this will out, and here I must not stay. *Exit.*

## Act II.

*Scene I.—London. The Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter the King sick, Queen, Dorset,  
Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey and  
others.

*King.* Why, so : now have I done a good day's  
work :

You peers, continue this united league :

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.

*Riv.* By heaven, my heart is purged from  
grudging hate ;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

*Has.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

*King.* Take heed you dally not before your king ;

Let he that is the supreme King of kings

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

*Has.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

*Riv.* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart !

*King.* 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.

*Que.* Here, Hastings ; I will never more re-  
member

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

*King.* Dorset, embrace him ; Hastings, love  
lord marquess.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part shall be unviolable.

*Has.* And so swear I, my lord.

*King.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this  
league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,

And make me happy in your unity.

*Buc.* Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate

On you or yours [to the Queen], but with all  
duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love !

When I have most need to employ a friend,

And most assur'd 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.*

*King.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,  
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There waiteth now our brother Gloucester here,

To make the perfect period of this peace.

*Buc.* And, in good time, here comes the noble  
duke.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* Good morrow to my sovereign king and  
queen ;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

*King.* 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-incens'd peers.

*Glo.* A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege :  
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,  
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
Huld me a foe ;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
Have aught 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 frown'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 .

*Que.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter :  
I do unto God all strifes were well compounded.  
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty  
To take our brother Clarence to your grace .

*Glo.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,  
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?  
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead ?

*They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse .

*Eiv.* Who knows not he is dead ! who knows  
he is ?

*Que.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !  
*Buc.* 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 forsook his cheeks .

*King.* Is Clarence dead ? the order was reversed .

*Glo.* But he, poor soul, by your first order died,  
And that a winged mercury did bear ;  
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,  
That came too lag to see him buried .  
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,  
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,  
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,  
And yet go current from suspicion !

*Enter Derby.*

*Der.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

*King.* I pray thee, peace : my soul is full of  
sorrow .

*Der.* I will not rise, unless your highness grant .

*King.* Then speak at once what is it thou de-  
mand'st .

*Der.* The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;  
Who slew to-day a righteous gentleman  
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk .

*King.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's  
death,

And shall the same give pardon to a slave ?  
My brother slew 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 forsake  
The mighty Warwick and did fight 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 brutish wrath  
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you  
Had so much grace to put it in my mind .  
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals  
Have done a drunken slaughter, and 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 not  
How that the guilty kindred of the queen  
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death ?  
O, they did urge it still unto the king !  
God will revenge it . But come, let us in,  
To comfort Edward with our company .

*Buc.* We wait upon your grace . *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—The Palace.*

*Enter the old Duchess of York, with the two  
children of Clarence.*

*Boy.* Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead ?

*Duch.* No, boy .

*Boy.* Why do you wring your hands, and beat  
your breast,

And cry *O Clarence, my unhappy son !*

*Girl.* Why do you look on us, and shake your  
head,

And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,  
If that our noble father be alive ?

*Duch.* 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 so will I .

*Duch.* Peace, children, peace ! the king doth love  
you well :

Incapable and shallow innocents,  
You cannot guess who caused your father's death .

*Boy.* Grandam, we can ; for my good uncle  
Gloucester

Told me, the king, provok'd by the queen,  
Devised impeachments to imprison him ;  
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my  
cheek ;

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.

*Boy.* Think you my uncle did dissemble,  
grandam?

*Duch.* Ay, boy.

*Boy.* I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

*Enter the Queen, with her hair about her ears; Rivers and Dorset after her.*

*Que.* Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,  
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?  
I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy.

*Duch.* What means this scene of rude impatience?

*Que.* 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 the comfort of thy 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,  
Time being but a moiety of my grief,  
To verge thy plaints and drown thy cries!

*Boy.* Good aunt, you wept not for our father's  
death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

*Girl.* Our fatherless distress was left un-  
moan'd;

Your widow-dolour likewise is unwept!

*Que.* 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!

*Chil.* Oh for our father, for our dear lord  
Clarence!

*Duch.* Alas for both, both mine, Edward and  
Clarence!

*Que.* What stay had I but Edward? and he's  
gone.

*Chil.* What stay had we but Clarence? and he's  
gone.

*Duch.* What stays had I but they? and they are  
gone.

*Que.* Was never widow had so dear a loss!

*Chil.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

*Duch.* Was never mother had so dear a loss!

Alas, I am the mother of these moans!  
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother: God is much dis-  
pleas'd

That you take with unthankfulness his doing;  
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Riv.* Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,  
Of the young prince your son: send straight for  
him;

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:  
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings  
and Ratcliff.*

*Glo.* Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star;

But none can cure their harms by wailing them.

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;

I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee

I crave your blessing.

*Duch.* God bless thee; and put meekness in thy  
mind,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

*Glo.* [*Aside.*] Amen; and make me die a good  
old man!

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:

I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

*Buc.* You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing  
peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love:

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,

We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The broken rancour of your high-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.

*Riv.* Why with some little train, my lord of  
Buckingham?

*Buc.* Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,

The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;

Which would be so much the more dangerous,

By how much the estate is green and yet un-  
govern'd:

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

And may direct his course as please himself,

As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,

In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glo.* I hope the king made peace with all of us;

And the compact is firm and true in me.

*Riv.* And so in me; and so, I think, in all:

Yet, since it is but green, it should be put

To no apparent likelihood of breach.

Which haply by much company might be urg'd.



Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Has.* And so say I.

*Glo.* Then be it so; and go we to determine  
Who they shall be that straight shall post to  
Ludlow.

Madam, and you, my mother, will you go  
To give your censures in this weighty business?

*Que.* } With all our hearts.  
*Duch.* }

*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*

*Buc.* 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 the story we late talk'd of,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king.

*Glo.* My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,  
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—London. A Street.*

*Enter one Citizen at one door and another at the other.*

1 *Cit.* Neighbour, well met: whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:  
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Ay, that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Bad news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:

I fear, I fear 'twill prove a troublous world.

*Enter another Citizen.*

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,  
That in his nonage council under him,  
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,  
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth  
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? No, no, good friends,  
God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politic grave counsel; then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by the father  
and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by the father,  
Or by the father there were none at all;  
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!  
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the souls of men are full of dread:  
Ye cannot reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily and full of fear.

3 *Cit.* Before the times of change, still is it so:  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing dangers; as, by proof, we see  
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.

But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I: I'll bear you company.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—London. The Palace.*

*Enter Archbishop of York, young Duke of York, Queen and Duchess of York.*

*Arch.* Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:  
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see the prince:  
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

*Que.* But I hear, no; they say my son of York  
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

*Duch.* Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

*York.* Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow  
More than my brother: Ay, quoth my uncle Gloucester,

*Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:*  
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

*Duch.* Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee:  
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,  
So long a-growing and so leisurely,

That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.

*Arch.* Why, madam, no, no doubt, he is.

*Duch.* I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a fount,  
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

*Duch.* How, my pretty York? I pray thee, let me hear it.

*York.* Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.  
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

*Duch.* I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?

*York.* Grandam, his nurse.

*Duch.* His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.

*York.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Que.* A parlous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

*Arch.* Good madam, be not angry with the child.

*Que.* Pitchers have ears.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Arch.* Here comes a messenger. What news?

*Mes.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

*Que.* How fares the prince?

*Mes.* Well, madam, and in health.

*Duch.* What is thy news then?

*Mes.* Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

*Duch.* Who hath committed them?

*Mes.* The mighty dukes Gloucester and Buckingham.

*Que.* For what offence?

*Mes.* 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.

*Que.* Ay me, I see the downfall 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 seated, 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 damn'd spleen;

Or let me die, to look on death no more!

*Que.* Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

*Duch.* I'll go along with you.

*Que.* 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.

*Ereunt.*

### Act III.

*Scene I.—London. A Street.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby and others.*

*Buc.* Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

*Glo.* Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

*Pri.* No, uncle; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:

I want more uncles here to welcome me.

*Glo.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

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 knows,

Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles which you want were dangerous;

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words;

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

*Pri.* God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

*Glo.* My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.*

*May.* God bless your grace with health and happy days!

*Pri.* I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.

I thought my mother, and my brother York,

Would long ere this have met us on the way:

Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not

To tell us whether they will come or no!

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Buc.* And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

*Pri.* Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

*Has.* On what occasion, God he knows, not I.

The queen your mother, and your brother York,

Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince

Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

*Buc.* Fie, what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace

Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York

Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,

And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Car.* My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the Duke of York,

Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate

To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid

We should infringe the holy privilege

Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land

Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

*Buc.* You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,

Too ceremonious and traditional:

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted

To those whose dealings have deserved the place,

And those who have the wit to claim the place:

This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it;

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:

Then, taking him from thence that is not there,

You break no privilege nor charter there.

Off have I heard of sanctuary men;

But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

*Car.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

*Has.* I go, my lord.

*Pri.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

*Ereunt Cardinal and Hastings.*

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,

Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

*Glo.* Where it seems best unto your royal self. If I may counsel you, some day or two Your highness shall repose you at the Tower: Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

*Pri.* I do not like the Tower, of any place. Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

*Buc.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that place, Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Pri.* Is it upon record, or else reported Successively from age to age, he built it?

*Buc.* Upon record, my gracious lord.

*Pri.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd, Methinks the truth should live from age to age, As 'twere retail'd to all posterity, Even to the general all-ending day.

*Glo.* [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

*Pri.* What say you, uncle?

*Glo.* I say, without characters, fame lives long.

[*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word.

*Pri.* That Julius Cæsar was a famous man; With what his valour did enrich his wit, His wit set down to make his valour live:

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror; For now he lives in fame, though not in life. I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

*Buc.* What, my gracious lord?

*Pri.* An if I live until I be a man, I'll win our ancient right in France again, Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

*Glo.* Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

*Enter young York, Hastings and Cardinal.*

*Buc.* Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

*Pri.* Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

*York.* Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

*Pri.* Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours: Too late he died that might have kept that title, Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

*Glo.* How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord, You said that idle weeds are fast in growth: The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

*Glo.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glo.* O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then is he more beholding to you than I.

*Glo.* He may command me as my sovereign; But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glo.* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

*Pri.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give; And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

*Glo.* A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

*York.* A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

*Glo.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

*York.* O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar may.

*Glo.* It is too heavy for your grace to wear.

*York.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

*Glo.* What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

*York.* I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

*Glo.* How?

*York.* Little.

*Pri.* My Lord of York will still be cross in talk: Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*York.* You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me: Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape, He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*Buc.* With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons! To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself:

So cunning and so young is wonderful.

*Glo.* My 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.* What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

*Pri.* My lord protector needs will have it so.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glo.* Why, what should you fear?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost: My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

*Pri.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glo.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Pri.* 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 Sennet. Enter all but Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.*

*Buc.* Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not incens'd by his subtle mother To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy, Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable: He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buc.* 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?

*Cat.* He for his father's sake so loves the prince, That he will not be won to aught against him.

*Buc.* What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? what will he?

*Cat.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buc.* Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings, How he doth stand affected to our purpose; And summon him to-morrow to the Tower, To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, 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 thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

*Glo.* Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

*Buc.* Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

*Cat.* My good lords both, with all the heed I may.

*Glo.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

*Cat.* You shall, my lord.

*Glo.* At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both. *Exit Catesby.*

*Buc.* Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

*Glo.* Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do:

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables  
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

*Buc.* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

*Glo.* And look to have it yielded with all willingness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Before Lord Hastings' House.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My lord! my lord!

*Has.* [Within.] Who knocks?

*Mes.* One from the Lord Stanley.

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*Has.* What is't o'clock?

*Mes.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Has.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

*Mes.* So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

*Has.* And then?

*Mes.* And then he sends you word

He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:

Besides, he says there are two councils held;

And that may be determined at the one

Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,

If presently you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

*Has.* 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;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:

And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond

To trust the mockery of unquiet 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.

*Mes.* My gracious lord, I'll tell him what you say. *Exit.*

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cat.* Many good morrows to my noble lord!

*Has.* Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

*Cat.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And I believe 'twill never stand upright

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

*Has.* How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

*Cat.* Ay, my good lord.

*Has.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders

Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

*Cat.* Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof:

And thereupon he sends you this good news,

That this same very day your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

*Has.* 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.

*Cat.* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

*Has.* But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,

That they who brought me in my master's hate,

I live to look upon their tragedy.

I tell thee, Catesby,—

*Cat.* What, my lord?

*Has.* Ere a fortnight make me elder,

I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

*Cat.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord, when men are unprepared and look not for it.

*Has.* 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.

*Cat.* The princes both make high account of you;

For they account his head upon the bridge.

*Has.* 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?

*Sta.* My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby:

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,

I do not like these several councils, I.

*Has.* My lord,

I hold my life as dear as you do yours;

And never in my life, I do protest,

Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:

Think you, but that I know our state secure,

I would be so triumphant as I am?

*Sta.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,  
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 stab of rancour I misdoubt:  
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!  
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.  
*Has.* Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?  
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.  
*Sta.* They, for their truth, might better wear their heads  
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.  
But come, my lord, let us away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Has.* Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.  
*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*  
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?  
*Pur.* The better that your lordship please to ask.  
*Has.* I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now  
Than when I met thee last where now we meet:  
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;  
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than e'er I was.  
*Pur.* God hold it, to your honour's good content!  
*Has.* Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.  
*Throws him his purse.*  
*Pur.* God save your lordship! *Exit.*

*Enter a Priest.*

*Priest.* Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.  
*Has.* I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.  
I am in your debt for your last exercise;  
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Buc.* What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?  
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;  
Your honour hath no shiving work in hand.  
*Has.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
Those men you talk of came into my mind.  
What, go you toward the Tower?  
*Buc.* I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay:  
I shall return before you lordship thence.  
*Has.* 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.  
*Buc.* [*Aside.*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.  
Come, will you go?  
*Has.* I'll wait upon your lordship. *Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—Pomfret Castle.*

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Rivers, Grey and Vaughan to death.*

*Rat.* Come, bring forth the prisoners.  
*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.  
*Grey.* God keep the prince from all the pack of you!  
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Vau.* You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

*Rat.* Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.  
*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers!  
Within the guilty closure of thy walls  
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;  
And, for more slander 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.  
*Riv.* Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,  
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,  
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!  
And for my sister and her princely sons,  
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,  
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

*Rat.* Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

*Riv.* Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace:  
And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

*Exeunt.**Scene IV.—The Tower of London.*

*Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, at a table.*

*Has.* My lords, at once: the cause why we are met is, to determine of the coronation.  
In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?  
*Buc.* Are all things fitting for that royal time?  
*Der.* It is, and wants but nomination.  
*Ely.* To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.  
*Buc.* Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?  
Who is most inward with the noble duke?  
*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

*Buc.* Who, I, my lord! we know each other's faces,  
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.

*Has.* 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.

*Buc.* 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.* Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;  
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

*Has.* I thank your grace.

*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 give consent  
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buc.* Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow you.

*Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.*

*Der.* We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;  
For I myself am not so well provided  
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter Bishop of Ely.*

*Ely.* Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

*Has.* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,  
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?

*Has.* 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?

*Has.* 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 Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Has.* If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—

*Glo.* If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Tellest thou me of *ifs*? 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.

*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff and Lovel.*

*Has.* Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.  
Stanley did dream the bear did raze his helm;  
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:

Threetimes to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,  
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me:  
I now repent I told the pursuivant,  
As 'twere 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  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

*Rat.* Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

*Has.* O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

*Has.* O bloody Richard! miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.  
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:  
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—The Tower Walls.*

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

*Glo.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour.

Murder thy breath in the middle of a word,  
And then begin again, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

*Buc.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems.  
But what, is Catesby gone?

*Glo.* He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter the Mayor and Catesby.*

*Buc.* Lord mayor,—

*Glo.* Look to the drawbridge there!

*Buc.* Hark! a drum.

*Glo.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

*Buc.* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

*Glo.* Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.  
*Buc.* God and our innocence defend and guard us!

*Glo.* Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

*Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.*

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

*Glo.* So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.  
I took him for the plainest harmless creature  
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
The history of all her secret thoughts:  
So smooth he 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 attainder of suspect.

*Buc.* Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

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, had he so?

*G. o.* What, think you we are Turks or infidels?  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,  
But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The peace of England and our persons' safety,  
Enforced us to this execution?

*May.* Now, fair befall 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.

*Glo.* Yet had not we determin'd 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 heard  
The traitor speak, and timorously confess  
The manner and the purpose of his treason;  
That you might well have signified the same  
Unto the citizens, who haply may  
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

*May.* But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,

As well as I had seen and heard him speak:  
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

*Glo.* And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,

To avoid the carping censures of the world.

*Buc.* 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.*

*Glo.* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:  
There, at your meet' at advantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:  
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying he would make his son  
Heir to the crown; meaning indeed his house,  
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
And bestial appetite in change of lust;  
Which stretched to their servants, daughters,  
wires,

Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,  
Without control, list'd to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York  
My princely father then had wars in France;  
And, by just computation of the time,  
Found that the issue was not his begot;  
Which well appear'd in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:  
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;  
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

*Buc.* 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.

*Glo.* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied  
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

*Buc.* I go; and towards three or four o'clock  
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

*Exit.*

*Glo.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;  
[To Cat.] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both  
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;  
And to give notice, that no manner of person  
At any time have resource unto the princes. *Exit.*

*Scene VI.—London. A Street.*

*Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.*

*Scr.* Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:  
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,  
For yesternight 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's so blind, but says he sees it not?

Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,  
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.

*Exit.*

*Scene VII.—Baynard's Castle.*

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.*

*Glo.* How now, my lord, what say the citizens?  
*Buc.* Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The citizens are mum and speak not a word.

*Glo.* Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

*Buc.* I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,  
And his contract by deputy in France;  
The insatiate greediness of his desires,  
And his enforcement of the city wives;  
His tyranny for trides; his own bastardy,  
As being got, your father then in France,  
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:  
Withal I did infer your lineaments,  
Being the right idea of your father,  
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;  
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;  
Indeed, left nothing fitting for 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!*

*Glo.* Ah! and did they so?  
*Buc.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word;  
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,

Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.  
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;  
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful  
silence:

His answer was, the people were not wont  
To be spoke to but by the recorder.  
Then he was urged to tell my tale again,  
*Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;*  
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
At the lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their  
caps,

And some ten voices cried *God save King Richard!*  
And thus I took the vantage of those few,  
*Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I;*  
*This general applause and loving shout*  
*Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard:*  
And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glo.* What tongueless blocks were they! would  
they not speak?

*Buc.* No, by my troth, my lord.

*Glo.* Will not the mayor then and his brethren  
come?

*Buc.* The mayor is here at hand: intend some  
fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:  
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
And stand betwix 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.

*Glo.* I go; and if you plead as well for them  
As I can say nay to thee for myself,  
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

*Buc.* Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor  
knocks. *Exit Gloucester.*

*Enter the Mayor and Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;  
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter Catesby.*

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby,  
What says he?

*Cat.* My lord, he doth entreat your grace  
To visit him to-morrow or next day:  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
Divinely bent to meditation:  
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buc.* Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,  
In deep designs and matters of great moment,  
Are less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

*Cat.* I'll tell him what you say, my lord. *Exit.*

*Buc.* Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an  
Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation;  
Not dallying with a brace of courtizans,  
But meditating with two deep divines;  
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:  
Happy were England, would this 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!

*Buc.* I fear he will.

*Re-enter Catesby.*

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?

*Cat.* My lord,  
He wonders to what end you have assembled  
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,  
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:  
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

*Buc.* Sorry I am 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.

*Exit Catesby.*

When holy and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter Gloucester aloft, between two Bishops.*  
*Catesby returns.*

*May.* See, where he stands between two clergy-  
men!

*Buc.* Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,  
To stay him from the fall of vanity:  
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,  
True ornaments to know a holy man.  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,  
Lend favourable ears to our request;  
And pardon us the interruption  
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

*Glo.* My lord, there needs no such apology:  
I rather do beseech you pardon me,  
Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
Neglect the visitation of my friends.  
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

*Buc.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God  
above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

*Glo.* I do suspect I have done some offence  
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,  
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buc.* You have, my lord: would it might please  
your grace,

At our entreaties, to amend that fault!

*Glo.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian  
land?

*Buc.* Then know, it is your fault that you resign  
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,  
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,  
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,  
The lineal glory of your royal house,  
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:  
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
Which here we waken to our country's good,  
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;  
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,  
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,  
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf  
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.

Which to recure, we heartily solicit  
Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
And kingly government of this your land;  
Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
Or lowly factor for another's gain;  
But as successively from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
For this, 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 bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
 Best fifteth my degree or your condition :  
 If not to answer, you might haply think  
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;  
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.  
 Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,  
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,  
 Definitely thus I answer you.  
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert  
 Unmeritable shuns your high request.  
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
 And that my path were even to the crown,  
 As 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 your greatness,  
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,  
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
 But, God be thank'd, there's no need of me,  
 And much I need to help you, if need were ;  
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
 Will well become the seat of majesty,  
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,  
 The right and fortune of his happy stars ;  
 Which God defend that I should wring from him !  
*Buc.* 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 lustful eye,  
 Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts  
 To base declension and loathed bigamy :  
 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, your citizens entreat  
 you.  
*Buc.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd  
 love.  
*Cat.* 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 I will not yield to you.

*Buc.* If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,  
 Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;  
 As well we know your tenderness of heart  
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,  
 Which we have noted in you to your kin,  
 And egally 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 : 'zounds ! I'll entreat no more.

*Glo.* O, do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham.

*Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.*

*Cat.* Call them again, my lord, and accept their  
 suit.

*Another.* Do, good my lord, lest all the land do  
 rue it.

*Glo.* Would you enforce me to a world of care ?  
 Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,  
 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 scandal or foul-faced reproach  
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
 Your mere enforcement shall acquaintance me  
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;  
 For God he knows, and you may partly see,  
 How far I am from the desire thereof.

*May.* God bless your grace ! we see it, and will  
 say it.

*Glo.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buc.* Then I salute you with this kingly title :  
 Long live Richard, England's royal king !

*May, and Cit.* Amen.

*Buc.* To-morrow will it please you to be  
 crown'd ?

*Glo.* Even when you please, since you will have  
 it so.

*Buc.* 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.

*Exeunt.*

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## Act IV.

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### Scene I.—Before the Tower.

*Enter Queen, Duchess of York, Anne, Duchess of  
 Gloucester, Lady Margaret Plantagenet and  
 Marquis of Dorset.*

*Duch.* 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 !

*Que.* As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

*Anne.* No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

*Que.* Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

*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?

*Bra.* Right well, dear madam. By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

*Que.* The king! why, who's that?

*Bra.* I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.

*Que.* The Lord protect him from that kingly title!

Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?  
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 office from thee, on my peril.

*Bra.* No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:  
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

*Exit.*

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

*Sta.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,  
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.

[*To Anne.*] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,  
There to be crown'd Richard's royal queen.

*Que.* O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart

May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon  
With this dead-killing news!

*Anne.* Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

*Dor.* Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?

*Que.* O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!  
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;  
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:

Go, 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.

*Sta.* Full of wise care is this your counsel,  
madam.

'Take all the swift advantage of the hours;  
You shall have letters from me to my son

To meet you on the way, and welcome you.  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Duch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery!

O my accurs'd womb, the bed of death!  
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,

Whose unavoided eye is murderers.

*Sta.* Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

*Anne.* And I in all unwillingness will go.

I would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow

Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,

And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!

*Que.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;  
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

*Anne.* No! why? When he that is my husband  
now

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands

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, accurs'd,*

*For making me, so young, so old a widow!*

*And, when thou we'd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;*

*And be thy wife—if any be so mad—*

*As miserable by the life of thee*

*As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!*

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart

Grossly grew captive to his honey words  
And prov'd 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 wak'd by his timorous dreams.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Que.* Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

*Anne.* No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

*Que.* Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

*Duch.* [*To Dorset.*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To Anne.*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee!

[*To Queen.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!  
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

*Que.* 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 princesses, use my babies well!  
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—London. The Palace.*

*Sennet. Enter Richard, in pomp, crown'd; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page and others.*

*King.* Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!

*Buc.* My gracious sovereign?

*King.* Give me thy hand. [*Ascends 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?

*Buc.* Still live they and for ever may they last!

*King.* 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.

*Buc.* Say on, my loving lord.

*King.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

*Buc.* Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

*King.* Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward lives.

*Buc.* True, noble prince.

*King.*

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.

*Buc.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*King.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness  
freezeth:

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

*Buc.* Give me some breath, some little pause,  
my lord,

Before I positively speak herein:

I will resolve your grace immediately. *Exit.*

*Cat.* The king is angry: see, he gnaws the lip.

*King.* 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.

*Boy!*

*Page.* My lord?

*King.* Know'st thou not any whom corrupting  
gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

*Page.* My lord, I know a discontented gentle-  
man,

Whose humble means match not his haughty  
mind:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*King.* What is his name?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

*King.* I partly know the man: go, call him  
hither. *Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel:

Hath he so long held out with me untired,

And stops he now for breath?

*Enter Stanley.*

How now! what news with you?

*Sta.* My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled  
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea

Where he abides. *Stands apart.*

*King.* Catesby!

*Cat.* My lord?

*King.* 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's daughter:

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.

Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out

That Anne my wife is sick and like to die:

About it; for it stands me much upon,

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

*Exit Catesby.*

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient  
subject.

*King.* Art thou, indeed?

*Tyr.* Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

*King.* Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of  
mine?

*Tyr.* Ay, my lord;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

*King.* Why, there thou hast it: two deep  
enemies,

Foes 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.

*King.* 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.

*King.* Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we  
sleep?

*Tyr.* Ye shall, my lord.

*Exit.*

*Re-enter Buckingham.*

*Buc.* My lord, I have consider'd in my mind

The late demand that you did sound me in.

*King.* Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to  
Richmond.

*Buc.* I hear that news, my lord.

*King.* Stanley, he is your wife's son: well,  
look to it.

*Buc.* My lord, I claim your gift, my due by  
promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;

The earldom of Hereford and the moveables

The which you promised I should possess.

*King.* Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey  
letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buc.* What says your highness to my just de-  
mand?

*King.* As I remember, Henry the Sixth

Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king, perhaps, perhaps,—

*Buc.* My lord!

*King.* How chance the prophet could not at  
that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buc.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

*King.* Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,

And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,

I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

*Buc.* My lord!

*King.* Ay, what's o'clock?

*Buc.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind

Of what you promised me.

*King.* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buc.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*King.* Well, let it strike.

*Buc.* Why let it strike?

*King.* Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke

Between thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*Buc.* Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

*King.* Tut, tut,  
Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

*Ezeunt all but Buckingham.*

*Buc.* Is it even so? rewards he my true service  
With such deep contempt? made I him king for this?

O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!

*Exit.*

*Scene III.—London. The Palace.*

*Enter Tyrrel.*

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,  
The most arch act of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,  
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion,  
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.  
*Lo, thus, quoth Dighton, lay those tender babes:*  
*Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another:*  
*Within their innocent alabaster arms:*  
*Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,*  
*Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.*  
*A book of prayers on their pillow lay;*  
*Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind;*

*But O! the devil—there the villain stopp'd;*  
Whilst Dighton thus told on: *We smother'd*  
*The most replenished sweet work of nature,*  
*That from the prime creation e'er she framed.*  
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;  
They could not speak; and so I left them both,  
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.  
And here he comes.

*Enter King.*

All hail, my sovereign liege!

*King.* Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done, my lord.

*King.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tyr.* I did, my lord.

*King.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;

But how or in what place I do not know.

*King.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,  
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till soon. *Exit Tyrrel.*

The son of Clarence have I pent up close;  
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.  
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,  
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cat.* My lord!

*King.* Good news or bad, that thou comest in  
so bluntly?

*Cat.* Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Rich-

mond;  
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welsh-

men,  
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

*King.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more near  
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.

Come, I have heard that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing;

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

*Ezeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Before the Palace.*

*Enter old Queen Margaret.*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines silyly 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.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes  
here?

*Enter Queen and Duchess of York.*

*Que.* 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!

*Q. Mar.* Hover about her; say, that right for  
right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

*Duch.* So many miseries have crazed my voice,

That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Q. Mar.* Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

*Que.* Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle  
lambs,

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,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life  
usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!

*Que.* O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave  
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.  
O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of senyory,

And let my woes frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,

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 him ;

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death :

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry 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' moan !

*Duch.* O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes !  
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;

Young York he is but boot, because both they

Match not the high perfection of my loss :

Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward ;

And the beholders of this tragic play,

The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,

Only reserved their factor, to buy souls

And send them thither : but at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :

Earth gapes, 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 live to say, the dog is dead !

*Que.* O, thou didst prophesy the time would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse

That bottled spider, that foul hunch-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 bro-

thers ?

Where are thy children ? wherein dost thou joy ?

Who sues to thee and cries *God save the queen* ?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art :

For happy wife, a most distress'd widow ;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;

For queen, a very cattif crown'd with care ;

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;

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 thee the more, being what thou art.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not

Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?

Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke ;

From which even here I slip my weary neck,

And leave the burthen of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis-  
chance :

These English woes will make me smile in France.

*Que.* O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies !

*Q. Mar.* Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast  
the days ;

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.

*Que.* My words are dull ; O, quicken them with  
thine !

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and  
pierce like mine. *Exit.*

*Duch.* Why should calamity be full of words ?

*Que.* Windy attorneys to their client woes,

Airy succeders 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 smother

My damned son, which thy two sweet sons  
smother'd.

I hear his drum : be copious in exclams.

*Enter King, marching, with drums and  
trumpets.*

*King.* Who intercepts my expedition ?

*Duch.* O, she that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,

From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast  
done !

*Que.* Hidest thou that forehead with a golden  
crown,

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 ?

Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children ?

*Duch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy bro-  
ther Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

*Que.* Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,  
Grey ?

*King.* A flourish, trumpets ! strike alarum,  
drums !

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed : strike, I say !

*Flourish. Alarums.*

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Duch.* Art thou my son ?

*King.* Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

*Duch.* Then patiently hear my impatience.

*King.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Duch.* O, let me speak!

*King.* Do then; but I'll not hear.

*Duch.* I will be mild and gentle in my speech.

*King.* 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.

*King.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Duch.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well, Thou camest 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 prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company?

*King.* Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace

To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Strike up the drum.

*Duch.* I prithee, hear me speak.

*King.* You speak too bitterly.

*Duch.* Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

*King.* So.

*Duch.* Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight;

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;

Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

*Exit.*

*Que.* Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to all.

*King.* Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

*Que.* I have no more 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.

*King.* You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,

Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

*Que.* 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 infamy:

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

*King.* Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

*Que.* To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

*King.* Her life is only safest in her birth.

*Que.* And only in that safety died her brothers.

*King.* Lo, at their birth's good stars were

opposite.

*Que.* No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

*King.* All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

*Que.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny:

My babes were destined to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

*King.* You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

*Que.* Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozzen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*King.* 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 me wrong'd!

*Que.* What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good?

*King.* The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

*Que.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

*King.* No, to the dignity and height of honour, The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Que.* Flatter my sorrows with report of it;

Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,

Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

*King.* Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,

Will I withhold endow a child of thine;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

'Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs

Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

*Que.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

*King.* Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

*Que.* My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

*King.* What do you think?

*Que.* 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.

*King.* 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.

*Que.* Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

*King.* Even he that makes her queen: who should be else?

*Que.* What, thou?

*King.* I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

*Que.* How canst thou woo her?

*King.* That would I learn of you,

As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

*Que.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*King.* Madam, with all my heart.

*Que.* Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave Edward and York; 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 Rivers; yea, and, for her sake, Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

*King.* Come, come, you mock me; this is not the way To win your daughter.

*Que.* There is no other way; Unless thou couldst put on some other shape, And not be Richard that hath done all this.

*King.* Say that I did all this for love of her.

*Que.* Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee, Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

*King.* Look, what is done cannot be now amended:

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes, Which after hours give leisure to repent. If I did take the kingdom from your sons, To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter. If I have kill'd the issue of your womb, To quicken your increase, I will bereave Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter: A grandam's name is little less in love Than is the doting title of a mother; They are as children but one step below, Even of your mettle, of your very blood; Of all one pain, save for a night of groans Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow. Your children were vexation to your youth, But mine shall be a comfort to your age. The loss you have is but a son being king, And by that loss your daughter is made queen. I cannot make you what amends I would, Therefore accept such kindness as I can. Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul Leads discontented steps in foreign soil, This fair alliance quickly shall call home To high promotions and great dignity: The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife, Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother; Again shall you be mother to a king, And all the ruins of distressful times Repair'd with double riches of content. What! we have many goodly days to see: The liquid drops of tears that you have shed Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl, Advantaging their loan with interest Of ten times double gain of happiness.

Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go; Make bold her bashful years with your experience; Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale; Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys: And when this arm of mine hath chastised 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 retail my conquest won, And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

*Que.* What were I best to say? her father's brother

Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle? Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles? Under what title shall I woo for thee, That God, the law, my honour and her love, Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

*King.* Inter fair England's peace by this alliance.

*Que.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

*King.* Say that the king, which may command, entertains.

*Que.* That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

*King.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

*Que.* To wait the title, as her mother doth.

*King.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.

*Que.* But how long shall that title ever last?

*King.* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

*Que.* But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

*King.* So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

*Que.* So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

*King.* Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

*Que.* But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

*King.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Que.* An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

*King.* Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

*Que.* Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

*King.* Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

*Que.* O no, my reasons are too deep and dead; Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

*King.* Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

*Que.* Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

*King.* Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

*Que.* Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

*King.* I swear—

*Que.* 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 something thou wilt swear to be believed, Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

*King.* Now, by the world—

*Que.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*King.* My father's death—

*Que.* Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

*King.* Then, by myself—

*Que.* Thyself thyself misuseth.

*King.* Why then, by God—

*Que.* 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 graced the tender temples of my child,

And both the princes had been breathing here,  
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.  
What canst thou swear by now?

*King.* The time to come.  
*Que.* That thou hast wrong'd in the time o'er-  
past;

For I myself have many tears to wash  
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.  
The children live, whose parents thou hast  
slaughter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;  
The parents live, whose children thou hast  
butcher'd,

Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.  
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast  
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

*King.* As I intend to prosper and repent,  
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!  
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!

Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!  
Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,  
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!  
In her consists my happiness and thine;

Without her, follows to 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.

*Que.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

*King.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Que.* Shall I forget myself to be myself?

*King.* Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong  
yourself.

*Que.* But thou didst kill my children.

*King.* But in your daughter's womb I bury  
them:

Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed  
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

*Que.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

*King.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Que.* I go. Write to me very shortly,  
And you shall understand from me her mind.

*King.* Bear her my true love's kiss; and so,  
farewell. *Erit* *Queen.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

*Enter Ratcliff; Catesby following.*

How now! what news?

*Rat.* My gracious sovereign, on the western coast  
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore  
Through many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back;

'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;  
And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

*King.* Some light-foot friend post to the Duke  
of Norfolk:

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

*Cat.* Here, my lord.

*King.* Fly to the duke: [*To Ratcliff.*] Post  
thou to Salisbury:

When thou comest thither,—[*To Catesby.*] Dull,  
unmindful villain,

Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?

*Cat.* First, mighty sovereign, let me know your  
mind,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*King.* O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy  
straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me presently at Salisbury.

*Cat.* I go.

*Rat.* What is't your highness' pleasure I shall do  
At Salisbury?

*King.* Why, what wouldst thou do there before  
I go?

*Rat.* Your highness told me I should post before.

*King.* My mind is changed, sir, my mind is  
changed.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

How now, what news with you?

*Sta.* None good, my lord, to please you with  
the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

*King.* Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!

Why dost thou run so many mile about,

When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?

Once more, what news?

*Sta.* Richmond is on the seas.

*King.* There let him sink, and be the seas on  
him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

*Sta.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*King.* Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

*Sta.* Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,  
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

*King.* Is the chair empty? is the sword un-  
sway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?

*Sta.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

*King.* Unless for that he comes to be your liege,  
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

*Sta.* No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me  
not.

*King.* Where is thy power, then, to beat him  
back?

Where are thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,  
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

*Sta.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the  
north.

*King.* Cold friends to Richard: what do they  
in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the  
west?

*Sta.* They have not been commanded, mighty  
sovereign:

Please it your majesty to give me leave,  
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace

Where and what time your majesty shall please.  
*King.* Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with  
Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.



*Sta.* Most mighty sovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:  
I never was nor never will be false.

*King.* Well,  
Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind  
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Sta.* So deal with him as I prove true to you.  
*Exit.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate  
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*2 Mes.* My liege, in Kent the Guildfords are in  
arms;  
And every hour more competitors  
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*3 Mes.* My lord, the army of the Duke of Buck-  
ingham—

*King.* Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of  
death? *He striketh him.*

Take that, until thou bring me better news.

*3 Mes.* The news I have to tell your majesty  
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*King.* I cry thee mercy:  
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

*3 Mes.* Such proclamation hath been made, my  
liege.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*4 Mes.* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis  
Dorset,

'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,  
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

*King.* March on, march on, since we are up in  
arms;  
If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Re-enter Catesby.*

*Cat.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is  
taken;

That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond  
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,  
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

*King.* Away towards Salisbury! while we  
reason here,

A royal battle might be won and lost:  
Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

*Flourish. Ereunt.*

*Scenes V.—Lord Derby's House.*

*Enter Derby and Sir Christopher Urswick.*

*Der.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from  
me:

That in the sty of this most bloody boar  
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:  
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;  
The fear of that withholds my present aid.

But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

*Chr.* At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in  
Wales.

*Der.* What men of name resort to him?

*Chr.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;  
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,  
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;  
And many more of noble fame and worth:  
And towards London they do bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Der.* Return unto thy lord; commend me to  
him:

Tell him the queen hath heartily consented

He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

These letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell. *Ereunt.*

*Act V.*

*Scene I.—Salisbury. An open Place.*

*Enter Buckingham, with halberds, led to  
execution.*

*Buc.* Will not King Richard let me speak with  
him?

*Sher.* No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

*Buc.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers,  
Grey,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,  
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,  
If that your moody discontented souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
Even for revenge mock my destruction!  
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

*Sher.* It is, my lord.

*Buc.* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's  
doomsday.

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,

I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found

False to his children or his wife's allies;

This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall

By the false faith of him I trusted most;

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul

Is the determined respite of my wrongs:

That high All-Seer that I dallied with

Hath turn'd my feign'd prayer on my head

And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.

Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men

To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:

Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;

When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with  
sorrow,

*Remember Margaret was a prophetess.*

Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of  
blame. *Ereunt.*

*Scene II.—A Camp.*

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert and others, with drum and colours.*

*Ric.* Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,  
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we march'd on without impediment;  
And here receive we from our father Stanley  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,  
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his  
trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine  
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:  
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.  
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*Oxf.* Every man's conscience is a thousand  
swords,  
To fight against that bloody homicide.

*Her.* I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

*Blu.* He hath no friends but who are friends  
for fear,

Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

*Ric.* All for our vantage. Then, in God's  
name, march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—Bosworth Field.*

*Enter King in arms, with Norfolk, Earl of Surrey and others.*

*King.* Here pitch our tents, even here in Bos-  
worth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

*Sur.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

*King.* My Lord of Norfolk,—

*Nor.* Here, most gracious liege.

*King.* Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha!  
must we not?

*Nor.* We must both give and take, my gracious  
lord.

*King.* 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.

*King.* Why, our battalion trebles that account:  
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse party 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. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford and others.*

*Ric.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent:

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,  
Limit each leader to his several charge,  
And part in just proportion our small 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?  
*Blu.* Unless I have mista'en his colours much,  
Which well I am assured I have not done,  
His regiment lies half a mile at least  
South from the mighty power of the king.

*Ric.* If without peril it be possible,  
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,  
And give him from me this most needful scroll.

*Blu.* Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;  
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

*Ric.* Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come,  
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:

In to our tent; the air is raw and cold.

*They withdraw into the tent.*

*Enter, to his tent, King, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Catesby and others.*

*King.* What is 't o'clock?

*Cat.* It's supper-time, my lord;  
It's nine o'clock.

*King.* 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?

*Cat.* It is, my liege; and all things are in  
readiness.

*King.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*King.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle  
Norfolk.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord. *Exit.*

*King.* Catesby!

*Cat.* My lord?

*King.* Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power  
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall  
Into the blind cave 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 staves be sound, and not too heavy.  
Ratcliff!

*Rat.* My lord?

*King.* Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord  
Northumberland?

*Rat.* Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop

Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*King.* So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*King.* Bid my guard watch; leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent

And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

*Exit Ratcliff.*

*Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent.*

*Der.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Ric.* 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 battle early in the morning,  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
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 solong sunder'd friends should dwell upon:  
God give us leisure for these rites of love!  
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

*Ric.* Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:  
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,  
Lest leaden slumber peise 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 irons 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.*

*Gho.* [To King.] 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 Ric.] 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.*

*Gho.* [To King.] When I was mortal, my  
anointed body

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:  
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die!  
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!

[To Ric.] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!  
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,  
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish!

*Enter the Ghost of Clarence.*

*Gho.* [To King.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul  
to-morrow!

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,  
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death!  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!—

[To Ric.] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,  
The wrong'd heirs of York do pray for thee:  
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!  
*Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey and Vaughan.*

*Gho. of R.* [To King.] Let me sit heavy on thy  
soul to-morrow,  
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!

*Gho. of G.* Think upon Grey, and let thy soul  
despair!

*Gho. of V.* Think upon Vaughan, and, with  
guilty fear,  
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!

*All.* [To Ric.] Awake, and think our wrongs  
in Richard's bosom  
Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!

*Enter the Ghost of Hastings.*

*Gho.* [To King.] Bloody and guilty, guiltily  
awake,

And in a bloody battle end thy days!  
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!

[To Ric.] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!  
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

*Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.*

*Ghosts.* [To King.] Dream on thy cousins  
smother'd in the Tower:

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,  
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!  
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!

[To Ric.] 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 thee flourish.

*Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne.*

*Gho.* [To King.] Richard, thy wife, that wretched  
Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,  
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:

To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!

[To Ric.] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;  
Dream of success and happy victory!  
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.*

*Gho.* [To King.] The first was I that helped  
thee to the crown;

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:  
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness!  
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!  
[To Ric.] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:  
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;  
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

*King starts out of his dream.*

King. Give me another horse: bind up my  
wounds.

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!  
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:  
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:  
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:

Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?  
 Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good  
 That I myself have done unto myself?  
 O, no! alas, I rather hate myself  
 For hateful deeds committed by myself!  
 I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.  
 Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.  
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;  
 Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;  
 All several sins, all used in each degree,  
 Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty!  
 I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;  
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me:  
 Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself  
 Find in myself no pity to myself?  
 Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd  
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter Ratcliff.*

*Rat.* My lord!

*King.* 'Zounds! who is there?

*Rat.* Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early  
 village-cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;  
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*King.* O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

*Rat.* No doubt, my lord.

*King.* O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—  
*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

*King.* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard  
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers  
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;  
 Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
 To see if any mean to shrink from me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, Richmond!

*Ric.* Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,  
 That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord?

*Ric.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding  
 dreams.

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,  
 Have I since your departure had, my lords.  
 Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard  
 murder'd,  
 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.

*Ric.* Why, then 'tis time to arm and give  
 direction.

*His oration 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 him 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 him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil  
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
 One that hath ever been God's enemy:  
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
 God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;  
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;  
 If you do fight against your country's foes,  
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;  
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;  
 If you do free your children from the sword,  
 Your children's children quit it in your age.  
 Then, in the name of God and all these rights,  
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.  
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;  
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
 Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully,  
 God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter King, Ratcliff, Attendants and Forces.*

*King.* What said Northumberland as touching  
 Richmond?

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in arms.

*King.* He said the truth; and what said Surrey  
 then?

*Rat.* He smiled and said *The better for our  
 purpose.*

*King.* 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.

*King.* Then he disdains to shine; for by the  
 book

He should have braved the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody.

Ratcliff!

*Rat.* My lord?

*King.* The sun will not be seen to-day;  
 The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.  
 I would these dewy tears were from the ground.  
 Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me  
 More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven  
 That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

*Enter Norfolk.*

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the  
 field.

*King.* 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 order'd:

My forward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be plac'd 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.  
King. [*Reads.*] *Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,  
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*  
A thing devised by the enemy.  
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:  
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:  
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:  
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.  
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

*His oration to his Army.*

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?  
Remember whom you are to cope withal;  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,  
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey 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 beauteous wives,  
They would restrain the one, disdain the other.  
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,  
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?  
A milk-sop, one that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?  
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;  
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,  
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;  
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,  
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:

If we be conquered, let men conquer us,  
And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bobbd, and  
thump'd,  
And in record, left them the heirs of shame.  
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?  
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum afar 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?  
Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come.

King. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:  
After the battle let George Stanley die.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my  
bosom:  
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;  
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Another part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Catesby.*

Cat. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!  
The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger:  
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.  
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarums. Enter King.*

King. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!  
Cat. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

King. 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 King and Richmond; they fight.  
The King is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-  
enter Richmond, Derby bearing the crown, with  
divers other lords.*

Ric. God and your arms be praised, victorious  
friends;  
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.  
Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou  
acquit thee.

Lo, here, this long-usurp'd 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.

Ric. 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.

Ric. What men of name are slain on either side?  
Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,  
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William  
Brandon.

Ric. 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 scarr'd herself;  
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son, compelled, been 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.*

# KING HENRY VIII.

## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

DUKES OF NORFOLK, BUCKINGHAM and SUFFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY.

Lord Chamberlain.

Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

LORDS ABERGAVENNY and SANDS.

SIRS HENRY GUILDFORD, THOMAS LOVELL, ANTHONY DENNY  
and NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.

Three Gentlemen.

DOCTOR BUTTS, physician to the King.

Garret King-at-Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.

ANNE BULLEN, her maid of honour, afterwards Queen.

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-Shows; Women  
attending upon the Queen, Scribes, Officers,  
Guards, and other Attendants.  
Spirits.

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*The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth* first appeared in print in the folio of 1623, but is known to have been acted as early as 1613, when the "chambers" or small cannon in Act i., Scene 4, set fire to the Globe Theatre. The allusion to Queen Elizabeth and the prophecy of her coming greatness make up a famous passage in the last scene, and were probably written while she yet lived, the lines about James I. being added later. The best authorities for the costume are the paintings of Holbein, More and others, their contemporaries. The scene is laid wholly in England.

# KING HENRY VIII.

## 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 bearers 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 Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny.*

*Buc.* Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done

Since last we saw in France?

*Nor.* I thank your grace,  
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buc.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when  
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Audren.

*Nor.* 'Tixt 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  
have weigh'd  
Such a compounded one?

*Buc.* All the whole time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory: men might say,  
Till this time pomp was single, but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they  
Made Britain India: every man that stood  
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubims, all gilt; the madams too,  
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting: now this 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,  
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discern  
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these  
sons—

For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds chal-  
lenged

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous  
story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
That Bevis was believed.

*Buc.* O, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship and affect  
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
Order gave each thing view; the office did  
Distinctly his full function.

*Buc.* 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.

*Buc.* I pray you, who, my lord?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

*Buc.* The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder  
That such a keech can with his very bulk  
'Take up the rays of the beneficial sun  
And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.* Surely, sir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon

For high feats done to the crown; neither allied  
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

*Abe.* I cannot tell  
What heaven hath given him,—let some grave eye  
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him: whence has he  
that,

If not from hell? the devil is a niggard,  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buc.* Why the devil,  
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,  
Without the privy o' the king, to appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file  
Of all the gentry; for the most part such  
To whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,  
The honourable board of council out,  
Must fetch him in he papers.

*Abe.* 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.

*Buc.* 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.

*Buc.* 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 budded out;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath  
attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*Abe.* Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenced?

*Nor.* Marry, is 't.  
*Abe.* A proper title of a peace; and purchased  
At a superfluous rate!

*Buc.* Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.

*Nor.* Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—  
And take it from a heart that wishes towards  
you

Honour and plenteous safety—that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together; to consider further that  
What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful, and I know his sword  
Hath a sharp edge: it's long and, 't may be said,  
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that  
rock

That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before  
him, certain of the Guard and two Secretaries  
with 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?

*1 Sec.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready?

*1 Sec.* Ay, please your grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more; and  
Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

*Exeunt Wolsey and his train.*

*Buc.* 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.

*Buc.* I read in 's looks  
Matter against me; and his eye reviled  
Me, as his abject object: at this instant  
He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the  
king;

I'll follow and outstare him.

*Nor.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills  
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you: be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

*Buc.* I'll to the king;  
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim  
There's difference in no persons.

*Nor.* Be advised;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire that mounts the 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 sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buc.* Sir,  
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along  
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,  
Whom from the flow of gall I name not but  
From sincere motions, by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in July when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.* Say not treasonous.

*Buc.* To the king I'll say 't; and make my  
vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous  
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief  
As able to perform 't; his mind and place  
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—  
Only to show his pomp as well in France



As here at home, suggests the king our master  
To this last costly treaty, the interview,  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i' the rinsing.

*Nor.* Faith, and so it did.

*Buc.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning  
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew  
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 'twas 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  
Paid 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.

*Buc.* 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.*

*Bra.* 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.

*Buc.* Lo, you, my lord,

The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish  
Under device and practice.

*Bra.* I am sorry

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure  
You shall to the Tower.

*Buc.* It will help me nothing

To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me  
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of  
heaven

Be done in this and all things! I obey.

O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

*Bra.* Nay, he must bear you company. The  
king

Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Abe.* As the duke said,

The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
By me obey'd!

*Bra.* Here is a warrant from  
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the  
budies

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,

One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

*Buc.*

So, so;

These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.

*Bra.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buc.* O, Nicholas Hopkins?

*Bra.* He.

*Buc.* My surveyor is false; the o'er-great car-  
dinal

Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By darkening my clear sun. My lords, farewell.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—London. The Council-Chamber.*

*Cornets.* Enter the King, leaning on the Car-  
dinal's shoulder, the Nobles and Sir Thomas  
Lovell; the Cardinal places himself under the  
King's feet on his right side.

*King.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level  
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us  
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person  
I'll hear him his confessions justify;  
And point by point the treasons of his master  
He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!'  
Enter the Queen, ushered by the Duke of Nor-  
folk and the Duke of Suffolk: she kneels. The  
King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses  
and placeth her by him.*

*Que.* 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.

*Que.* 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.

*Que.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance: there have been com-  
missions

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—  
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he  
escapes not

Language unmannerly, 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 many to them longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger

And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And danger serves among them.

*King.* Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,  
You that are blamed for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

*Wol.* Please you, sir,  
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.

*Que.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others; but you frame  
Things that are known alike; which are not  
wholesome

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.

*King.* Still exaction!  
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction?

*Que.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd  
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from  
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is named, your wars in France: this makes bold  
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts  
freeze

Alliance in them; their curses now  
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to  
pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will. I would your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer business.

*King.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this than by  
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but  
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
Traded 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, once weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
We should take a root here where we sit, or sit  
State-statutes only.

*King.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;

Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
A trembling contribution! Why, we take  
From every tree lop, bark, and part of the timber;  
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
The air will drink the sap. To every county  
Where this is question'd send our letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has denied  
The force of this commission: pray, look to't;  
I put it to your care.

*Wol.* A word with you.  
*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved  
conmons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised  
That through our intercession this revokement  
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secretary.*

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Que.* I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

*King.* It grieves many:  
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;  
To nature none more bound; his training such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
Who was enroll'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 besmear'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; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate  
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

*King.* Speak freely.  
*Sur.* 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 menaced  
Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your highness, note  
This dangerous conception in this point.  
Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
His will is most malignant; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

*Que.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*King.* Speak on:  
How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught?

*Sur.* He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

*King.* What was that Hopkins?

*Sur.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*King.* How know'st thou this?

*Sur.* Not long before your highness sped to  
France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey: I replied,  
Men fear the French would prove perfidious,  
To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk; that oft, says he,  
*Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom after under the confession's seal  
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke  
My chaplain to no creature living, but  
To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor's  
heirs,*

*Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive  
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke  
Shall govern England.*

*Que.* 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.

*Sur.* 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 'twas  
dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until  
It forged him some design, which, being believed,  
It was much like to do: he answer'd, *Tush,  
It can do me no damage;* adding further,  
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The 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: canst thou say  
further?

*Sur.* I can, my liege.

*King.* Proceed.

*Sur.* Being at Greenwich,  
After 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?

*Sur.* If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,  
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in's presence; which if  
granted,*

*As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him.*

*King.* A giant traitor!

*Wol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in  
freedom,

And this man out of prison?

*Que.* God mend all!

*King.* There's something more would out of  
thee; what say'st?

*Sur.* After the duke his father, with the knife,  
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his  
dagger,

Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour  
Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo  
His father by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute 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,  
He's traitor to the height. *Eveunt.*

*Scene III.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.*

*Cha.* Is 't possible the spells of France should  
juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries?

*San.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cha.* 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.

*San.* They have all new legs, and lame ones:  
one would take it,  
That never see 'em pace before, the spavin  
Or sprighalt reign'd among 'em.

*Cha.* 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!  
*Lov.* Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

*Cha.* What is 't for?  
*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cha.* I'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray  
our monsieurs  
To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

*Lov.* They must either,  
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants  
Of fool and feather that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men;  
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.

San. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

Cha. What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

San. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are  
going.

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song  
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,  
Held current music too.

Cha. Well said, Lord Sands;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

San. No, my lord;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cha. Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's:  
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cha. O, 'tis 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.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind  
indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  
His dews fall every where.

Cha. No doubt he's noble;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

San. 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.

Cha. True, they are so;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;  
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir  
Thomas,

We shall be late else; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

San. I am your lordship's. *Exeunt.*

*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, on one side, Anne Bullen and divers  
other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one  
door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guild-  
ford.*

*Guis. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates  
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad; he would have all as merry  
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people. O, my lord, you're tardy:*

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and  
Sir Thomas Lovell.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cha. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

San. 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 con-  
fessor

To one or two of these!

San. I would I were;  
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Cha. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir  
Harry,

Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:  
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;  
Two women placed together makes cold weather:  
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

San. 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?

San. 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.

Cha. Well said, my lord.  
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

San. For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and  
takes his state.*

*Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests: that  
noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;  
And to you all, good health.*

*San. 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?*

*San. The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.*

*Anne. You are a merry gamester,  
My Lord Sands.*

*San. Yes, if I make my play.  
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,  
For 'tis to such a thing,—*

*Anne. You cannot show me.  
San. I told your grace they would talk anon.*

*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*  
*Wol. What's that?*

*Cha. Look out there, some of ye.*

*Wol. What warlike voice,  
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;  
By all the laws of war you're privileged.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Cha. How now! what is 't?*

*Ser. A noble troop of strangers;  
For so they seem: they've left their barge and  
lauded;*

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 beaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

*All rise, and tables removed.*  
You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.  
A good digestion to you all: and once more  
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter King and others, as masquers  
habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord  
Chamberlain. They pass directly before the  
Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?  
*Cha.* Because they speak no English, thus they  
pray'd

To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair con-  
duct,  
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat  
An hour of revels with 'em.

*Wol.* Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace; for which  
I pay 'em  
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their  
pleasures.

*They choose Ladies. The King chooses  
Anne Bullen.*

*King.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O  
beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee! *Music. Dance.*  
*Wol.* My lord!

*Cha.* 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.

*Cha.* I will, my lord. [*Whisper.*

*Wol.* What say they?  
*Cha.* 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:  
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,  
Prithce, come hither: what fair lady's that?

*Cha.* An't please your grace, Sir Thomas  
Bullen's daughter,—  
The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness'  
women.

*King.* By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweet-  
heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,  
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!  
Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber?

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.  
*Wol.* Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.  
*King.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

*King.* Lead in your ladies, every one: sweet  
partner,

I must not yet forsake you: let's be merry:  
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream  
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.  
*Eecunt with trumpets.*

## Act II.

*Scene I.—Westminster. A Street.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, at several doors.*

*1 Gen.* Whither away so fast?  
*2 Gen.* O, God save ye!  
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

*1 Gen.* I'll save you  
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the cere-  
mony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

*2 Gen.* Were you there?  
*1 Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.

*2 Gen.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.  
*1 Gen.* You may guess quickly what.

*2 Gen.* Is he found guilty?  
*1 Gen.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.

*2 Gen.* I am sorry for 't.  
*1 Gen.* So are a number more.

*2 Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it?  
*1 Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke

Came to the bar; where to his accusations  
He pleaded still not guilty and alleged

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney on the contrary

Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired

To have brought *vid roca* to his face:  
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,  
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,

Hopkins, that made this mischief.  
*2 Gen.* That was he

That fed him with his prophecies?  
*1 Gen.* The same.

All these accused him strongly; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could

not:  
And so his peers, upon this evidence,

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all

Was either pitied in him or forgotten.  
*2 Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

*1 Gen.* 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 choler, ill, and hasty :  
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure, he does not :  
He never was so womanish; the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly  
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,  
By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainer,  
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. 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.

2 Gen. All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much  
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buck-  
ingham,

The mirror of all courtesy;—

1 Gen. Stay there, sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter Buckingham from his arraignment; tip-  
staves before him; the axe with the edge towards  
him; halberds on each side: accompanied with  
Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir  
William Sands, and common people.*

2 Gen. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buc. All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear  
witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!  
The law I bear no malice for my death;  
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:  
But those that sought it I could wish more Chris-  
tians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:  
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 me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
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.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buc. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you  
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;  
There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no  
black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace;  
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him  
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers  
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,  
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!  
And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your  
grace;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,  
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;  
And fit it with such furniture as suits  
The greatness of his person.

Buc. Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither, I was lord high constable  
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward  
Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant; I now seal it;  
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan  
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!  
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all  
That made me happy at one stroke has taken  
For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes  
me

A little happier than my wretched father:  
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both  
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;  
A most unnatural and faithless service!  
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,  
This from a dying man receive as certain:  
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels  
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make  
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from ye, never found again  
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour  
Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,  
Speak how I fell, I have done; and God forgive  
me!

1 Gen. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,  
I fear, too many curses on their heads  
That were the authors.

2 Gen. If the duke be guiltless,  
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling

Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

1 Gen. Good angels keep it from us!  
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gen. Let me have it;  
I do not talk much.

2 Gen. I am confident;  
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing of a separation  
Between the king and Katharine?

1 Gen. Yes, but it held not:  
For when the king once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the lord mayor straight  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now: for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain  
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her: to confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;  
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the cardinal;  
And merely to revenge him on the emperor  
For not be-towing on him, at his asking,  
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

2 Gen. 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.  
1 Gen. 'Tis woful.

We are too open here to argue this:  
Let's think in private more. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading this letter.*

Cha. My lord, the horses your lordship sent  
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen,  
ridden, and furnished. They were young and  
handsome, and of the best breed in the north.  
When they were ready to set out for London, a  
man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and  
main power, took '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.

Cha. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cha. I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What 's the cause?

Cha. It seems the marriage with his brother's  
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so:

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he list. The king will know him  
one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know him-  
self else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!  
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the  
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great-  
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs; and all these for his mar-  
riage:

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?

Cha. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis  
most true

These news are every where; every tongue speaks  
'em,

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 fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,  
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:  
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
If the king please; his cures and his blessings  
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.  
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him  
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let 's in;  
And with some other business put the king  
From these sad thoughts, that work too much  
upon him:

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cha. Excuse me;  
The king hath sent me other where: besides,  
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:  
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws  
the curtain, and sits reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much  
afflicted.

King. Who's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you  
thrust yourselves  
Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way

Is business of estate; in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*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.*  
Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O my  
*Wolsey,*

The quiet of my wounded conscience;  
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Campeius.*]

You're welcome,  
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:  
Use us and it. [*To Wolsey.*] My good lord, have  
great care

I be not found a talker.  
*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.  
I would your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

*King.* [*To Nor. and Suf.*] We are busy; go.  
*Nor.* [*Aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride  
in him?

*Suf.* Not to speak of:  
I would not be so sick though for his place:  
But this cannot continue.

*Nor.* If it do,  
I'll venture one have-at-him.

*Suf.* I another.  
*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*  
*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent of  
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:  
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms  
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judg-  
ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius:  
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

*King.* And once more in mine arms I bid him  
welcome,  
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:  
They have sent me such a man I would have  
wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your grace must needs deserve all  
strangers' loves,  
You are so noble. To your highness' hand  
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,  
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their ser-  
vant

In the impartial judging of this business.

*King.* Two equal men. The queen shall be  
acquainted

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.

*King.* Ay, and the best she shall have; and my  
favour

To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:  
I find him a fit fellow. *Exit Wolsey.*

*Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.*

*Wol.* [*Aside to Gardiner.*] Give me your hand:  
much joy and favour to you;  
You are the king's now.

*Gar.* [*Aside to Wolsey.*] But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.  
*King.* Come hither, Gardiner.

*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  
then  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How! of me?  
*Cam.* They will not stick to say you envied him,  
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved  
him,  
That he ran mad and died.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him!  
That's Christian care enough: for living mur-  
murers

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-Friars;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-  
science!

O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—An Ante-chamber of the Queen's  
Apartments.*

*Enter Anne Bullen and an Old Lady.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither: here's the pang  
that pinches:

His highness having 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  
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,  
To give her the avault! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O, God's will! much better  
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,  
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging  
As soul and body's severing.

*Old L.* Alas, poor lady!  
She's a stranger now again.

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,



I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
Is our best having.

*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead,  
I would not be a queen.

*Old L.* 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 mincing, the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth.  
*Old L.* Yes, troth, and troth; you would not  
be a queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heaven.  
*Old L.* 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would  
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,  
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.  
*Old L.* Then you are weakly made: pluck off a  
little;

I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to: if your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How you do talk!  
I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You 'ld venture an emballing: I myself  
Would for Carnarvonsbire, although there long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes  
here?

*Enter Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cha.* Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth  
to know  
The secret of your conference?

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cha.* 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!

*Cha.* 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 to you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender;  
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes

More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers  
and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cha.* Lady,  
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
The king hath of you. [*Aside.*] I have perused  
her well;

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled  
That they have caught the king: and who knows  
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten all this isle? 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 betwix too early and too late  
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!  
A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd  
up

Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.  
*Old L.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty  
pence, no.

There was a lady once, 'tis an old story,  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.  
*Old L.* With your theme, I could  
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-  
broke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!  
No other obligation! By my life,  
That promises me 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?  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—A Hall in Black-Friars.*

*Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Ver-  
gers, 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 a Sergeant-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 cloth 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 allow'd;  
You may, then, spare that time.

*Wol.* Be't so. Proceed.  
*Scribe.* Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Henry King of England, &c.

*King.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Katharine Queen of England, &c.

*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.*

*Que.* Sir, I desire you do me right and justice; And to bestow your pity on me: for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable;  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance, 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 not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine  
That had to him derived your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your 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'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,  
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many  
A year before: it is not to be question'd  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them

Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I  
humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel  
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

*Wol.* You have here, lady,  
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men  
Of singular integrity and learning,  
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled  
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless  
That longer you 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.

*Que.* Lord cardinal,  
To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam?

*Que.* Sir,  
I am about to weep; but, thinking that  
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.  
*Que.* I will, when you are humble; nay, before,  
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! Therefore I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess  
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me  
wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,  
Or how far further shall, is warranted  
By a commission from the consistory,  
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge  
me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:  
The king is present: if it be known to him  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. If he know  
That I am free of your report, he knows  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to  
Remove these thoughts from you: the which be-  
fore

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking  
And to say so no more.

*Que.* My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and  
humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility; but your heart  
Is cramm'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 't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your person's honour than  
Your high profession spiritual: that again  
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
To bring my whole cause fore his holiness,  
And to be judged by him.

*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*  
*Cam.* The queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

*King.* Call her again.  
*Crier.* Katharine Queen of England, come into  
the court.

*Gri.* Madam, you are call'd back.  
*Que.* What need you note it? pray you, keep  
your way:

When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord help,  
They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on:  
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more  
Upon this business my appearance make  
In any of their courts.

*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

*King.* 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, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, 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 air,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and  
bound,

There must I be unloosed, although not there  
At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your highness; or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever  
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might  
Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person?

*King.* My lord cardinal,  
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,  
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these  
The queen is put in anger. You're excused:  
But will you be more justified? you ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never  
desired

It to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
The passages made toward it: on my honour,  
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,

And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me  
to 't,  
I will be bold with time and your attention:  
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give  
heed to 't:

My conscience first received a tenderness,  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambas-  
sador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this busi-  
ness,

Ere a determinate resolution, he,  
I mean the bishop, did require a respite;  
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my breast; which forced such way,  
That many mazed considerings did throng  
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought  
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had  
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
If it conceived a male child by me, should  
Do no more offices of life to 't than  
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue  
Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had air'd them: hence I took a thought,  
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,  
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not  
Be gladdened in 't by me: then follows, that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together; that 's to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
By all the reverend fathers of the land  
And doctors learn'd: first I began in private  
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember  
How under my oppression I did reek,  
When I first moved you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.  
*King.* I have spoke long: be pleased yourself  
to say

How far you satisfied me.

*Lin.* So please your highness,  
The question did at first so stagger me,  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't  
And consequence of dread, that I committed  
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;  
And did entreat your highness to this course  
Which you are running here.

*King.* I then moved you,  
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave  
To make this present summons: unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this court;  
But by particular consent proceeded  
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;  
For no dislike i' the world against the person  
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
And kingly dignity, we are contented

To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
That's paragon'd o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your highness,  
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
That we adjourn this court till further day:  
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his holiness.

*King.* [*Aside.*] I may perceive  
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:  
I say, set on. *Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

### Act III.

*Scene I.—London. The Queen's Apartments.*

*Enter the Queen and her Women, as at work.*

*Que.* Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad  
with troubles;  
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave  
working.

#### SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.  
Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Que.* How now!

*Gen.* An't please your grace, the two great  
cardinals

wait in the presence.

*Que.* Would they speak with me?

*Gen.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Que.* Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be  
their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?  
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,  
They should be good men; their affairs as  
righteous:

But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness!

*Que.* Your graces find me here part of a house-  
wife,

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to with-  
draw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Que.* 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,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life so even. If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina  
serenissima,—*

*Que.* 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;  
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 car-  
dinal,

The willing 'st sin I ever yet committed  
May be absolv'd in English.

*Wol.* Noble lady,  
I am sorry my integrity should breed,  
And service to his majesty and you,  
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To 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 our cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam,  
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,  
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel.

*Que.* [*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 fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Que.* In England  
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence  
In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Que.* How, sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's protection;

He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much  
Both for your honour better and your cause;  
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,  
You'll part away disgraced.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.  
*Que.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin:

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge  
That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Que.* 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  
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries;  
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;  
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at  
once

The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.  
*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Que.* 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 any thing 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.

*Que.* 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  
Still not the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd  
him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that no'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Let will I add an honour, a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we  
aim at.

*Que.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
o give up willingly that noble title  
our master wed me to: nothing but death  
hall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray, hear me.

*Que.* Would I had never trod this English earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your  
hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady!  
I am the most unhappy woman living.  
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!  
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-  
riage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits  
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,  
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us  
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-  
vants.

*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  
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves  
you;

Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please  
To trust us in your business, we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Que.* Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray,  
forgive me,

If I have used myself unmannerly;  
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.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Ante-chamber to the King's  
Apartment.*

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the  
Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
Cannot stand under them: if you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,  
With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me  
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
To be revenged on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have uncontentm'd gone by him, or at least

To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
That's paragon'd o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your highness,  
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
That we adjourn this court till further day;  
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his holiness.

*King.* [*Aside.*] I may perceive  
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Prithee, return: with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:  
I say, set on. *Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

### Act III.

*Scene I.—London. The Queen's Apartments.*

*Enter the Queen and her Women, as at work.*

*Que.* Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad  
with troubles;  
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave  
working.

#### SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Que.* How now!

*Gen.* An't please your grace, the two great  
cardinals

wait in the presence.

*Que.* Would they speak with me?

*Gen.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Que.* Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be  
their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?  
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,  
They should be good men; their affairs as  
righteous;

But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness!

*Que.* Your graces find me here part of a house-  
wife,

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to with-  
draw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Que.* 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,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life so even. If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina  
serenissima,*—

*Que.* 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,  
auspicious;

Pray, speak in English: here as some will thank  
you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;  
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord car-  
dinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
May be absolved in English.

*Wol.* Noble lady,  
I am sorry my integrity should breed,  
And service to his majesty and you,  
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow.  
You have too much, good lady; but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the king and you; and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions  
And comforts to our cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam,  
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,  
Forgetting, like a good man, your late ceasure  
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel.

*Que.* [*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 fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Que.* In England  
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,  
'And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence  
In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Que.* How, sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's protection;

He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much  
Both for your honour better and your cause;  
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,  
You'll part away disgraced.

*Vol.* He tells you rightly.  
*Que.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin:

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge  
That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.  
*Que.* 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  
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries;  
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;  
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at  
once

The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.  
*Vol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction;

You turn the good we offer into envy.  
*Que.* 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 any thing 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.  
*Que.* 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  
Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd  
him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

*Vol.* Madam, you wander from the good we  
aim at.

*Que.* 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.

*Vol.* Pray, hear me:  
*ue.* Would I had never trod this English earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your  
hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady!  
I am the most unhappy woman living.  
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!  
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.

*Vol.* 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 carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits  
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,  
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us  
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong  
your virtues

With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,  
As yours was put into you, ever casts  
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves  
you;

Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please  
To trust us in your business, we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Que.* Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray,  
forgive me,  
If I have used myself unmannerly;  
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.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Ante-chamber to the King's  
Apartment.*

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the  
Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
Cannot stand under them: if you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,  
With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me  
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
To be revenged on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have uncontentm'd gone by him, or at least

Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

*Cha.* My lords, you speak your pleasures:  
What he deserves of you and me I know;  
What we can do to him, though now the time  
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in 's tongue.

*Nor.* O, fear him not;  
His spell in that is out: the king hath found  
Matter against him that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sur.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true:  
In the divorce his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears  
As I would wish mine enemy.

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* O, how, how?

*Suf.* The cardinal's letters to the pope mis-  
carried,  
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was  
read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if  
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*  
*My king is tangled in affection to*  
*A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.*

*Sur.* Has the king this?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work?

*Cha.* The king in this perceives him, how he  
coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death: the king already  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* Would he had!

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my  
lord!

For, I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now, all my joy

Trace the conjunction!

*Suf.* My amen to't!

*Nor.* 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!

*Nor.* Marry, amen!

*Suf.* No, no;

There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Cam-  
peius

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.

*Cha.* Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry Ha! louder!

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer?

*Suf.* He is return'd in his opinions; which  
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katharine no more  
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager  
And widow to Prince Arthur.

*Nor.* This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the king's business.

*Suf.* He has; and we shall see him  
For it an archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.  
The cardinal!

*Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell,  
Gave't you the king?

*Cro.* To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

*Cro.* 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?

*Cro.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me awhile. *Exit Cromwell.*

[*Aside.*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,  
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.  
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for  
him:

There's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!  
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish  
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pem-  
broke!

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the king  
Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

*Wol.* [*Aside.*] The late queen's gentlewoman,  
a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!  
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;  
Then out it goes. What though I know her  
virtuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one  
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.

*Sur.* I would 'twere something that would free  
the string,  
The master-cord on 's heart!



*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 expence by the hour Seems to flow from him! How, 't' the name of thrift,

Does he rake this together! Now, my lords, Saw you the cardinal?

*Nor.* My lord, we have stood here observing him: some strange commotion Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts; Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground, Then lays his finger on his temple; straight Springs out into *fast gait*; then stops again, Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts His eye against the moon: in most strange postures

We have seen him set himself.

*King.* It may well be; There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning Papers of state he sent me to peruse, As I required: and wot you what I found There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly? Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing; The several parcels of his plate, his treasure, Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks Possession of a subject.

*Nor.* 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 thinkings are below the moon, not worth His serious considering.

*King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.*

*Vol.* Heaven forgive me! Ever God bless your highness!

*King.* Good my lord, You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory

Of your best graces in your mind; the which You were now running o'er: you have scarce time To steal from spiritual 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.

*Vol.* Sir, For holy offices I have a time; a time To think upon the part of business which I bear 't' the state; and nature does require Her times of preservation, which perforce I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal, Must give my tendance to.

*King.* You have said well. *Vol.* And ever may your highness yoke together, As I will lend you cause, my doing well With my well saying!

*King.* 'Tis well said again; And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well: And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you: He said he did; and with his 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.

*Vol.* [*Aside.*] What should this mean?

*Sur.* [*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?

*Vol.* 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 filed with my abilities: mine own ends Have been mine so that evermore they pointed To the good of your most sacred person and The profit of the state. For your great graces Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I Can nothing render but allegiant thanks, My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty, Which ever has and ever shall be growing, Till death, that winter, kill it.

*King.* Fairly answer'd:

A loyal and obedient subject is Therein illustrated: the honour of it Does pay the act of it; as, 't' the contrary, The foulness is the punishment. I presume That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you, My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,

more On you than any; so your hand and heart, Your brain, and every function of your power, Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, As 'twere in love's particular, be more. To me, your friend, than any.

*Vol.* I do profess That for your highness' good I ever labour'd More than mine own; that am, have, and will be— Though all the world should crack their duty to you,

And throw it from their soul; though perils did Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty, As doth a rock against the chiding flood, Should the approach of this wild river break, And stand unshaken yours.

*King.* 'Tis nobly spoken: Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, For you have seen him open 't' Read o'er this; *Giving him 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.*

*Vol.* What should this mean? What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it? He parted frowning from me, as if ruin Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him; Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper; I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so; This paper has undone me: 'tis the account Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom, And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence! Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
No new device to beat this from his brains?  
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again. What's this? *To the*  
*Pope!*

The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to 's holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-  
ness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and*  
*Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord*  
*Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who  
commands you

To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands; and to confine yourself  
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his highness.

*Wol.* Stay:  
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot  
carry  
Authority so weighty.

*Suf.* Who dare cross 'em,  
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

*Wol.* Till I find more than will or words to do it,  
I mean your malice, know, officious lords,  
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy:  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no  
doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
You ask with such a violence, the king,  
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters-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, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,  
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!  
You sent me deputy for Ireland;  
Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest  
him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolved 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 the king, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst  
feel

My sword 'i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap like larks.

*Wol.* All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaming all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets  
You writ to the pope against the king: your  
goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.  
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state  
Of our despised nobility, our issues,  
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentleman,  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life. I'll startle you  
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown  
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* 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  
hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer  
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you:  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush and cry *guilty*, cardinal,  
You'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 know-  
ledge,

You wrought to be a legate; by which power  
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*  
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

*Suf.* Then that, without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*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.

*Suf.* 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 Rome, and to prepare the ways You have for dignities; to the mere undoing Of all the kingdom. Many more there are; Which, since they are of you, and odious, I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cha.* O my lord, Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue: His faults lie open to the laws; let them, Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,

Because all those things you have done of late, By your power legatine, within this kingdom, Fall into the compass of a præmunire, That therefore such a writ be sued against you; To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements, Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations

How to live better. For your stubborn answer About the giving back the great seal to us, The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

*Ereunt 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 a rude stream, that must for ever hide me. Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye: I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours! There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to, That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, More pangs and fears than wars or women have: And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, Never to hope again.

*Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

*Cro.* I have no power to speak, sir.  
*Wol.* What, amazed At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep, I am fall'n indeed.

*Cro.* How does your grace?  
*Wol.* Why, well; Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell. I know myself now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities, A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken A load would sink a navy, too much honour: O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

*Cro.* I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have: I am able now, methinks, Out of a fortitude of soul I feel, To endure more miseries and greater far Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. What news abroad?

*Cro.* The heaviest and the worst Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him! Is your displeasure with the king. Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden: But he's a learned man. May he continue Long in his high-hearted favour, and do justice For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones, When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings, May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em! What more?

*Cro.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome, Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.  
*Cro.* Last, that the Lady Anne, Whom the king hath in secrecy long married, This day was view'd in open as his queen, Going to chapel; and the voice is now Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down.  
*O Cromwell,*

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories In that one woman I have lost for ever: No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours, Or gild again the noble troth that waited Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell; I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now To be thy lord and master: seek the king; That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him What and how true thou art: he will advance thee; Some little memory of me will stir him—I know his noble nature—not to let Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell, Neglect him not; make use now, and provide For thine own future safety.

*Cro.* O my lord, Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego So good, so noble and so true a master? Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron, With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord. The king shall have my service; but my prayers For ever and for ever shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me, Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be, And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee; Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate  
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O  
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;  
And,—prithce, lead me in:  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my tobe,  
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.

*Cro.* Good sir, have patience.  
*Wol.* So I have. Farewell  
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.  
*Exeunt.*

### Act IV.

#### Scene I.—A Street in Westminster.

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.*

*1 Gen.* You're well met once again.  
*2 Gen.* So are you.  
*1 Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold  
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?  
*2 Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,  
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.  
*1 Gen.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;  
This, general joy.  
*2 Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,  
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—  
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—  
In celebration of this day with shows,  
Pageants and sights of honour.  
*1 Gen.* Never greater,  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.  
*2 Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand?  
*1 Gen.* Yes; 'tis the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day  
By custom of the coronation.  
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.  
*2 Gen.* I thank you, sir: had I not known those  
customs,  
I should have been beholding to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?  
*1 Gen.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill where the princess lay; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not appearance and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorced,  
And the late marriage made of none effect:  
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now sick.

*2 Gen.* Alas, good lady!  
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is  
coming. *Hautboys.*

#### THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then, two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing.* [Music.]
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wore 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 dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of esses.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of esses.*
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 Winchester.*
9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

*Exeunt, first passing over the stage in order and state.*

*2 Gen.* A royal train, believe me. These I know:  
Who's that that bears the sceptre?  
*1 Gen.* Marquess Dorset:  
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.  
*2 Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be  
The Duke of Suffolk?  
*1 Gen.* 'Tis the same: high-steward.  
*2 Gen.* And that my Lord of Norfolk?  
*1 Gen.* Yes.  
*2 Gen.* Heaven bless thee!  
*Looking on the Queen.*  
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.  
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;  
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,  
And more and richer, when he strains that lady:  
I cannot blame his conscience.  
*1 Gen.* They that bear  
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons  
Of the Cinque-ports.  
*2 Gen.* Those men are happy; and so are all  
are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train  
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars  
indeed;

And sometimes falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

*A great flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

1 Gen. God save you, sir! where have you  
been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i' the Abbey; where  
a finger

Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw

The ceremony?

3 Gen. That I did.

1 Gen. How was it?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good sir, speak it to us.

3 Gen. 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 awhile, some half an hour or so,

In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman

That ever lay by man: which when the people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,

As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—

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 woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But, what follow'd?

3 Gen. 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 Archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The roil, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,

Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,

And with the same full state paced back again

To York Place, where the feast is held.

1 Gen. Sir,

You must no more call it York Place, that 's past;

For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:

'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 Gen. I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2 Gen. What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 Gen. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of  
Winchester,

Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary,  
The other, London.

2 Gen. He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 Gen. All the land knows that:  
However, yet there is no great breach; when it

comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from  
him.

2 Gen. Who may that be, I pray you?

3 Gen. Thomas Cromwell;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly.  
A worthy friend. The king has made him master

O' the jewel house,

And one, already, of the privy council.

2 Gen. He will deserve more.

3 Gen. Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:

Something I can command. As I walk thither,

I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Kimbolton.*

*Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between  
Griffith, her gentleman usher, and Patience,  
her woman.*

Gri. How does your grace?

Kat. 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.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,

Was dead?

Gri. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,

Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kat. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily

For my example.

Gri. Well, the voice goes, madam:

For after the stout Earl Northumberland

Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,

He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill

He could not sit his mule.

Kat. Alas, poor man!

Gri. At last, with easy roads, he came to Lei-  
cester,

Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,

With all his covent, honourably received him;

To whom he gave these words, *O, father abbot,*

*An old man, broken with the storms of state,*

*Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;*

*Give him a little earth for charity!*

So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness

Pursued him still: and, three nights after this,

About the hour of eight, which he himself

Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,

Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,

He gave his honours to the world again,

His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kat. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on  
him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,

And yet with charity. He was a man

Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking

Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion,  
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;  
His own opinion was his law: 't the presence  
He would say untruths; and be ever double  
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Gri.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now?

*Kat.* Yes, good Griffith;  
I were malicious else.

*Gri.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:  
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;  
But to those men that sought him sweet as  
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely: ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;  
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Kat.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!  
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:  
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.

*Sad and solemn music.*

*Gri.* She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down  
quiet,  
For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

*The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden rizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at*

*which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

*Kat.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Gri.* Madam, we are here.

*Kat.* It is not you I call for:  
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Gri.* None, madam.  
*Kat.* No? saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promised me eternal happiness;  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

*Gri.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

Possess your fancy.

*Kat.* Bid the music leave,

They are harsh and heavy to me. *Music ceases.*

*Pat.* Do you note

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,  
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

*Gri.* She is going, wench: pray, pray,

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* An't like your grace,—

*Kat.* You are a saucy fellow:  
Deserve we no more reverence?

*Gri.* You are to blame,  
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour; go to, kneel.

*Mes.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

*Kat.* Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

*Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

*Cap.* Madam, the same; your servant.

*Kat.* O, my lord,  
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Kat.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:

That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;  
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his highness?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kat.* So may he ever do! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,  
I caused you write, yet sent away?

*Pat.* No, madam.  
*Giving it to Katharine.*

*Kat.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Kat.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—  
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,  
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
And now I should not lie, but will deserve,  
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble:  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.  
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;  
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,  
And something over to remember me by:  
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.

*Cap.* By heaven, I will,  
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

*Kat.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
In all humility unto his highness:  
Say his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,  
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,  
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;  
Call in more women. When I am dead, good  
wench,

Let me be us'd with honour: strow me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me.  
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
I can no more. *Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

### Act V.

*Scene I.—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 delight; times to repair our nature

With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir  
Thomas!

Whither so late?

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord?  
*Gar.* I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero  
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  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in  
labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd  
She'll with the labour end.

*Gar.* The fruit she goes with  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir  
Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks I could  
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature; and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gar.* 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,  
'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  
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,  
With which the time will load him. The arch-  
bishop  
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare  
speak

One syllable against him?

*Gar.* Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured  
To speak my mind of him; and indeed this day,  
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have  
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is,  
For so I know he is, they know he is,  
A most arch heretic, a pestilence

That does infect the land: with which they moved  
Have broken with the king; who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace  
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded  
To-morrow morning to the council-board  
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long; good night, Sir Thomas.

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord: I rest your  
servant. *Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

*Enter the King and Suffolk.*

*King.* Charles, I will play no more to-night; My mind 's not on 't; you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*King.* But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play. Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her What you commanded me, but by her woman I sent your message; who return'd her thanks In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

*King.* What say'st thou, ha? To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

*Lov.* So said her woman; and that her sufferance made

Almost each pang a death.

*King.* Alas, good lady!

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burthen, and With gentle travail, to the gladding of Your highness with an heir!

*King.* 'Tis midnight, Charles; Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone; For I must think of that which company Would not be friendly to.

*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 spake:

I am happily come hither.

*Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.*

*King.* Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*] Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! *Ereunt Lovell and Denny.*

*Cra.* [*Aside.*] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

*King.* How now, my lord! you do desire to know

Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cra.* [*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; I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak, And am right sorry to repeat what follows: I have, and most unwillingly, of late Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord, Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,

Have 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 To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness Would come against you.

*Cra.* [*Kneeling.*] I humbly thank your highness;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know, There's none stands under more calumnious tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

*King.* Stand up, good Canterbury: Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted

In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up: Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame, 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 endurance, further.

*Cra.* 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?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever The justice and the truth o' the question carries The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt To swear against you? such things have been done.

You are potentially 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 leap of danger, And woo your own destruction.

*Cra.* 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 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties Will render you no remedy, this ring Deliver them, and your appeal to us There make before them. Look, the good man

weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!

I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul



None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,  
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He  
has strangled  
His language in his tears.

*Enter Old Lady, Lovell following.*

*Gen.* [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?  
*Old L.* I'll not come back; the tidings that I  
bring  
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good  
angels  
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings!

*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  
ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
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.*

*Pursuivants, Pages, &c. attending.*

*Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.*

*Cra.* I hope I am not too late; and yet the  
gentleman,  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means  
this? Ho!  
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

*Enter Keeper.*  
*Kee.* Yes, my lord;  
But yet I cannot help you.  
*Cra.* Why?

*Enter Doctor Butts.*

*Kee.* Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.  
*Cra.* So.  
*Butts.* [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am  
glad

I came this way so happily: the king  
Shall understand it presently. *Exit.*

*Cra.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,  
The king's physician: as he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For  
certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—  
God turn their hearts! I never sought their  
malice—

To quench mine honour: they would shame to  
make me  
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,

'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their  
pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the King and Butts at a window above.*

*But.* I'll show your grace the strangest sight—  
*King.* What's that, Butts?  
*But.* I think your highness saw this many a day.  
*King.* Body o' me, where is it?

*But.* There, my lord:  
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

*King.* Ha! 'tis he, indeed:  
Is this the honour they do one another?  
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought  
They had parted so much honesty 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 holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:  
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close:  
We shall hear more anon. *Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—The Council-Chamber.*

*A council-table brought in with chairs and stools  
and placed under the state. Enter Lord Chan-  
cellor; 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 Cham-  
berlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in order on  
each side. Cromwell at lower end, as secretary.  
Keeper at the door.*

*Cha.* Speak to the business, master secretary:  
Why are we met in council?

*Cro.* Please your honours,  
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.  
*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it?

*Cro.* Yes.  
*Nor.* Who waits there?

*Kee.* Without, my noble lords?  
*Gar.* Yes.  
*Kee.* My lord, archbishop;  
And has done half an hour, to know your plea-  
sures.

*Cha.* Let him come in.  
*Kee.* Your grace may enter now.

*Cranmer enters and approaches the  
council-table.*

*Cha.* 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 misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your  
chaplains,

For so we are inform'd, with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*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 'em,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer, Out of our easiness and childish pity To one man's honour, this contagious sickness, Farewell all physic: and what follows then? Commotions, uproars, with a general taint Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness, Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cra.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress Both of my life and office, I have labour'd, And with no little study, that my teaching And the strong course of my authority Might go one way, and safely; and the end Was ever, to do well: nor is there living, I speak it with a single heart, my lords, A man that more detests, more 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. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you, From hence you be committed to the Tower; Where, being but a private man again, You shall know many dare accuse you boldly, More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cra.* Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;

You are always my good friend; if your will pass, I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, You are so merciful: I see your end; 'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord, Become a churchman better than ambition: Win straying souls with modesty again, Cast none away. That I shall clear myself, Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience, I make as little doubt, as you do conscience In doing daily wrongs. I could say more, But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*Cro.* My Lord of Winchester, you are a little, By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble, However faulty, yet should find respect For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty To load a falling man.

*Gar.* Good master secretary, I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst Of all this table, say so.

*Cro.* Why, my lord?

*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favourer

Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

*Cro.* Not sound?

*Gar.* Not sound, I say.

*Cro.* Would you were half so honest! Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Cro.* Do.

Remember your bold life too.

*Cha.* This is too much; Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gar.* I have done.

*Cro.* And I.

*Cha.* Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner; There to remain till the king's further pleasure Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?

*All.* We are.

*Cra.* Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

*Gar.* What other Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

*Cra.* For me? Must I go like a traitor thither?

*Gar.* Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cra.* Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Cha.* This is the king's ring.

*Suf.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling, 'T would fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords, The king will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd?

*Cha.* 'Tis now too certain:

How much more is his life in value with him?

Would I were fairly out on't!

*Cro.* 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 heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;

Not only good and wise, but most religious:

One that, in all obedience, makes the church

The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,

His royal self in judgment comes to hear

The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*King.* You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not

To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;

They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;

But, whatsoever thou tak'st me for, I'm sure  
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.  
[To Cranmer.] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:  
By all that's holy, he had better starve  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sir.* 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 groom: there's some of ye, I see,  
More out of malice than integrity,  
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;  
Which ye shall never have while I live.

*Cha.* Thus far,  
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,  
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,  
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,  
I'm sure, in me.

*King.* Well, well, my lords, respect him;  
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.  
I will say thus much for him, if a prince  
May be beholding to a subject, I  
Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:  
Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of  
Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;  
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,  
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cro.* 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 Mar-  
quess 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.

*Cra.* And let heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

*King.* Good man, those joyful tears show thy  
true heart:

The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my Lord of Canter-*  
*bury*

*A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.*

Come, lords, we trifle time away: I long  
To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—The Palace Yard.*

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.*

*Por.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals:  
do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude  
slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the  
larder.

*Por.* 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:  
you must be seeing christenings? do you look for  
ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much im-  
possible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—  
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep  
On May-day morning; which will never be:  
We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em.

*Por.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man.* Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?  
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—  
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.

*Por.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Col-  
brand,

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 ne'er hope to see a chine again;  
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

*Por.* I shall be with you presently, good master  
puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do?

*Por.* 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 beseege us? Bless  
me, what a fry of fornication is at the door! On  
my Christian conscience, this one christening will  
beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather,  
and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir.  
There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he  
should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my con-  
science, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's  
nose; all that stand about him are under the line,  
they need no other penance: that fire-drake did  
I hit three times on the head, and three times  
was his nose discharged against me; he stands  
there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There  
was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him,  
that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off  
her head, for kindling such a combustion in the  
state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that  
woman; who cried out *Clubs!* when I might see  
from far some forty truncheoners draw to her  
succour, which were the hope o' the Strand,  
where she was quartered. They fell on; I made  
good my place: at length they came to the broom-  
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.

*Por.* 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 beads that is to come.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cha.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows: There's a trim rabble let in; are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

*Por.* An't please your honour, We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a-pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cha.* 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 knaves; And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;

They're come already from the christening: Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

*Por.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow, Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

*Por.* You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail; I'll peck you o'er the pales else. *Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—The Palace.*

*Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gar.* 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.*

*Cra.* And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray: All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye!

*King.* Thank you, good lord archbishop: What is her name?

*Cra.* Elizabeth.

*King.* Stand up, lord.

*The King kisses the child.*

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cra.* Amen.

*King.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

*Cra.* Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth. This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be— But few now living can behold that goodness—

A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed: Saba was never

More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good,

Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows

with her:

In her days every man shall eat in safety, Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours: God shall be truly known; and those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honour, And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,

Her ashes new create another heir, As great in admiration as herself;

So shall she leave her blessedness to one, When heaven shall call her from this cloud of

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 mountain cedar, reach his branches

To all the plains about him: our children's children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*King.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cra.* She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged princess; many days shall see her,

And yet no day without a deed to crown it. Would I had known no more! but she must die,

She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin, A most unspotted lily shall she pass

To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,  
 Thou hast made me now a man! never, before  
 This happy child, did I get any thing:  
 This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,  
 That when I am in heaven I shall desire  
 To see what this child does, and praise my  
 Maker.  
 I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,  
 And 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 frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis  
 clear,  
 They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city  
 Abused extremely, and to cry *That's witty!*  
 Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,  
 All the expected good we're like to hear  
 For this play at this time, is only in  
 The merciful construction of good women;  
 For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,  
 And say 'twill do, I know, within a while  
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,  
 If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

PRIAM, King of Troy.  
HECTOR,  
TROILUS,  
PARIS,  
DEIPHOBUS,  
HELENUS, } his sons.  
MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.  
ÆNEAS, } Trojan commanders.  
ANTENOR, }  
CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.  
PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.  
AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.  
MENECLAUS, his brother.  
ACHILLES,  
AJAX,  
ULYSSES,  
NESTOR, } Grecian princes.  
DIOMEDES,  
PATROCLUS, }  
THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.  
ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.  
Servant to Troilus.  
Servant to Paris.  
Servant to Diomedes.  
HELEN, wife to Menelaus.  
ANDEOMACHE, wife to Hector.  
CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.  
CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.  
Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

The first edition of this play was published in 1609, with the author's name, in quarto. The folio edition is greatly improved, the quarto having both been carelessly printed and also in places left very much unfinished. There was a kind of preface in which it was described as wholly new, but there is an entry at Stationers' Hall of a play of the same name in 1602. The date 1609 is the latest before Shakespeare's death. The story was adopted by Chaucer, but its origin appears to be unknown. It occurs in Lydgate and Caxton, but not in any classic. The costume must be that supposed to be Greek, and the scene is laid at Troy.

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

## THE 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,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore  
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made  
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedos they come;  
And the deep-drawing barks do there discharge  
Their warlike freightage: 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 responsive and fulfilling bolts,  
Spurr 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.

Scene I.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

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, alas! hath none.  
Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?  
Tro. The Greeks are strong and skilful to their  
strength,  
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant;  
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night  
And skillless as unpractis'd 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.  
Tro. Have I not tarried?  
Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the  
bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the  
leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in  
the word *hereafter* the kneading, the making of  
the cake, the heating 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 blench at sufferance than I do.  
At Priam's royal table do I sit;  
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—  
So, traitor! When she comes! When is she  
thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than  
ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,  
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,  
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,  
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;  
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,  
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker  
than Helen's—well, go to—there were no more  
comparison between the women: but, for my  
part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they  
term it, praise her: but I would somebody had  
heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not  
dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—  
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep  
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad  
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st *she is fair*;  
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,  
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,  
In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure  
The cygnets' down is harsh and spirit of sense  
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou  
tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;  
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be  
as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her;  
an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-  
thought on of her and ill-thought on of you; gone  
between and between, but small thanks for my  
labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,  
with me?

*Pan.* Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

*Tro.* Say I she is not fair?

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

*Tro.* Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

*Exit Pandarus. An alarum.*

*Tro.* Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair, When with your blood you daily paint her thus. I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starved a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Ilium and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering Pandar,

Ourselves the merchant, and this sailing Pandar

Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

*Alarum. Enter Æneas.*

*Æne.* How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

*Tro.* Because not there: this woman's answer sorts.

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

*Æne.* That Paris is returned home and hurt.

*Tro.* By whom, Æneas?

*Æne.* Troilus, by Menelaus.

*Tro.* Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. *Alarum.*

*Æne.* Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

*Tro.* Better at home, if would I might were may.

But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?

*Æne.* In all swift haste.

*Tro.* Come, go we then together.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Troj. A Street.*

*Enter Cressida and her Man.*

*Cre.* Who were those went by?

*Man.* Queen Hecuba and Helen.

*Cre.* And whither go they?

*Man.* Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved:

He chid Andromache and struck his armourer,

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he; where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath.

*Cre.* What was his cause of anger?

*Man.* The noise goes, this: there is among the  
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;

They call him Ajax.

*Cre.* Good; and what of him?

*Man.* They say he is a very man *per se*,

And stands alone.

*Cre.* So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick,  
or have no legs.

*Man.* This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts  
of their particular additions; he is as valiant as  
the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant:  
a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours  
that his valour is crushed into folly, his  
folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath  
a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any  
man an attain but he carries some stain of it:  
he is melancholy without cause, and merry against  
the hair: he hath the joints of every thing, but  
every thing so out of joint that he is a gouty  
Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind  
Argus, all eyes and no sight.

*Cre.* But how should this man, that makes me  
smile, make Hector angry?

*Man.* They say he yesterday coped Hector in  
the battle and struck him down, the disdain and  
shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fast-  
ing and waking.

*Cre.* Who comes here?

*Man.* Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Cre.* Hector's a gallant man.

*Man.* As may be in the world, lady.

*Pan.* What's that? what's that?

*Cre.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do  
you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How  
do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

*Cre.* This morning, uncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of when I came?  
Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to  
Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

*Cre.* Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

*Pan.* E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

*Cre.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cre.* So he says here.

*Pan.* True, he was so: I know the cause too:  
he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that:  
and there's Troilus will not come far behind him;  
let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that  
too.

*Cre.* What, is he angry too?

*Pan.* Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man  
of the two.

*Cre.* O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

*Pan.* What, not between Troilus and Hector?  
Do you know a man if you see him?

*Cre.* Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

*Pan.* Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

*Cre.* Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he  
is not Hector.

*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some  
degrees.

*Cre.* 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.



*Pan.* Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

*Cre.* So he is.

*Pan.* Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

*Cre.* He is not Hector.

*Pan.* Himself! no, he's not himself: would a' were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well: I would my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

*Cre.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cre.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pan.* Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

*Cre.* He shall not need it, if he have his own.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities.

*Cre.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beauty.

*Cre.* 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

*Cre.* No, but brown.

*Pan.* Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

*Cre.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pan.* She praised his complexion above Paris.

*Cre.* Why, Paris hath colour enough.

*Pan.* So he has.

*Cre.* Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

*Cre.* 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,—

*Cre.* 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.

*Cre.* Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

*Pan.* But to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

*Cre.* Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

*Cre.* O, he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not?

*Cre.* O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

*Pan.* Why, go to, then: but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

*Cre.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

*Pan.* Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an adile egg.

*Cre.* If you love an adile egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

*Pan.* I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin: indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,—

*Cre.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

*Cre.* Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But there was such laughing! Queen Heenba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

*Cre.* With mill-stones.

*Pan.* And Cassandra laughed.

*Cre.* But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

*Pan.* And Hector laughed.

*Cre.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

*Cre.* An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

*Pan.* They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

*Cre.* What was his answer?

*Pan.* Quoth she, *Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

*Cre.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true; make no question of that. *Two and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forked one, quoth he, pluck't out, and give it him.* But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

*Cre.* So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

*Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

*Cre.* So I do.

*Pan.* I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

*Cre.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere 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.

*Cre.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

*Cre.* Speak not so loud.

*Æneas passes.*

*Pan.* That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

*Antenor passes.*

*Cre.* 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.

*Cre.* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cre.* 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?

*Cre.* 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 be hacks!

*Cre.* Be those with swords?

*Pan.* Swords! anything, 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.

*Helenus passes.*

*Cre.* Who's that?

*Pan.* That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus.

*Cre.* Can Helenus fight, uncle?

*Pan.* Helenus? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? Helenus is a priest.

*Cre.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*Troilus passes.*

*Pan.* Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

*Cre.* Peace, for shame, peace!

*Pan.* Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

*Cre.* Here come more.

*Common Soldiers pass.*

*Pan.* Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

*Cre.* There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

*Pan.* Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

*Cre.* 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, dis-

course, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

*Cre.* Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out.

*Pan.* You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

*Cre.* 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.

*Cre.* 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 him, 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.*

*Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* At your own house; there he unarms him.

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

*Cre.* Adieu, uncle.

*Pan.* I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

*Cre.* To bring, uncle?

*Pan.* Ay, a token from Troilus.

*Cre.* 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, wooing:

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 love I teach:

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

Then though my heart's content firm love's doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

*Senect.* Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, with others.

*Aga.* Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below

Falls in the promised largeness: checks and dis-

asters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us

That we come short of our suppose so far

That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;  
Sith every action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
And that unbodied figure of the thought  
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you  
princes,

Do you with cheeks a bash'd behold our works,  
And call them shames? which are indeed nought  
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove  
To find persistive constancy in men:  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,  
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:  
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;  
And what hath mass or matter, by itself  
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nes. With due observance of thy godlike seat,  
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk!  
But let the rufian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains  
cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse: where 's then the saucy boat  
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide  
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and bright-  
ness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze  
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of  
courage

As roused with rage with rage doth sympathise,  
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key  
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Uly. Agamemnon,  
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,  
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.  
Besides the applause and approbation  
The which, [*To Aga.*] most mighty for thy place  
and sway,

[*To Nes.*] And thou most reverend for thy  
stretch'd-out life,  
I give to both your speeches, which were such  
As Agamemnon and the band 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 experienced tongue, yet let it please both,  
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Aga. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of less  
expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,

Divide thy lips, than we are confident,  
When rank Thersites opens his mastic jaws,  
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

Uly. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,  
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,  
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:  
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions,  
When that the general is not like the hive  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.  
The heavens themselves, the planets and this  
centre

Observe degree, priority and place,  
Insistence, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office and custom, in all line of order;  
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol  
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered  
Amidst the other; whose medicinal eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets  
In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!  
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!  
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, hor-  
rors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is  
shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,  
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogenitive and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores  
And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,  
Between whose endless jar justice resides,  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite;  
And appetite, an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is  
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose  
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd  
By him one step below, he by the next,  
That next by him beneath; so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

*Nes.* Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

*Ag.* The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,  
What is the remedy?

*Uly.* The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns  
The sinew and the forehead 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 scurril jests,

And with ridiculous and awkward action,  
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,  
He pag'ants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless deputation he puts on,  
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogues and sound  
'T'wixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—  
Such to-be-hipped and o'er-wrested seeming  
He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,  
'Tis like a chime a-mending ; with terms unsequar'd,  
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon  
dropp'd,

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff  
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;  
Cries *Excellent ! 'tis Agamemnon just.*

*Now play me Nestor ; hem, and stroke thy beard,  
As he being drest to some oration.*

That's done, as near as the extreme ends  
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife :  
Yet god Achilles still cries *Excellent !*

'Tis *Nestor right.* *Now play him me, Patroclus,  
Arming to answer in a night alarm.*

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough and spit,  
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,  
Shake in and out the rivet : and at this sport  
Sir Valour dies ; cries *O, enough, Patroclus ;  
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall spit all  
In pleasure of my spleen.* And in this fashion,  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Severals and generals of grace exact,  
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

*Nes.* And in the imitation of these twain—  
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 rein, in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles ; keeps his tent like him ;  
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,  
Bold as an oracle, and sets Therites,  
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,  
To match us in comparisons with dirt,  
To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

*Uly.* They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,  
Count wisdom as no member of the war,  
Fore-stall prescience and esteem 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 unity :  
They call this bed-work, mapp'd v. closet-war ;

So that the ram that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness of this poise,  
They place before his hand that made the engine,  
Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
By reason guide his execution.

*Nes.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
Makes many Thetis' sons. *A tucket.*

*Ag.* What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

*Men.* From Troy.

*Enter Æneas.*

*Ag.* What would you fore our tent?

*Æne.* Is this the great Agamemnon's tent, I  
pray you?

*Ag.* Even this.

*Æne.* May one, that is a herald and a prince,  
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

*Ag.* 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?

*Ag.* How?

*Æne.* 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?

*Ag.* This Trojan scorns 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 accord,

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.

*Ag.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Ag.* What's your affair, I pray you?

*Æne.* Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

*Ag.* He hears nought privately that comes  
from Troy.

*Æne.* 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.

*Ag.* Speak frankly as the wind ;

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,

He tells thee so himself.

*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 spoke aloud.

*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy  
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
Is rusty grown : he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece  
That holds his honour higher than his ease,  
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,  
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,  
That loves his mistress more than in confession,  
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth  
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.  
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,  
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,  
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call  
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,  
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:  
If any come, Hector shall honour him;  
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,  
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth  
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

*Ag.* This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;  
If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;  
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

*Nes.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;  
But if there be not in our Grecian host  
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,  
To answer for his love, tell him from me  
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver  
And in my vanbrace put this wither'd brawn,  
And meeting him will tell him that my lady  
Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste  
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,  
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

*Æne.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!  
*Uly.* Amen.

*Ag.* Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;  
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir,  
Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:  
Yourself shall feast with us before you go  
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*

*Uly.* Nestor!

*Nes.* What says Ulysses?

*Uly.* I have a young conception in my brain;  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nes.* What is't?

*Uly.* This 'tis:  
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up  
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overbulk us all.

*Nes.* Well, and how?

*Uly.* This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,  
However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nes.* The purpose is perspicuous even as sub-  
stance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:  
And, in the publication, make no strain,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,  
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judg-  
ment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
Pointing on him.

*Uly.* And wake him to the answer, think  
you?

*Nes.* Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else  
oppose,

That can from Hector bring his honour off,  
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;  
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,  
Our imputation shall be oddly poised  
In this wild action; for the success,  
Although particular, shall give a scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general;  
And in such indexes, although small pricks  
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
The baby 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,  
What heart receives from hence the conquering  
part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,  
In no less working than are swords and bows  
Directive by the limbs.

*Uly.* Give pardon to my speech:  
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.  
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,  
The lustre of the better yet to show,  
Shall show the better. Do not consent  
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;  
For both our honour and our shame in this  
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

*Nes.* I see them not with my old eyes: what  
are they?

*Uly.* What glory our Achilles shares from  
Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with him:  
But he already is too insolent;  
And we were better parch in Afric sun  
Than in the pride and salt 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 fall  
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,  
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,  
Yet go we under our opinion still  
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,  
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:  
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

*Nes.* Ulysses,  
Now I begin to relish thy advice;  
And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.  
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone  
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

*Exeunt.*

## Act II.

## Scene I.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites!

The. Agamemnon, how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

The. And those boils did run? say so: did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

The. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. That bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? [Beating him.] Feel, then.

The. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beet-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinewedst leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

The. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner cou an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

The. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou striketh me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

The. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

The. 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 striketh as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

The. Thou grumblest 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!

The. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

The. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. [Beating him.] You whoreson cur!

The. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

The. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

The. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. [Beating him.] You cur!

The. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Ach. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus? How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

The. You see him there, do you?

Ach. Ay; what's the matter?

The. Nay, look upon him.

Ach. So do I: what's the matter?

The. Nay, but regard him well.

Ach. Well! why, I do so.

The. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Ach. I know that, fool.

The. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

The. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions 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 piater 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.

Ach. What?

The. I say, this Ajax—

Ajax offers to beat him.

Ach. Nay, good Ajax.

The. Has not so much wit—

Ach. Nay, I must hold you.

The. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Ach. Peace, fool!

The. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he: look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Ach. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

The. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Pat. Good words, Thersites.

Ach. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

The. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

The. I serve here voluntary.

Ach. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary: no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

The. 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: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Ach. What, with me too, Thersites?

The. There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.

Ach. What, what?

The. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

The. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, Thersites; peace!

The. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Ach. There's for you, Patroclus.

The. 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.

Pat. A good riddance.

*Ach.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host :

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,  
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy  
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms  
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare  
Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.  
*Ajar.* Farewell. Who shall answer him?

*Ach.* I know not: 'tis put to lottery; otherwise  
He knew his man.

*Ajar.* O, meaning you. I will go learn more  
of it. *Ereunt.*

*Scene II.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.*

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;  
*Deliver Helen, and all damage else—*  
*As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,*  
*Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-*  
*sumed*

*In hot digestion of this cormorant war—*  
*Shall be struck off.* Hector, what say you to 't?

*Hec.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks  
than I

As far as toucheth my particular,  
Yet, dread Priam,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,  
More ready to cry out *Who knows what follows?*  
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:  
Since the first sword was drawn about this ques-  
tion,

Every tittle soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes,  
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:  
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,  
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,  
Had it our name, the value of one ten,  
What merit 's in that reason which denies  
The yielding of her up?

*Tro.* Fie, fie, my brother!  
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king  
So great as our dread father in a scale  
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum  
The past proportion of his infinite?  
And buckle in a waist most fathomless  
With spans and inches so diminutive  
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

*Hel.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at  
reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father  
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,  
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

*Tro.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother  
priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your  
reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;  
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,  
And reason flies the object of all harm:  
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds  
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
The very wings of reason to his heels  
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,

Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and  
honour  
Should have bare-hearts, would they but fat their  
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect  
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

*Hec.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth  
cost  
The holding.

*Tro.* What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

*Hec.* But value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself  
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry  
To make the service greater than the god;  
And the will dotes that is attributive  
To what infectiously itself affects,  
Without some image of the affected merit.

*Tro.* I take to-day a wife, and my election  
Is led on in the conduct of my will;  
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,  
Although my will distaste what it elected,  
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion  
To blench from this and to stand firm by honour:  
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,  
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder  
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,  
Because we now are full. It was thought meet  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;  
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce  
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired.  
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,  
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and  
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.  
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:  
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships.  
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went—  
As you must needs, for you all cried *Go, go,*—  
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize—  
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands  
And cried *Inestimable!*—why do you now  
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,  
And do a deed that fortune never did,  
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd  
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,  
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!  
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,  
That in their country did them that disgrace,  
We fear to warrant in our native place!

*Cas.* [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!

*Pri.* What noise? what shriek is this?

*Tro.* 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

*Cas.* [Within.] Cry, Trojans!

*Hec.* It is Cassandra.

*Enter Cassandra with her hair about her ears.*

*Cas.* Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand  
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

*Hec.* Peace, sister, peace!

*Cas.* Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old  
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,

Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes  
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.  
 Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!  
 Troy must not be, nor goodly 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. *Erit.*

*Hec.* Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains

Of divination in our sister work  
 Some touches of remorse? or is your blood  
 So madly hot that no discourse of reason,  
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,  
 Can qualify the same?

*Tro.* Why, brother Hector,  
 We may not think the justness of each act  
 Such and no other than event doth form it,  
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,  
 Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures  
 Cannot 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 spleen  
 To fight for and maintain!

*Par.* Else might the world convince of levity  
 As well my undertakings as your counsels:  
 As I attest the gods, your full consent  
 Gave wings to my propension and cut off  
 All fears attending on so dire a project.  
 For what, alas, can these my single arms?  
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
 To stand the push and enmity of those  
 This quarrel would excite? 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.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak  
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights:  
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;  
 So to be valiant is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;  
 But I would have the soil of her fair rapt  
 Wiped off, in honourable keeping her.  
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
 Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,  
 Now to deliver her possession up  
 On terms of base compulsion! Can it be  
 That so degenerate a strain as this  
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party  
 Without a heart to dare or sword to draw  
 When Helen is defended, nor none so noble  
 Whose life were ill-bestow'd or death 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 glozed, but superficially; not much  
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
 Fit to hear moral philosophy:

He reasons you allege do more conduce  
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood  
 Than to make up a free determination  
 Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
 Of any true decision. Nature craves  
 All dues be render'd to their owners: now,  
 What nearer debt in all humanity  
 Than wife is to the husband? If this law  
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
 And that 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 extenuates not wrong,  
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
 Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,  
 My sprightly brethren, I propend to you  
 In resolution to keep Helen still,  
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence  
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:

Were it not glory that we more affected  
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
 She 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 come canonize 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 roisting 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. *Ereunt.*

*Scene III.—The Grecian Camp. Before  
 Achilles' Tent.*

*Enter Thersites, solus.*

*The.* How now, Thersites! what, lost in the  
 labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax  
 carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him:  
 O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise;  
 that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me.  
 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but  
 I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations.  
 Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer! If Troy  
 be not taken till these two undermine it, the  
 walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O  
 thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget  
 that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mer-  
 cury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus,  
 if ye take not that little little less than little wit  
 from them that they have! which short-armed  
 ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it  
 will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a  
 spider, without drawing their massy irons and  
 cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on  
 the whole camp! or rather, the bone-ache! for



links, is the curse dependent on those  
for a packet. I have said my prayers  
Envy say Amen. What ho! my Lord

*Enter Patroclus.*

Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites,  
and rail.

I could have remembered a gilt counter-  
wouldst not have slipped out of my con-  
son: but it is no matter; thyself upon  
The common curse of mankind, folly  
rance, be thine in great revenue! heaven  
se from a tutor, and discipline come not  
me! Let thy blood be thy direction till  
th! then if she that lays thee out says  
at a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn  
she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.  
's Achilles?

What, art thou devout? wast thou in

Ay: the heavens hear me!

*Enter Achilles.*

Who's there?

Thersites, my lord.

Where, where? Art thou come? why,  
cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not  
d thyself in to my table so many meals?

me, what's Agamemnon?

The Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me,  
troclus, what's Achilles.

Pat. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray  
te, what's thyself?

The Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me,  
troclus, what art thou?

Pat. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Ach. O, tell, tell.

The. I'll decline the whole question. Aga-  
mmon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord;  
m Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Pat. You rascal!

The. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Ach. He is a privileged man. Proceed, Ther-  
es.

The. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool;  
Patroclus is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is

derive this; come.

Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command  
Achilles is a fool to be commanded of

Thersites is a fool to serve such a  
Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patroclus is a fool?

Patroclus demand to the Creator. It  
is a fool to demand to the Creator. It

Patroclus Look you, who comes here?  
Patroclus I'll speak with nobody. Come

Patroclus I'll speak with nobody. Come

Patroclus I'll speak with nobody. Come

Patroclus I'll speak with nobody. Come

Patroclus I'll speak with nobody. Come

Patroclus I'll speak with nobody. Come

Patroclus I'll speak with nobody. Come

Patroclus I'll speak with nobody. Come

Patroclus I'll speak with nobody. Come

Patroclus I'll speak with nobody. Come

Patroclus I'll speak with nobody. Come

He sent our messengers; and we lay by  
Our appertainments, visiting of him:  
Let him be told so; lest perchance he think  
We dare not move the question of our place,  
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall say so to him. *Exit.*

Uly. 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.

Nes. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Uly. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nes. Who, Thersites?

Uly. He.

Nes. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have  
lost his argument.

Uly. No, you see, he is his argument that has  
his argument, Achilles.

Nes. All the better; their fraction is more our  
wish than their faction: but it was a strong  
composure a fool could disunite.

Uly. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly  
may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

*Re-enter Patroclus.*

Nes. No Achilles with him.

Uly. The elephant hath joints, but none for  
courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for  
flexure.

Pat. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,  
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure  
Did move your greatness and this noble state  
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other  
But for your health and your digestion sake,  
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, Patroclus:  
We are too well acquainted with these answers:

But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,  
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason  
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,  
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,  
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,

Yes, 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 predominance; yea, watch  
His pettish luns, his ebbs, his flows, as if  
The passage and whole carriage of this action  
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,  
That if he overhold his price so much,  
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine  
Not portable, lie under this report:

Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:  
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give  
Before a sleeping giant. Tell him so.

Pat. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

Pat. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

Pat. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

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Pat. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

Pat. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

Pat. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

*Aga.* In second voice we'll not be satisfied;  
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.

*Erit Ulysses.*

*Ajax.* What is he more than another?

*Aga.* 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?

*Aga.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

*Aga.* 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.

*Aga.* Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

*Nes.* Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

*Aside.*

*Re-enter Ulysses.*

*Uly.* Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

*Aga.* What's his excuse?

*Uly.* He doth rely on none,

But carries on the stream of his dispose

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self-admission.

*Aga.* Why will he not upon our fair request

Untent his person and share the air with us?

*Uly.* Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,

And speaks not to himself but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath: 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 plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it Cry *No recovery.*

*Aga.* 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.

*Uly.* 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 ruminate 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 stale his palm, nobly acquired;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:

That were to enlard his fat already pride

And add mere 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.*

*Dio.* And how his silence drinl applause!

*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my arme I'll pash him o'er the face.

*Aga.* O, no, you shall not go.

*Ajax.* An a' be proud with me, I'll pride:

Let me go to him.

*Uly.* Not for the worth that hangs quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow!

*Nes.* How he describes himself!

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable?

*Uly.* The raven chides blackness.

*Ajax.* I'll let his humours blood.

*Aga.* He will be the physician that sl the patient.

*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind,—

*Uly.* Wit would be out of fashion.

*Ajax.* A' should not bear it so, a' sho

swords first: shall pride carry it?

*Nes.* An 'twould, you 'ld earry half.

*Uly.* A' would have ten shares.

*Ajax.* I will knead him; I'll make him s!

*Nes.* He's not yet through warm: forc

with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambit

dry.

*Uly.* [To *Aga.*] My lord, you feed too mu this dislike.

*Nes.* Our noble general, do not do so.

*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without Achill

*Uly.* Why, 'tis this naming of him does t

harm.

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

*Nes.* Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

*Uly.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall palter tl with us!

Would he were a Trojan!

*Nes.* What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

*Uly.* If he were proud,—

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise,—

*Uly.* Ay, or surly borne,—

*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected!

*Uly.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou a

composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gav

Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts

Thrice famed, beyond all erudition,

But he that disciplined thy arm

Let Mars divide eternity in tw

And give him half: and, for t

Bull-bearing Milo his additio

To sinewy Ajax. I will not

Which, like a bourn, a pale

Thy spacious and dilated p

Instructed by the antiquar

He must, he is, he cannot,

But pardon, father Nesto

As green as Ajax' and you,

You should not have the

But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I c

*Nes.* Ay, my good son'

*Dio.*

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 cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.  
*Aga.* Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:  
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw  
deep. *Exeunt.*

## Act III.

## Scene I.—Troy. Priam's Palace.

*Enter Pandarus and a Servant.*

*Pan.* Friend, you! pray you, a word: do you  
not follow the young Lord Paris?  
*Ser.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.  
*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean?  
*Ser.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.  
*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman; I  
must needs praise him.  
*Ser.* The lord be praised!  
*Pan.* You know me, do you not?  
*Ser.* Faith, sir, superficially.  
*Pan.* Friend, know me better; I am the Lord  
Pandarus.  
*Ser.* I hope I shall know your honour better.  
*Pan.* I do desire it.  
*Ser.* You are in the state of grace.  
*Pan.* Grace! not so, friend; honour and lord-  
ship are my titles. [*Music within.*] What music  
is this?  
*Ser.* I do but partly know, sir: it is music in  
parts.  
*Pan.* Know you the musicians?  
*Ser.* Wholly, sir.  
*Pan.* Who play they to?  
*Ser.* To the hearers, sir.  
*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?  
*Ser.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.  
*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.  
*Ser.* Who shall I command, sir?  
*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another:  
I am too courtly and thou art too cunning. At  
whose request do these men play?  
*Ser.* That's to't indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the  
request of Paris my lord, who's there in person;  
with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of  
beauty, love's invisible soul,—  
*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida?  
*Ser.* No, sir, Helen: could you not find out  
that by her attributes?  
*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast  
not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak  
with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make  
a complimentary assault upon him, for my business  
seethes.  
*Ser.* Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase  
indeed!

*Enter Paris and Helen.*

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this  
fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure,  
fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen!  
fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

*Hel.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.  
*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.  
Fair prince, here is good broken music.  
*Par.* You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life,  
you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it  
out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he  
is full of harmony.  
*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.  
*Hel.* O, sir,—  
*Pan.* Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.  
*Par.* Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.  
*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen.  
My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?  
*Hel.* 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,—  
*Hel.* My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—  
*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends  
himself most affectionately to you,—  
*Hel.* You shall not bob us out of our melody:  
if you do, our melancholy upon your head!  
*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen! that's a sweet  
queen, i' faith.  
*Hel.* And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour  
offence.  
*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that  
shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such  
words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you,  
that if the king call for him at supper, you will  
make his excuse.  
*Hel.* My Lord Pandarus,—  
*Pan.* What says my sweet queen, my very very  
sweet queen?  
*Par.* What exploit's in hand? where sups he  
to-night?  
*Hel.* Nay, but, my lord,—  
*Pan.* What says my sweet queen? My cousin  
will fall out with you. You must not know where  
he sups.  
*Par.* I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.  
*Pan.* No, no, no such matter; you are wide:  
come, your disposer is sick.  
*Par.* Well, I'll make excuse.  
*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. Why should you say  
Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.  
*Par.* I spy.  
*Pan.* You spy! what do you spy? Come, give  
me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.  
*Hel.* Why, this is kindly done.  
*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing  
you have, sweet queen.  
*Hel.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my  
lord Paris.  
*Pan.* He! no, she'll none of him; they two  
are twain.  
*Hel.* 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.  
*Hel.* Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet  
lord, thou hast a fine forehead.  
*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.  
*Hel.* Let thy song be love: this love will undo  
us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!  
*Pan.* Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.  
*Par.* 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 buck and doe:  
The shaft confounds,  
Not that it wounds,  
But tickles still the sore.  
These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die!  
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,  
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!  
So dying love lives still:  
Oh! ho! a while, but ha! ha! ha!  
Oh! ho! groans out for ha! ha! ha! Heigh-ho!*

*Hel.* In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.  
*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's 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?

*Hel.* 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's excuse?

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Hel.* Commend me to your niece.

*Pan.* I will, sweet queen.

*Exit.*

*Sound a retreat.*

*Par.* They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

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.

*Hel.* 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, overshines ourself.

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Troy. Pandarus' Orchard.*

*Enter Pandarus and Troilus' Boy, meeting.*

*Pan.* How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

*Boy.* No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

*Pan.* O, here he comes.

*Enter Troilus.*

How now, how now!

*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off.

*Exit Boy.*

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin?

*Tro.* No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transporance to those fields

Where I may wallow in the lily-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 i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

*Exit.*

*Tro.* I am giddy; expectation whirls me round. The imaginary relish is so sweet That it enchants my sense: what will it be, When that the watery palate tastes indeed Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me, Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine, Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness, For the capacity of my ruder powers: I fear it much; and I do fear besides, That I shall lose distinction in my joys; As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps The enemy flying.

*Re-enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

*Exit.*

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encountering The eyes 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 gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' 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 o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's *In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

*Exit.*

*Cre.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Tro.* O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

*Cre.* Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!

*Tro.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abrupton? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cre.* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

*Tro.* Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

*Cre.* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds

safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worst.

*Tro.* O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cre.* Nor nothing monstrous neither?

*Tro.* Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

*Cre.* They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

*Tro.* Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truer not truer than Troilus.

*Cre.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Re-enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

*Cre.* Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

*Pan.* I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he finch, chide me for it.

*Tro.* You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

*Pan.* Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

*Cre.* Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day  
For many weary months.

*Tro.* Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

*Cre.* Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—pardon me—  
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.  
I love you now; but not, till now, so much  
But I might master it: in faith, I lie;  
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown  
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!  
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?  
But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,  
Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,  
For in this rapture I shall surely speak  
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,  
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws  
My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth.

*Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith.

*Cre.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;  
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:  
I am ashamed. O heavens! what have I done?  
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid!

*Pan.* Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

*Cre.* Pray you, content you.

*Tro.* What offends you, lady?

*Cre.* Sir, mine own company.

*Tro.* You cannot shun Yourself.

*Cre.* 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 gone:  
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

*Tro.* Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

*Cre.* Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,  
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

*Tro.* O that I thought it could be in a woman—

As, if it can, I will presume in you—

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decays!

Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,

That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnow'd purity in love;

How were I then uplifted! but, alas!

I am as true as truth's simplicity

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

*Cre.* In that I'll war with you.

*Tro.* O virtuous fight,  
When right with right wars who shall be most right!

True swains in love shall in the world to come  
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare,

Want similes, truth tired with iteration,

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

As truth's authentic author to be cited,

As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,

And sanctify the numbers.

*Cre.* 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 maids in love,

Upbraid 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,

Fard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,

*Yea*, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
*As false as Cressid.*

*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

*Tro.* Amen.

*Cre.* Amen.

*Pan.* 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 Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here  
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

*Ezeunt.*

*Scene III.—The Grecian Camp.*

*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 aloud  
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,  
Incur'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all  
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition  
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,  
And 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.

*Aga.* 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 negotiations all must slack,  
Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence  
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.

*Aga.* Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have  
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden  
Which I am proud to bear.

*Ezeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.*

*Uly.* Achilles stands i' 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 unplausible eyes are bent on him:  
If so, I have derision medicinable,  
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.

*Aga.* We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
A form of strangeness as we pass along:  
So do each lord, and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*Ach.* What, comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Aga.* What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

*Nes.* Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

*Ach.* No.

*Nes.* Nothing, my lord.

*Aga.* The better.

*Ezeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*

*Ach.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How do you? how do you? *Exit.*

*Ach.* What, does the cuckold scorn me?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus!

*Ach.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha?

*Ach.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too. *Exit.*

*Ach.* What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

*Pat.* They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;  
To come as humbly as they used to creep  
To holy altars.

*Ach.* What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: what the declined is  
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others  
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,  
Show not their mealy 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:  
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
Do one pluck down another and together  
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy  
At ample point all that I did possess,  
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:

I'll interrupt his reading.

How now, Ulysses!

*Uly.* Now, great Thetis' son!

*Ach.* What are you reading?

*Uly.* A strange fellow here

Writes me: *That man, how dearly ever parted,*

*How much in having, or without or in,  
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;  
As when his virtues shining upon others  
Heat them and they retort that heat again  
To the first giver.*

*Ach.* This is not strange, Ulysses.  
The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,  
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,  
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed  
Salutes each other with each other's form;  
For speculation turns not to itself,  
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there  
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

*Uly.* I do not strain at the position,—  
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift;  
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves  
That no man is the lord of any thing,  
Though in and of him there be much consisting,  
Till he communicate his parts to others;  
Nor doth he of himself know them for ought  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they're extended; who, like an arch,  
reverberates

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in  
this;

And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.  
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse,  
That has he knows not what. Nature, what  
things there are  
Most abject in regard and dear in use!  
What things again most dear in the esteem  
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-mor-  
row—

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,  
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!  
How one man eats into another's pride,  
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!  
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast  
And great Troy shrieking.

*Ach.* I do believe it; for they pass'd by me  
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me  
Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?

*Uly.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:  
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are de-  
vour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;  
For emulation hath a thousand sons  
That one by one pursue: if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by

And leave you hindmost;  
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject heel;  
O'er-run and trampled on: then what thou doest  
present,  
Though less than yours in past, must prove  
yours;

For time is like a fashionable host  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever  
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue  
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;  
For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
And give to dust that is a little gilt  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:  
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye  
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
And still it might, and yet it may again,  
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive  
And case thy reputation in thy tent;

Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-  
selves

And drove great Mars to faction.

*Ach.* Of this my privacy  
I have strong reasons.

*Uly.* But 'gainst your privacy  
The reasons are more potent and heroic:  
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love  
With one of Priam's daughters.

*Ach.* Ha! known!

*Uly.* Is that a wonder?  
The providence that's in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,  
Keeps place with thought and almost, like the gods,  
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 expression 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 trumpet,  
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,  
*Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,  
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.*  
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak:  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

*Exit.*  
*Pat.* To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:  
A woman impudent and mannish 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 Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
And, like a dewdrop from the lion's main,  
Be shook to air.

*Ach.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

*Pat.* Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

*Ach.* I see my reputation is at stake ;  
My fame is shrewdly gored.

*Pat.* O, then, beware ;  
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves ;  
Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;  
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*Ach.* Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus :  
I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him  
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat  
To see us here 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 !

*The.* A wonder !

*Ach.* What ?

*The.* Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

*Ach.* How so ?

*The.* He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

*Ach.* How can that be ?

*The.* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand : ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning : bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say *There were wit in this head, an 'twould out* ; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever ; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me : I said *Good morrow, Ajax* ; and he replies *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man that takes me for the general ? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion ! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

*Ach.* Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

*The.* Who, I ? why, he'll answer nobody ; he professes not answering : speaking is for beggars ; he wears his tongue in 's arms. I will put on his presence : let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

*Ach.* To him, Patroclus : tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

*Pat.* Jove bless great Ajax !

*The.* Hum !

*Pat.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—

*The.* Ha !

*Pat.* Who most humbly desires y<sup>e</sup> to invite Hector to his tent,—

*The.* Hum !

*Pat.* And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

*The.* Agamemnon !

*Pat.* Ay, my lord.

*The.* Ha !

*Pat.* What say you to 't ?

*The.* God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

*Pat.* Your answer, sir.

*The.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other : howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

*Pat.* Your answer, sir.

*The.* Fare you well, with all my heart.

*Ach.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he ?

*The.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not ; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

*Ach.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

*The.* Let me bear another to his horse ; for that's the more capable creature.

*Ach.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd ;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

*The.* Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it ! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. *Exit.*

## Act IV.

### Scene I.—Troy. A Street.

*Enter, from one side, Æneas, and Servant with a torch ; from the other, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes and others, with torches.*

*Par.* See, ho ! who is that there ?

*Dei.* It is the Lord Æneas.

*Æne.* Is the prince there in person ?

Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

*Dio.* That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—

Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told how Diomed, a whole week by days, Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question of the gentle truce ; But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance As heart can think or course 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.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly



With his face backward. In humane gentleness,  
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,  
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,  
No man alive can love in such a sort  
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

*Dio.* We sympathise: Jove, let Æneas live,  
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
A thousand complete courses of the sun!  
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,  
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

*Æne.* We know each other well.

*Dio.* We do; and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most despicable gentle greeting,  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.  
What business, lord, so early?

*Æne.* I was sent for to the king; but why, I  
know not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring  
this Greek

To Calchas' house, and there to render him,  
For the enfrèed Antenor, the fair Cressid:  
Let's have your company, or, if you please,  
Haste there before us: I constantly do think—  
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:  
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear  
We shall be much unwelcome.

*Æne.* That I assure you:  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

*Par.* There is no help;  
The bitter disposition of the time  
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

*Æne.* Good morrow, all. *Exit with Servant.*

*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me  
true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,  
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,  
Myself or Menelaus?

*Dio.* Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,  
Not making any scruple of her soilure,  
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 tamèd piece;  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:  
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor  
more;

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your country  
woman.

*Dio.* She's bitter to her country: hear me,  
Paris:

For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,  
She hath not given so many good words breath  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,  
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.  
Here lies our way. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Troy. Pandarus House.*

*Enter Troilus and Cressida.*

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is  
cold.

*Cre.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle  
down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

*Tro.* , Trouble him not;  
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses  
As infants' empty of all thought!

*Cre.* Good morrow, then.

*Tro.* I prithee now, to bed.

*Cre.* Are you a-weary of me?

*Tro.* O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,  
I would not from thee.

*Cre.* Night hath been too brief.

*Tro.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights  
she stays

As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
You will catch cold, and curse me.

*Cre.* Prithee, tarry:

You men will never tarry.  
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,  
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's  
one up.

*Pan.* [Within.] What, 's all the doors open  
here?

*Tro.* It is your uncle.

*Cre.* A pestilence on him! now will he be mock-  
ing:

I shall have such a life!

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* How now, how now! how go maiden-  
heads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin  
Cressid?

*Cre.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking  
uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

*Pan.* To do what? to do what? let her say  
what: what have I brought you to do?

*Cre.* Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll  
ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor  
capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not,  
a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear takes him!

*Cre.* Did not I tell you? Would he were  
knock'd i' the head! *Knocking within.*

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha!

*Cre.* Come, you are deceived, I think of no such  
thing. *Knocking within.*

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:  
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Who's there? what's the matter? will  
you beat down the door? How now! what's the  
matter?

*Enter Æneas.*

*Æne.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth,

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

*Æne.* Is not Prince Troilus here?

*Pan.* Here! what should he do here?

*Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:

It doth import him much to speak with me.

*Pan.* Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

*Æne.* Who!—nay, then: come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

*Re-enter Troilus.*

*Tro.* How now! what's the matter?

*Æne.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: there is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The Lady Cressida.

*Tro.* Is it so concluded?

*Æne.* By Priam and the general state of Troy: They are at hand and ready to effect it.

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

*Pan.* Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

*Re-enter Cressida.*

*Cre.* How now! what's the matter? who was here?

*Pan.* Ah, ah!

*Cre.* Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

*Cre.* O the gods! what's the matter?

*Pan.* Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death. O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

*Cre.* Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

*Cre.* O you immortal gods! I will not go.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cre.* I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me

As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,—

*Pan.* Do, do.

*Cre.* Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—Troy. Before Pandarus' House.*

*Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor and Diomedes.*

*Par.* It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

*Tro.* Walk into her house;

I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:

And to his hand when I deliver her,

Tell you the lady what she is to do,

Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus

A priest there offering to it his own heart. *Exit.*

*Par.* I know what 'tis to love;

And would, as I shall pity, I could help!

Please you walk in, my lords. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Troy. The House of Pandarus.*

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cre.* 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 temporise with my affection,

Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,

The like allayment could I give my grief:

My love admits no qualifying dross;

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes.

*Enter Troilus.*

Ah, sweet ducks!

*Cre.* O Troilus! Troilus! *Embracing him.*

*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.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,

More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

*Cre.* Have the gods envy?

*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

*Cre.* And is it true that I must go from Troy?

*Tro.* A hateful truth.

*Cre.* What, and from Troilus too?

*Tro.* From Troy and Troilus.

*Cre.* Is it possible?

*Tro.* And suddenly; just injury of chance  
 Puts back leave-taking, jumbles roughly by  
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents  
 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 time now with a robber's haste  
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:  
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
 With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,  
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu,  
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

*Æne.* [Within.] 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.

*Exit.*

*Cre.* I must then to the Grecians?

*Tro.* No remedy.

*Cre.* A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!  
 When shall we see again?

*Tro.* Hear me, my love: be thou but true of  
 heart,—

*Cre.* I true! how now! what wicked deem is  
 this?

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,  
 For it is parting from us:

I speak not *be thou true*, as fearing thee,  
 For I will throw my glove to Death himself,  
 That there's no maculation in thy heart:  
 But *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in  
 My sequent protestation; be thou true,  
 And I will see thee.

*Cre.* 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.

*Cre.* And you this glove. When shall I see you?

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
 To give thee nightly visitation.  
 But yet be true.

*Cre.* O heavens! *be true* again!

*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love:

The Grecian youths are full of quality;  
 They're loving, well composed with gifts of nature  
 Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:  
 How novelty may move, and parts with person,  
 Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—  
 Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—  
 Makes me afraid.

*Cre.* O heavens! you love me not.

*Tro.* Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question  
 So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,  
 Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
 Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,  
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and  
 pregnant:

But I can tell that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil  
 That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.  
*Cre.* Do you think I will?

*Tro.* No.

But something may be done that we will not:  
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
 Presuming on their changeeful 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.

Fear not my lord, will you be true?

*Tro.* Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:  
 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper  
 crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
 Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit  
 Is plain and true; there's all the reach of it.

*Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus and  
 Diomedes.*

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady  
 Which for Antenor we deliver you:

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;  
 And by the way possess thee what she is.  
 Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
 If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
 Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
 As Priam is in Ilium.

*Dio.* Fair Lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince ex-  
 pects:

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
 Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed  
 You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,  
 To shame the zeal of my petition to thee  
 In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises  
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
 I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;  
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
 I'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* O, be not 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.

*Tro.* Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,  
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.  
 Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,  
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida and Diomedes.*

*Trumpet sounds.*

*Par.* Hark! Hector's trumpet.

*Æne.* How have we spent this morning!  
 The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
 That swore to ride before him to the field.

*Par.* 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field  
 with him.

*Des.* Let us make ready straight.

*Æne.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :  
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
On his fair worth and single chivalry. *Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor and others.*

*Aga.* Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.  
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 spherèd bias cheek  
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:  
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout  
blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector. *Trumpet sounds.*

*Uly.* No trumpet answers.

*Ach.* 'Tis but early days,  
*Aga.* Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas'  
daughter?

*Uly.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;  
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.*

*Aga.* Is this the Lady Cressid?

*Dio.* Even she.

*Aga.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet  
lady.

*Nes.* Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

*Uly.* Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

*Nes.* And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.  
So much for Nestor.

*Ach.* I'll take that winter from your lips, fair  
lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

*Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Pat.* But that's no argument for kissing now;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,  
And parted thus you and your argument.

*Uly.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!  
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

*Pat.* The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:  
Patroclus kisses you.

*Men.* O, this is trim!

*Pat.* Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

*Men.* I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your  
leave.

*Cre.* In kissing, do you render or receive?

*Pat.* Both take and give.

*Cre.* 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.

*Cre.* You're an odd man; give even, or give  
none.

*Men.* An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

*Cre.* No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true,  
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

*Men.* You fillip me o' the head.

*Cre.* No, I'll be sworn.

*Uly.* It were no match, your nail against his  
horn.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

*Cre.* You may.

*Uly.* I do desire it.

*Cre.* Why, beg, then.

*Uly.* Why then for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,  
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

*Cre.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

*Uly.* Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

*Dio.* Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your  
father. *Exit with Cressida.*

*Nes.* A woman of quick sense.

*Uly.* Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounters, so glib of tongue,

That give accosting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity

And daughters of the game. *Trumpet within.*

*All.* The Trojans' trumpet.

*Aga.* Yonder comes the troop.

*Flourish.* *Enter all of Troy: Hector, Æneas,  
Troilus and others, 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.

*Aga.* Which way would Hector have it?

*Æne.* He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

*Ach.* 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing

The knight opposed.

*Æne.* If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

*Ach.* If not Achilles, nothing.

*Æne.* Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know  
this:

In the extremity of great and little,

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

*Ach.* A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive you.

*Re-enter Diomedes.*

*Aga.* Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath: the combatants being kin

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

*Uly.* They are opposed already.

*Aga.* What Trojan is that same that looks so  
heavy?

*Uly.* 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 vindictive than jealous love:  
They call him Troilus, and on him erect  
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth  
Even to his inches, and with private soul  
Did in great Iliou thus translate him to me.

*Alarum.*  
*Ag.* They are in action.

*Nes.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

*Tro.* Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee!

*Ag.* His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!

*Dio.* You must no more. *Trumpets cease.*

*Æne.* Princes, enough, so please you.

*Ajax.* I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

*Dio.* As Hector pleases.

*Hec.* Why, then will I no more:

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain;

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so

That thou couldst say *This hand is Grecian all,*

*And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg*

*All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood*

*Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister*

*Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,*

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish

member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay

That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

*Ajax.* I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle and too free a man:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

*Hec.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable,

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st

Oyes

Cries *This is he,* could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

*Æne.* There is expectation here from both the

sides,

What further you will do.

*Hec.* We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.

*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties find success—

As sold I have the chance—I would desire

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

*Hec.* Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me,

And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;  
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

*Ajax.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

*Hec.* The worthiest of them tell me name by

name;

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes

Shall find him by his large and portly size.

*Ag.* Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy;

But that's no welcome: understand more clear,

What's past and what's to come is strew'd with

husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,

Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

*Hec.* I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

*Ag.* [*To Troilus.*] My well-famed lord of Troy,

no less to you.

*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's

greeting:

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

*Hec.* Who must we answer?

*Æne.* The noble Menelaus.

*Hec.* O, you, my lord? by Mars his gau, 'et,

thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;

Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:

She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

*Men.* Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly

theme.

*Hec.* O, pardon; I offend.

*Nes.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft

Labouring for destiny make cruel way

Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have seen

thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

Despising many forfeits and subduements,

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword 't the

air,

Not letting it decline on the declined,

That I have said to some my standers by,

*Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!*

And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,

Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,

I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,

And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,

Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;

And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

*Æne.* 'Tis the old Nestor.

*Hec.* Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

*Nes.* I would my arms could match thee in

contention,

As thy contend with thee in courtesy.

*Hec.* I would they could.

*Nes.* Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-

morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time.

*Uly.* I wonder now how yonder city stands

When we have here her base and pillar by us.

*Hec.* I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.

*Uly.* Sir, I foretold you then what should 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.

*Hec.* I must not believe you:  
There they stand yet, and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,  
And that old common arbitrator, Time,  
Will one day end it.

*Uly.* 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.

*Ach.* I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!  
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;  
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint.

*Hec.* Is this Achilles?

*Ach.* I am Achilles.

*Hec.* Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on  
thee.

*Ach.* Behold thy fill.

*Hec.* Nay, I have done already.

*Ach.* Thou art too brief: I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hec.* O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me  
o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.  
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

*Ach.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his  
body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or  
there?

That I may give the local wound a name  
And make distinct the very breach whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!

*Hec.* 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?

*Ach.* I tell thee, yea.

*Hec.* Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,  
I 'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;  
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;  
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,  
I 'll kill thee 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—

*Ajax.* Do not chafe thee, cousin:

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,  
Till accident or purpose bring you to't:  
You may have every day enough of Hector,  
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,  
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

*Hec.* I pray you, let us see you in the field:  
We have had pelting wars, since you refused  
The Grecians' cause.

*Ach.* Dost thou entreat me, Hector?  
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;  
To-night all friends.

*Hec.* Thy hand upon that match.  
*Ag.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my  
tent;

There in the full convive we: afterwards,  
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally entreat him.  
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,  
That this great soldier may his welcome know.  
*Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.*

*Tro.* My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

*Uly.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:  
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;  
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid.

*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so  
much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

*Uly.* 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?

*Tro.* 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 fortune's tooth.

*Exeunt.*

## Act V.

*Scene I.—The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus.*

*Ach.* 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.

*Pat.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter Thersites.*

*Ach.* How now, thou core of envy!  
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

*The.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,  
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for  
thee.

*Ach.* From whence, fragment?

*The.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Pat.* Who keeps the tent now?

*The.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

*Pat.* Well said, adversity! and what need these  
tricks?

*The.* Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by  
thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male  
varlet.

*Pat.* Male varlet, you rogue! Why, thou damn-  
able box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to  
curse thus?

*The.* Do I curse thee?

*Pat.* Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whore-  
son indistinguishable cur, no.

*The.* No! why art thou then exasperate, thou  
idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou green  
sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a pro-  
digal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is  
pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of  
nature!

Pat. O' call!

The. Fine beg!

Ach. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite  
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.  
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,  
A token from her daughter, my fair love,  
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep  
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:  
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;  
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.  
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:  
This night in banquetting must all be spent.  
Away, Patroclus!

*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

The. With too much blood and too little brain,  
these two may run mad; but, if with too much  
brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer  
of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest  
fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but  
he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the  
goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother,  
the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique  
memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in  
a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what  
form but that he is, should wit larded with malice  
and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an  
ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an  
ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be  
a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard,  
an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I  
would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would  
conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I  
would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not  
to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.  
Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

*Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon,  
Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus and Diomedes,  
with lights.*

Aga. So go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;  
There, where we see the lights.

Hec. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Uly. Here comes himself to guide you.

*Re-enter Achilles.*

Ach. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes  
all.

Aga. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good  
night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hec. Thanks and good night to the Greeks'  
general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hec. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

The. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth 'a! sweet  
sink, sweet sewer.

Ach. Good night and welcome, both at once,  
to those

That go or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*

Ach. Old Nestor carries; and you too, Diomed,  
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important busi-  
ness,

The tide whereof is now. Good night, great  
Hector.

Hec. Give me your hand.

Uly. [*Aside to Troilus.*] Follow his torch; he  
goes to Calchas' tent:

I'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hec. And so, good night.

*Exit Diomedes; Uly. and Tro. following.*

Ach. Come, come, enter my tent.

*Exeunt Ach., Hec., Ajax and Nes.*

The. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue,  
a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him  
when he leers than I will a serpent when he  
hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise,  
like Brabblers the hound; but when he performs,  
astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will  
come some change; the sun borrows of the moon,  
when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave  
to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say he  
keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas'  
tent: I'll after. *Exit.*

*Scene II.—The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter Diomedes.*

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed, Calchas, I think. Where's  
your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

*Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after  
them, Thersites.*

Uly. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

*Enter Cressida.*

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word  
with you. *Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Uly. She will sing any man at first sight.

The. And any man may sing her, if he can take  
her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Uly. List.

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to  
folly.

The. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cre. I'll tell you what,—

Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are for-  
sworn.

Cre. In faith, I cannot: what would you have  
me do?

The. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on  
me?

Cre. I prithe, do not hold me to mine oath;  
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Uly. How now, Trojan!

Cre. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no  
more.

*Tro.* Thy better must.  
*Cre.* Hark, one word in your ear.  
*Tro.* O plague and madness!  
*Uly.* You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,  
 Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself  
 To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;  
 The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.  
*Tro.* Behold, I pray you!  
*Uly.* Nay, good my lord, go off:  
 You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.  
*Tro.* I pray thee, stay.  
*Uly.* You have not patience; come.  
*Tro.* I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's  
 torments,  
 I will not speak a word!  
*Dio.* And so, good night.  
*Cre.* Nay, but you part in anger.  
*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee?  
 O wither'd truth!  
*Uly.* Why, how now, lord!  
*Tro.* By Jove,  
 I will be patient.  
*Cre.* Guardian!—why, Greek!  
*Dio.* Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.  
*Cre.* In faith, I do not: come hither once again.  
*Uly.* You shake, my lord, at something: will  
 you go?  
 You will break out.  
*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!  
*Uly.* Come, come.  
*Tro.* Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a  
 word:

There is between my will and all offences  
 A guard of patience: stay a little while.  
*The.* How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump  
 and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry,  
 lechery, fry!  
*Dio.* But will you, then?  
*Cre.* In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.  
*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.  
*Cre.* I'll fetch you one. *Exit.*  
*Uly.* 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.*

*The.* Now the pledge; now, now, now!  
*Cre.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.  
*Tro.* O beauty! where is thy faith?  
*Uly.* My lord,—  
*Tro.* I will be patient; outwardly I will.  
*Cre.* You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.  
 He loved me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.  
*Dio.* Whose was 't?  
*Cre.* 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.  
*The.* Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!  
*Dio.* I shall have it.  
*Cre.* What, this?  
*Dio.* Ay, that.  
*Cre.* O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!  
 Thy master now lies thinking in his bed  
 Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,  
 And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,  
 As I kiss thee: Nay, do not snatch it from me;  
 He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

*Dio.* I had your heart before, this follows it.  
*Tro.* I did swear patience.  
*Cre.* You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you  
 shall not;  
 I'll give you something else.  
*Dio.* I will have this: whose was it?  
*Cre.* It is no matter.  
*Dio.* Come, tell me whose it was.  
*Cre.* 'Twas one's that loved me better than you  
 will.  
 But, now you have it, take it.  
*Dio.* Whose was it?  
*Cre.* By all Diana's waiting-women yond,  
 And by herself, I will not tell you whose.  
*Dio.* To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,  
 And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.  
*Tro.* Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy  
 horn,  
 It should be challenged.  
*Cre.* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it  
 is not;  
 I will not keep my word.  
*Dio.* Why, then, farewell;  
 Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.  
*Cre.* You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,  
 But it straight starts you.  
*Dio.* I do not like this fooling.  
*The.* Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not  
 you pleases me best.  
*Dio.* What, shall I come? the hour?  
*Cre.* Ay, come:—O Jove!—do come:—I shall  
 be plagued.  
*Dio.* Farewell till then.  
*Cre.* Good night: I prithee, come. *Exit Diomedes.*

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;  
 But with my heart the other eye doth see.  
 Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,  
 The error of our eye directs our mind:  
 What error leads must err; O, then conclude  
 Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. *Exit.*  
*The.* A proof of strength she could not publish  
 more,  
 Unless she said *My mind is now turn'd whore.*  
*Uly.* All 's done, my lord.  
*Tro.* It is.  
*Uly.* Why stay we, then?  
*Tro.* To make a recordation to my soul  
 Of every syllable that here was spoke.  
 But if I tell how these two did co-act,  
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?  
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,  
 An esperance so obstinately strong,  
 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,  
 As if those organs had deceptive functions,  
 Created only to calumniate.  
 Was Cressid here?  
*Uly.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.  
*Tro.* She was not, sure.  
*Uly.* Most sure she was.  
*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of mad-  
 ness.  
*Uly.* Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but  
 now.  
*Tro.* Let it not be believed for womanhood!  
 Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage  
 To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,  
 For deprivation, to square the general sex  
 By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.



*Uly.* What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were she.  
*The.* 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 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 conduce 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 orifice 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  
loosed;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,  
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

*Uly.* 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  
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy  
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.  
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:  
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;  
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,  
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout  
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,  
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,  
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
In his descent than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on Diomed.

*The.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.  
*Tro.* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,  
false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.

*Uly.* O, contain yourself;  
Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter Aeneas.*

*Aeneas.* I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;  
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

*Tro.* Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,  
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

*Uly.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks.

*Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas and Ulysses.*

*The.* Would I could meet that rogue Diomed!  
I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would  
bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the

intelligence: the parrot will not do more for an almond. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: a burning devil take them!  
*Exit.*

*Scene III.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.*

*Enter Hector and Andromache.*

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently  
tempered,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?  
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hec.* 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 day.

*Hec.* No more, I say.

*Enter Cassandra.*

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?

*And.* Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.  
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of  
slaughter.

*Cas.* O, 'tis true.

*Hec.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet  
brother.

*Hec.* Be gone, I say; the gods have heard me  
swear.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:  
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'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.

*Hec.* Hold you still, I say;

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man  
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

*Enter Troilus.*

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-  
day?

*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

*Exit Cassandra.*

*Hec.* No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,  
youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:  
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.

*Hec.* What vice is that, good Troilus? chide  
me for it.

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecian falls,  
Even in the fun and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.

*Hec.* O, 'tis fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hec. 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,  
Sprn them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hec. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hec. 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'ergalled with recourse of tears;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,  
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:  
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:  
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had  
visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrap't  
To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
Therefore come back.

Hec. Æneas 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.

Hec. I must not break my faith.  
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!

And. Do not, dear father.

Hec. Andromache, I am offended with you:  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector!  
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns  
pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!  
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!  
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,  
Like 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 Troy deceive. Exit.

Hec. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim:  
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 tisick, a rascally tisick so troubles me,  
and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one  
thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'  
these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too,  
and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man  
were curs'd, I cannot tell what to think on 't.  
What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter  
from the heart;

The effect doth operate another way.

Tearing the letter.

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.  
My love with words and errors still she feeds;  
But edifies another with her deeds.

Exit severally.

Scene IV.—Plains between Troy and the Grecian  
Camp.

Alarums: excursions. Enter Thersites.

The. 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 whore-masterly villain,  
with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious  
drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t' other 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  
mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a  
kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder  
than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day;  
whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,  
and policy grows into an ill opinion.  
Sott! here comes sleeve, and t' other.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river  
Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:

I do not fly, but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:  
Have at thee!

The. Hold, Grecian!—now for thee, Trojan!—  
now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Exit Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hec. What art thou, Greek? art thou for  
Hector's match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

The. No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing  
knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hec. I do believe thee: live. Exit.

The. 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 Cressid;  
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;  
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord. Exit.

Enter Agamemnon.

Ag. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas  
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon  
Hath Doreus prisoner,  
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,  
Upon the pashed corpse of the kings  
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain,  
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,  
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary  
Appals our numbers: haate we, Diomed,  
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nes. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.  
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:  
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,  
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,  
And there they fly or die, like scal'd sculls  
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 he does, and does so much  
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Uly. 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 noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come  
to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend  
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastic execution,  
Engaging and redeeming of himself  
With such a careless force and forceless care  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nes. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Ach. 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.  
Ereunt.

Scene VI.—Another part of the Plains.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office

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!

Ereunt, fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Yes, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Ach. Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector!

Hec. Pause, if thou wilt.

Ach. 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.

Hec. Fare thee well:

I would have been much more a fresher man,  
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?  
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,  
Or bring him off: fate, hear me what I say!  
I reck not though I end my life to-day. Exit.

Enter one in armour.

Hec. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;  
I'll frush it and unlock the rivets all,  
But I'll be master of it: wilt thou not, beast, abide?  
Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.  
Ereunt.

Scene VII.—Another part of the Plains.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Ach. 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 fellest manner execute your aims.  
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:  
It is decreed Hector the great must die. Ereunt.

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then  
Thersites.

The. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my doubt-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game: ware horns, ho!

Ereunt Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

The. What art thou?

*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.

*The.* I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard. *Exit.*

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward! *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: Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

*Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.*

*Ach.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set; How ugly night comes breathing at his heels: Even with the veil and darking of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hec.* I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

*Ach.* Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. *Hector falls.*

So, Ilion, 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 Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

*Ach.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

And, stork-like, the armies separates. My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed, Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

*Sheathes his sword.*

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; Along the field I will the Trojan trail. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IX.—Another part of the Plains.*

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes and others, marching. Shouts within.*

*Aga.* Hark! hark! what shout is that?

*Nes.* Peaoe, drums!

[*Within.*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

*Dio.* The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be; Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Aga.* March patiently along: let one be sent To pray Achilles see us at our tent. If in his death the gods have us befriended, Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. *Exeunt, marching.*

*Scene X.—Another part of the Plains.*

*Enter Aeneas and Trojans.*

*Ene.* Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

*Enter Troilus.*

*Tro.* Hector is slain.

*All.* Hector! the gods forbid!

*Tro.* He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy! I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy, And linger not our sure destructions on!

*Ene.* My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

*Tro.* You understand me that tell me so: I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,

But dare all imminence that gods and men Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba? Let him that will a screech-owl eye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead: There is a word will Priam turn to stone;

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives, Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away: Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet. You vile abominable tents, Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare. I'll through and through you! and, thou great-

sized coward, No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still, That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go: Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

*Exeunt Aeneas and Trojans.*

*As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.*

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you! *Tro.* Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name. *Exit.*

*Pan.* 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 endeavour 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 subdued in armed tail, Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.*

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

*As many as be here of Pandar's hall, Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;*

*Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans, Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.*

*Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade, Some two months hence my will shall here be made:*

*It should be now, but that my fear is this, Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:*

*Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases, And at that time bequeathe you my diseases.*

*Exit.*

# CORIOLANUS.

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## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

TITUS LARTIUS, }  
COMINIUS, } generals against the Volscians.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }  
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } tribunes of the people.

Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.\*

Two Volscian guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.

Genlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,  
Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and  
other Attendants.

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This fine tragedy was first published in the folio of 1623. The text is very incorrect, owing probably to defects in the manuscript copy from which it was printed. The leading idea is the contest for power between the patricians and the plebeians; and some have thought that Shakespeare had the England of his time in his mind. The story is derived from the pages of Plutarch. For the scenery, which is laid partly at Rome and partly in the country of the Volscians, and also for the costume, we have no trustworthy authorities.

# CORIOLANUS.

## Act I.

### Scene I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs and other weapons.

1 Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

1 Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away!

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; 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 vengeance.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you  
With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you.

1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,  
Will you undo yourselves?

1 Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them Against the Roman state, whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it, and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you, and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

1 Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale 't a little more.

1 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 members  
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 capboarding the viand, never bearing  
Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments  
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
And, mutually participate, did minister

Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

*1 Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—  
For, look you, I may make the belly smile  
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly  
As you malign our senators for that  
They are not such as you.

*1 Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
With other muniments and petty helps,  
In this our fabric, if that they—

*Men.* What then?

Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then? what  
then?

*1 Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be re-  
strain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

*Men.* Well, what then?

*1 Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,  
What could the belly answer?

*Men.* I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small—of what you have little—  
Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

*1 Cit.* Ye're long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:  
True is it, my incorporate friends, goth 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 though that all at once,—  
You, my good friends,—this says the belly, mark  
me,—

*1 Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

*Men.* Though all at once cannot

See what I do deliver out to each,  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flour of all,  
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

*1 Cit.* It was an answer: how apply you this?

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members; for examine  
Their counsels and their cares, digest things  
rightly

Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find  
No public benefit which you receive

But it proceeds or comes from them to you  
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,  
You, the great toe of this assembly?

*1 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.*

Hail, noble Marcius

*Mar.* Thanks. What's the matter, you dissen-  
tious rogues,  
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs?

*1 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  
curs,

That like no peace nor war? the one affrights you  
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is  
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him  
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves  
greatness

Deserves your hate; and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye  
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,  
And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile that was your garland. What's the  
matter,

That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another? What's their  
seeking?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates; whereof  
they say,  
The city is well stored.

*Mar.* Hang 'em! They say!  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,  
Who thrives and who declines; side factions, and  
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong  
And feeling such as stand not in their liking  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's  
grain enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,  
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 per-  
suaded;

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  
proverbs,

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,  
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods  
sent not

Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds  
They vented their complainings; which being  
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one—  
To break the heart of generosity,  
And make bold power look pale—they threw their  
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,  
Shouting their emulation.

*Men.* What is granted them?

*Mar.* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar  
wisdoms,

Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—! Death!  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time  
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger, hastily.*

*Mes.* Where's Caius Marcius?

*Mar.* Here: what's the matter?

*Mes.* The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on't: then we shall ha' means  
to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

*Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius and other Senators;  
Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.*

*1 Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately  
told us;

The Volsces are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility,

And were I any thing but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together?

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the ears  
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make

Only my wars with him: he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

*1 Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,

Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is;

And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.

What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius;

I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t' other

Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O, true-bred!

*1 Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where,

I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* [To *Com.*] Lead you on.

[To *Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;

Right worthy you priority.

*Com.* Noble Marcius!

*1 Sen.* [To the *Citizens.*] Hence to your homes;

be gone!

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow:

The Volsces have much corn; take these rats

thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,

Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

*Citizens steal away. Enter all but*

*Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the  
people,—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lips and eyes?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being moved, he will not spare to gird  
the gods.

*Sic.* Bernock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him! he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
Tickled with good success, disdains 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: for what miscarries  
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure  
Will then cry out of Marcius, O, if he  
Had borne the business!

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall  
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come:  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not, and all his faults  
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed  
In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence and hear  
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,  
More than his singularity, he goes  
Upon this present action.

*Bru.* Let's along. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Corioli. The Senate-House.*

*Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Corioli.*

*1 Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels  
And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours?  
What ever have been thought on in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think  
I have the letter here; yes, here it is. [*Reads.*]  
*They have press'd a power, but it is not known  
Whether for east or west; the dearth is great;  
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,  
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:  
Consider of it.*

*1 Sen.* Our army's in the field:  
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly  
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when  
They needs must show themselves; which in the  
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was  
To take in many towns ere almost Rome  
Should know we were afoot.



Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,  
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—  
For, look you, I may make the belly smile  
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied  
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly  
As you malign our senators for that  
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,  
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
With other muniments and petty helps,  
In this our fabric, if that they—

*Men.* What then?

Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then? what  
then?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be re-  
strain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

*Men.* Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,  
What could the belly answer?

*Men.* I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small—of what you have little—  
Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* Ye're long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:  
True is it, my incorporate 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 though that all at once,—  
You, my good friends,—this says the belly, mark  
me,—

1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

*Men.* Though all at once cannot  
See what I do deliver out to each,  
Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
From me do back receive the flour of all,  
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer: how apply you this?

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members; for examine  
Their counsels and their cares, digest things  
rightly

Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find  
No public benefit which you receive  
But it proceeds or comes from them to you  
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,  
You, the great toe of this assembly?

1 *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.*

Hail, noble Marcius!

*Mar.* Thanks. What's the matter, you dissen-  
tious rogues,  
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs?

1 *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  
curs,

That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is  
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him  
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves  
greatness

Deserves your hate; and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!  
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,  
And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile that was your garland. What's the  
matter,

That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another? What's their  
seeking?

*Men.* For corn at their own rates; whereof,  
they say,

The city is well stored.

*Mar.* Hang 'em! They say!  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,  
Who thrives and who declines; side factions, and  
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong  
And feebling such as stand not in their liking  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's  
grain enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,  
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 per-  
suaded;

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  
proverbs,

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,  
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods  
sent not

Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds  
They vented their complainings; which being  
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one—  
To break the heart of generosity,  
And make bold power look pale—they threw their  
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,  
Shouting their emulation.

*Men.* What is granted them?

*Mar.* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar  
wisdoms,

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 so prevail'd with me: it will in time  
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger, hastily.*

*Mes.* Where's Caius Marcius?

*Mar.* Here: what's the matter?

*Mes.* The news is, sir, the Volscies are in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on 't: then we shall ha' means  
to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

*Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius and other Sen-  
ators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.*

*I Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately  
told us;

The Volscies are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

I sin in envying his nobility,  
And were I any thing but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together?

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the ears  
and he

Upon my party, I 'ld revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*I Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is;  
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.  
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius;  
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t' other  
Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O, true-bred!

*I Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where,  
I know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* [To *Com.*] Lead you on.  
[To *Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;  
Right worthy you priority.

*Com.* Noble Marcius!

*I Sen.* [To the Citizens.] Hence to your homes;  
be gone!

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow:  
The Volscies have much corn; take these rats  
thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,  
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

*Citizens wheel away. Exeunt all but  
Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the  
people,—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lips and eyes?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being moved, he will not spare to gird  
the gods.

*Sic.* Bemock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him! he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
Tickled with good success, disdains 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: for what miscarries  
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure  
Will then cry out of Marcius, O, if he  
Had borne the business!

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall  
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

*Bru.* Come:  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not, and all his faults  
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed  
In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence and hear  
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,  
More than his singularity, he goes  
Upon this present action.

*Bru.* Let's along. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Corioli. The Senate-House.*

*Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Corioli.*

*I Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels  
And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not yours?  
What ever have been thought on in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think  
I have the letter here; yes, here it is. [Reads.]  
They have press'd a power, but it is not known  
Whether for east or west; the dearth is great;  
The people mutinous; and 't is rumour'd,  
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,  
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,  
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:  
Consider of it.

*I Sen.* Our army's in the field:  
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly  
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when  
They needs must show themselves; which in the  
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was  
To take in many towns ere almost Rome  
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,  
Take your commission; his you to your bands:  
Let us alone to guard Corioli;  
If they set down before's, for the remove  
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find  
They've not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;  
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,  
Some parcels of their power are forth already,  
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike  
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Rome. A Room in Marcius' House.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife  
to Marcius: they set them down on two low  
stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express  
yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son  
were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that  
absence wherein he won honour than in the em-  
bracements of his bed where he would show most  
love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and  
the only son of my womb, when youth with  
comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a  
day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell  
him an hour from her beholding, I, considering  
how honour would become such a person, that it  
was no better than picture-like to hang by the  
wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to  
let him seek danger where he was like to find  
fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence  
he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell  
thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first  
hearing he was a man-child than now in first see-  
ing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam;  
how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been  
my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear  
me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in  
my love alike and none less dear than thine and  
my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die  
nobly for their country than one voluptuously  
surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

Gen. 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 Volscies shunning  
him:

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:  
*Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,  
Though you were born in Rome!* his bloody brow  
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,  
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow  
Or all or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man  
Than gilt his trophy; the breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle 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 Gentlewoman.*

Vir. Heavens 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 a 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  
house-keepers.

What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good  
faith.

How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, 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; catched it  
again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how  
'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it: O, I  
warrant, how he mammoocked it!

Vol. One on's father's moods.

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 after-  
noon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not  
over the threshold till my lord return from the  
wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreason-  
ably: come, you must go visit the good lady that  
lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit  
her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want  
love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet,  
they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses'  
absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come;  
I would your cambric were sensible as your finger,  
that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come,  
you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I  
will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell  
you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there  
came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator  
speak it. Thus it is: the Volscies 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.

*Fal.* Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*Fal.* In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithée, 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.

*Fal.* Well, then, farewell. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Before Corioli.*

*Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with drum and colours, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.*

*Mar.* Yonder comes news. A wager they have met.

*Lar.* My horse to yours, no.

*Mar.* 'Tis done. *Agreed.*

*Lar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mar.* They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

*Lar.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Mar.* I'll buy him of you.

*Lar.* No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?

*Mes.* Within this mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, 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?

*1 Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. [*Drum afar 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 pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off.*]

Hark you, far off!

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes

Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* O, they are at it!

*Lar.* 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 Volscé,  
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches.*

*Re-enter Marcius, cursing.*

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,  
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd  
Further than seen and one infect another

Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge  
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe  
And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they us to our trenches.

*Another alarum. The Volscés fly and Marcius follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

*Enters the gates.*

*1 Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

*2 Sol.* Nor I. *Marcius is shut in.*

*1 Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

*Alarum continues.*

*All.* To the pot, I warrant him.

*Re-enter Titus Lartius.*

*Lar.* What is become of Marcius?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

*1 Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,  
Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

*Lar.* O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,  
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left,  
Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverish and did tremble.

*Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

*1 Sol.* Look, sir.

*Lar.* O, tis Marcius!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

*They fight, and all enter the city.*

*Scene V.—Corioli. A Street.*

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

*1 Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

*2 Rom.* And I this,

*3 Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

*Alarum continues still afar off.*

*Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius with a Trumpet.*

*Mar.* See here these movers that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachma! 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.

*Lar.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st; Thy exercise hath been too violent For a second course of fight.

*Mar.* Sir, praise me not; My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well! The blood I drop is rather physical Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.

*Lar.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune, Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman, Prosperity be thy page!

*Mar.* Thy friend no less Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

*Lar.* Thou worthiest Marcius!— Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place; Call thither all the officers of the town, Where they shall know our mind: away!

*Exeunt.*

*Scene VI.—Near the Camp of Cominius.*

*Enter Cominius, as it were in retire, with Soldiers.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends: well fought: we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs, We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck, By interims and conveying gusts we have heard The charges of our friends. The Roman gods Lead their successes as we wish our own, That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

May give you thankful sacrifice!

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy news?

*Mes.* The citizens of Corioli have issued, And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle: I saw our party to their trenches driven, And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speakest truth Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

*Mes.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour, And bring thy news so late?

*Mes.* Spies of the Volsces Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel Three or four miles about, else had I, sir, Half an hour since brought my report.

*Com.* Who's yonder, That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods! He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have Beforetime seen him thus.

*Mar.* [*Within.*] Come I too late?

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue From every meaner man.

*Enter Marcius.*

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others, But mantled in your own.

*Mar.* O, let me 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!

*Com.* Flower of warriors, How is't with Titus Lartius?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees: Condemning some to death, and some to exile; Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other; Holding Corioli in the name of Rome, Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash, To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave Which told me they had beat you to your trenches? Where is he? call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone; He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen, The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!— The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you? *Mar.* Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.

Where is the enemy? are you lords of the field? If not, why cease you till you are so?

*Com.* Marcius, We have at disadvantage fought, and did Retire to win our purpose.

*Mar.* How lies their battle? know you on which side

They have placed their men of trust?

*Com.* As I guess, Marcius, Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates, Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius, 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 Aufidius and his Antiates; 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 balms applied to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking: take your choice of those That best can aid your action.

*Mar.* Those are they That most are willing. If any such be— As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting Wherein you see me smeared; if any fear Lesser his person than an ill report; If any think brave death outweighs bad life, And that his country's dearer than himself;

Let him alone, or so many so minded,  
Wave thus, to express his disposition,  
And follow Marcius.

*They all shout and wave their swords, take 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 Volsces? none of you but is  
Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the  
rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,  
As 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. *Ereunt.*

*Scene VII.—The Gates of Corioli.*

*Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*Lar.* 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.  
*Lar.* Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.

Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. *Ereunt.*

*Scene VIII.—A Field of Battle.*

*Alarm as in battle. Enter Marcius and Aufidius, at several doors.*

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee  
Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike:  
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor  
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
And the gods doom him after!

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius,  
Hollos me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, Tullus,  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,  
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood  
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*Auf.* Wert thou the Hector  
That was the whip of your brag'd progeny,  
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

*Here they fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*

Officers, and not valiant, you have shamed me  
In your condemned seconds. *Ereunt.*

*Scene IX.—The Roman Camp.*

*Flourish. Alarm. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it  
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;  
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,  
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,  
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull  
tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hatethine 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 pursuit.*

*Lar.* 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 overt'en mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know  
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you—  
In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done—before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* Should they not,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the  
horses,

Whereof we have ta'en good and good store, of all  
The treasure in this field achieved and city,  
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution, at  
Your only choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.

*A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

*Mar.* May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets  
shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-faced soothing!  
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,  
Let him be made a coverture for the ware!  
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd  
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,—  
Which, without note, here's many else have  
done,—

You shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolic;

As if I loved my little should be dieted  
In praises sauced with lies.

*Com.* Too modest are you;  
More cruel to your good report than grateful  
To us that give you truly: by your patience,  
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you,  
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,  
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it  
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,  
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,  
For what he did before Corioli, call him,  
With all the applause and clamour of the host,  
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS! Bear  
The addition nobly ever!

*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

*Cor.* I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank you.  
I mean to stride your steed, and at all times  
To undercrest your good addition  
To the fairness of my power.

*Com.* So, to our tent;  
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome  
The best, with whom we may articulate,  
For their own good and ours.

*Lar.* I shall, my lord.

*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I, that now  
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.

*Com.* Take't; 'tis yours. What is 't?  
*Cor.* I sometime lay here in Corioli  
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:  
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O, well begg'd!  
Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

*Lar.* Marcius, his name?

*Cor.* By Jupiter! forgot.  
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.  
Have we no wine here?

*Com.* Go we to our tent:  
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time  
It should be look'd to: come. *Ereunt.*

*Scene X.—The Camp of the Volsces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius,  
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en!

*1 Sol.* 'Twill be delivered back on good condi-  
tion.

*Auf.* Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,  
Being a Volscie, be that I am. Condition!  
What good condition can a treaty find  
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,  
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat  
me,  
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter  
As often as we eat. By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He's mine, or I am his: 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.

*1 Sol.* He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, 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 fane nor Capitol,  
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,  
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it  
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,  
Against the hospitable canon, would I  
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the  
city;

Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must  
Be hostages for Rome.

*1 Sol.* Will not you go?

*Auf.* I am attended at the cypress grove: I  
pray you—

'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither  
How the world goes, that to the pace of it  
I may spur on my journey.

*1 Sol.* I shall, sir. *Ereunt.*

## ACT II.

*Scene I.—Rome. A Public Place.*

*Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the  
people, Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Men.* The augurer tells me we shall have news  
to-night.

*Bru.* Good or bad?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people,  
for they love not Marcius.

*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 ple-  
beians would the noble Marcius.

*Bru.* He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Men.* He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.  
You two are old men: tell me one thing that I  
shall ask you.

*Both.* Well, sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that  
you two have not in abundance?

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with  
all.

*Sic.* Especially in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now: do you two know  
how you are censured here in the city, I mean of  
us o' the right-hand file? do you?

*Both.* Why, how are we censured?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—will you  
not be angry?

*Both.* Well, well, sir, well.

*Men.* Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very  
little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal  
of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and

be angry 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 your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

*Bru.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough too.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous 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 tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning: what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weasmen as you are—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 worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectivities 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 pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and 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 shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher'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 predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: 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 Volunnia, Virgilia and Valeria.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha! Marcius coming home!

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!

*Vol.* } Nay, 'tis true.  
*Vir.* }

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night: a letter for me!

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw 't.

*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 empiricic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Vir.* O, no, no, no.

*Vol.* O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't. *Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

*Vol.* On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*Men.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off. *Men.* And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

*Vol.* Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*Vol.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true!

*Vol.* True! pow, waw.

*Men.* True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

*Vol.* I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

*Men.* One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [A shout and flourish.] Hark! the trumpets.



*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius : before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears : Death, that dark spirit, in 's nery arm doth lie ; Which, being advanced, declines, and then mendie.

*A sennet. 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, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ; these In honour follows Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

*Flourish.*

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

*Cor.* No more of this ; it does offend my heart : Pray now, no more.

*Com.* Look, sir, your mother !

*Cor.* O,

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity !

*Kneels.*

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up ;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly-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 coffin'd

home,

That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ah, my dear, Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now, the gods crown thee !

*Cor.* And live you yet ? [*To Valeria.*] O my sweet lady, pardon.

*Vol.* I know not where to turn : O, welcome home :

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 ote on : yet, by the faith of men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors : We call a nettle but a nettle, and

The faults of fools but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on.

*Cor.* [*To Vol. and Vir.*] Your hand, and yours : Eye in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited ; From whom I have received not only greetings, But with them change of honours.

*Vol.* I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes And the buildings of my fancy : only

There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but Our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother,

I had rather be their servant in my way Than sway with them in theirs.

*Com.* On, to the Capitol

*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as be fore. Brutus and Sicinius come forward*

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleari'd sights

Are spectacl'd to see him : your prattling nurse Into a rapture lets her baby cry

While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,

Clambering the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks, windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed With variable complexions, all agreeing

In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens Do press among the popular throngs, and puff

To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames Commit the war of white and damask in

Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil Of Phoebus' burning kisses : such a pother,

As if that whatsoever god who leads him Were silly crept into his human powers,

And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.* On the sudden, I warrant him consul.

*Bru.* Then our office may, During his power, go sleep.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his honours

From where he should begin and end, but will lose those he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt no The commoners, for whom we stand, but they

Upon their ancient malice will forget With the least cause these his new honours, which

That he will give them make I as little question As he is proud to do 't.

*Bru.* I heard him swear, Were he to stand for consul, never would he

Appear i' the market-place nor on him put The napless vesture of humility ;

Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'Tis right

*Bru.* It was his word : O, he would miss it rather Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him

And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better

Than have him hold that purpose and to put it In execution.

*Bru.* 'Tis most like he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him then, as our good wills A sure destruction.

*Bru.* So it must fall out To him or our authorities. For an end,

We must suggest the people in what hatred He still hath held them ; that to 's power he would

Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders and

Dispropertied their freedoms, holding them, In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul nor fitness for the world Than camels in the war, who have their provand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggests

At some time when his soaring insolence Shall teach the people—which times shall not want

If he be put upon 't ; and that's as easy

As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter?  
*Mes.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis  
thought

That Marcius shall be consul:  
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and  
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,  
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue, and the common made  
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:  
I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol;  
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Rome. The Capitol.*

*Enter two Officers, to lay cushions, as it were,  
in the Capitol.*

*1 Off.* Come, come, they are almost here. How  
many stand for consulships?

*2 Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of  
every one Coriolanus will carry it.

*1 Off.* That's a brave fellow: but he's ven-  
geance proud, and loves not the common people.

*2 Off.* Faith, there have been many great men  
that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved  
them; and there be many that they have loved,  
they know not wherefore: so that, if they love  
they know not why, they hate upon no better a  
ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care  
whether they love or hate him manifests the true  
knowledge he has in their disposition; and out  
of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't.

*1 Off.* If he did not care whether he had their  
love or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt doing  
them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their  
hate with greater devotion than they can render  
it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully  
discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to  
affect the malice and displeasure of the people is  
as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them  
for their love.

*2 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 re-  
port: 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 re-  
port otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself  
the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from  
every ear that heard it.

*1 Off.* No more of him; he's a worthy man:  
make way, they are coming.

*A sennet. Enter the Patricians and the Tri-  
bunes of the people, Lictors before them.  
Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the consul,  
Sicinius and Brutus take their places by them-  
selves. Coriolanus stands.*

*Men.* Having determined of the Volscians and

To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,  
As the main point of this our after-meeting,  
To gratify his noble service that  
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore,  
please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general  
In our well-found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom  
We met here both to thank and to remember  
With honours like himself.

*1 Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:  
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think  
Rather our state's defective for requital  
Than we to stretch it out. [*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.

*Sic.* We are contented  
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 at.

*Men.* That's off, that's off;  
I would you rather had been silent. Please you  
To hear Cominius speak?

*Bru.* Most willingly;  
But yet my caution was more pertinent  
Than the rebuke you gave it.

*Men.* He loves your people;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.  
Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus rises and  
offers to go away.*] Nay, keep your place.

*1 Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honours' pardon:  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again  
That hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope  
My words disbench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, sir: yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You soothed not, therefore hurt not: but your  
people,

I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.  
*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i'  
the sun

When the alarm were struck than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd. *Exit.*

*Men.* Masters of the people,  
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—  
That's thousand to one good one—when you now  
see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour  
Than one on 's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.

*Com.* I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly 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 Amazonan 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 wax'd like a sea,  
 And in the brunt of seventeen battles since  
 He larch'd all swords of the garland. For this  
 last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
 I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;  
 And by his rare example made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport: as weeds before  
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd  
 And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,  
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd  
 The mortal gate of the city, which he painted  
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,  
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
 Corioli like a planet: now all's his:  
 When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce  
 His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit  
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigued,  
 And to the battle came he; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd  
 Both field and city ours, he never stood  
 To ease his breast with panting.

*Men.* Worthy man!

*1 Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the  
 honours  
 Which we devise him.

*Com.* Our spoils he kick'd at,  
 And look'd upon things precious as 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.

*1 Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

*Off.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter Coriolanus.*

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
 To make thee consul.

*Cor.* I do owe them still  
 My life and services.

*Men.* It then remains  
 That you do speak to the people.

*Cor.* I do beseech you,  
 Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot  
 Put on the gown, stand naked and entreat them,  
 For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please  
 you  
 That I may pass this doing.

*Sic.* Sir, the people  
 Must have their voices; neither will they bate  
 One jot of ceremony.

*Men.* Put them not to 't:  
 Pray you, go fit you to the custom and  
 Take to you, as your predecessors have,  
 Your honour with your form.

*Cor.* It is a part  
 That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
 Be taken from the people.

*Bru.* Mark you that?  
*Cor.* To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;  
 Show them the 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 Coriolanus come all joy and  
 honour!

*Flourish cornets. Exeunt all but  
 Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.  
*Sic.* May they perceive's intent! He will  
 require them,

As if he did contemn what he requested  
 Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come, we'll inform them  
 Of our proceedings here on the market-place;  
 I know they do attend us. *Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—Rome. The Forum.*

*Enter seven or eight Citizens.*

*1 Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we  
 ought not to deny him.

*2 Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

*3 Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but  
 it is a power that we have no power to do; for if  
 he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we  
 are to put our tongues into those wounds and  
 speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds,  
 we must also tell him our noble acceptance of  
 them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the  
 multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster  
 of the multitude; of the which we being members,  
 should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

*1 Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a  
 little help will serve; for once we stood up about  
 the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-  
 headed multitude.

*3 Cit.* We have been called so of many; not  
 that our heads are some brown, some black, some  
 anburn, some bald, but that our wits are so  
 diversely coloured: and truly I think if all our  
 wits were to issue out of one skull, they would  
 fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of  
 one direct way should be at once to all the points  
 o' the compass.

*2 Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge  
 my wit would fly?

*3 Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as  
 another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in  
 a block-head, but if it were at liberty, 'twould,  
 sure, southward.

*2 Cit.* Why that way?

*3 Cit.* To lose itself in a fog, where being three  
 parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth  
 would return for conscience sake, to help to get  
 thee a wife.

*2 Cit.* You are never without your tricks: you  
 may, you may.

*3 Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices?  
 But that's no matter, the greater part carries it.

I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter Coriolanus 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 particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All. Content, content. Exeunt Citizens.*

*Men.* O sir, you are not right: have you not known  
The worthiest men have done 't?

*Cor.* What must I say?  
*I pray, sir,—*Plague upon 't! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace. *Look, sir, my wounds!*  
*I got them in my country's service, when*  
*Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran*  
*From the noise of our own drums.*

*Men.* O me, the gods!  
You must not speak of that: you must desire them  
To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me! hang 'em!  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by 'em.

*Men.* You'll mar all:  
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner. *Exit.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces  
And keep their teeth clean.

*Re-enter two of the Citizens.*

So, here comes a brace.

*Re-enter a third Citizen.*

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

*3 Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

*2 Cit.* Your own desert!

*Cor.* Ay, not mine own desire.

*3 Cit.* How! not your own desire!

*Cor.* No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

*1 Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

*1 Cit.* The price is to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly, sir, I pray, let me ha' t: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

*2 Cit.* You shall ha' t, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir. There's in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

*3 Cit.* But this is something odd.

*2 Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter. *Exeunt the three Citizens.*

*Enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

*4 Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your enigma?

*4 Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchments of some popular man and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

*5 Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

*4 Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

*Both Cit.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! *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 wolvisish toge should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:  
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,  
The dust on antique time would lie unswep't,  
And mountainous error be too highly heapt  
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.

*Enter three Citizens more.*

Here come more voices.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear  
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six  
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have  
Done many things, some less, some more: your  
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

*6 Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

*7 Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

*All Cit.* 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 again,  
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*

He has it now, and by his looks methinks  
'Tis warm at 's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble  
weeds.

Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose  
this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your  
loves.

2 Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly  
He flouted us downright.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech: he did not  
mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says  
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.

Cit's. No, no: no man saw 'em.

3 Cit. He said he had wounds, which he could  
show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,  
*I would be consul, says he: aged custom,  
But by your voices, will not so permit me;  
Your voices therefore.* When we granted that,  
Here was *I thank you for your voices: thank you:  
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your  
voices,*

*I have no further with you.* Was not this  
- mockery?

Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see 't,  
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him  
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,  
But was a petty servant to the state,  
He was your enemy, ever spake against  
Your liberties and the charters that you bear  
I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving  
A place of potency and sway o' the state,  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fast foe to the plebeii, your-voices might  
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said  
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature  
Would think upon you for your voices and  
Translate his malice towards you into love,  
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit  
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd  
Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;  
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
Which easily endures not article  
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,  
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler  
And pass'd him unelect.

Bru. Did you perceive  
He did solicit you in free contempt  
When he did need your loves; and do you think  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you  
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your  
bodies

No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry  
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you  
Ere now denied the asker? and now again  
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
Your sued-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd: we may deny him yet.  
2 Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I twice five hundred and their friends to  
piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those  
friends

They have chose a consul that will from them take  
Their liberties; make them of no more voice  
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking  
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble,  
And on a safer judgment all revoke  
Your ignorant election; enforce his pride,  
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,  
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,  
Thinking upon his services, took from you  
The apprehension of his present portance,  
Which most gibingly, ungravelly, he did fashion  
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay  
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,  
No impediment between, but that you must  
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him  
More after our commandment than as guided  
By your own true affections; and that your minds,  
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do  
Than what you should, made you against the grain  
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures  
to you,  
How youngly he began to serve his country,  
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,  
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence  
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;  
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither;  
And [Censorinus] nobly nam'd so,  
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,  
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrances: but you have found,  
Scaling his present bearing with his past,  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't—  
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:  
And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit's. We will so: almost all  
Repent in their election. *Exeunt Citizens.*

*Bru.* Let them go on;  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.  
*Sic.* To the Capitol, come:  
We will be there before the stream o' the people:  
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
Which we have goaded onward. *Exeunt.*

## Act III.

## Scene I.—Rome. A Street.

*Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius and other Senators.*

*Cor.* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?  
*Lar.* He had, my lord; and that it was which caused

Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then the Volsces stand but as at first,  
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make road  
Upon 's again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul, so,  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius?  
*Lar.* On safeguard he came to me; and did curse  
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me?

*Lar.* He did, my lord.  
*Cor.* How? what?  
*Lar.* 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?

*Lar.* At Antium.  
*Cor.* I wish I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise  
them;

For they do prank them in authority,  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* 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?

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices?  
*1 Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

*Bru.* The people are incensed against him.

*Sic.* Stop,  
Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd?  
Must these have voices, that can yield them now  
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are  
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their  
teeth?  
Have you not set them on?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,  
To curb the will of the nobility:  
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule  
Nor ever will be ruled.

*Bru.* Call 't not a plot:  
The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,  
When corn was given them gratis, you repined;  
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.

*Cor.* Why then should I be consul? By yond  
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
Your fellow tribune.

*Sic.* You show too much of that  
For which the people stir: if you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must inquire your  
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,  
Or never be so noble as a consul,  
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

*Men.* Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abused; set on. This  
paltering

Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus  
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.

*1 Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,  
I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them  
Regard me as I do not flatter, and  
Therein behold themselves: I say again,  
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate  
The 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.

*1 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 tetter us, yet sought  
The very way to catch them.

*Bru.* You speak o' the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not  
A man of their infirmity.

\**Sic.* 'Twere well  
We let the people know 't.  
*Men.* What, what? his choler?  
*Cor.* Choler!  
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!  
*Sic.* It is a mind  
That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any further.  
*Cor.* Shall remain!  
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you  
His absolute shall?  
*Com.* 'Twas from the canon.  
*Cor.* 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 preemptory shall, being but  
The horn and noise of 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 yail 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 palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,  
And such a one as he, who puts his shall,  
His popular shall, against a graver bench  
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself!  
It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
The one by the other.  
*Com.* Well, on to the market-place.  
*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
The corn of the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used  
Sometime in Greece,—  
*Men.* Well, well, no more of that.  
*Cor.* Though there the people had more absolute  
power,  
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
The ruin of the state.  
*Bru.* Why, shall the people give  
One that speaks thus their voice?  
*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,  
More worthier than their voices. They know the  
corn  
Was not our recompense, resting well assured  
They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to the  
war,  
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not thread the gates: this kind of  
service  
Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,  
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd  
Most valour, spoke not for them: the accusation  
Which they have often made against the senate,  
All cause unborn, could never be the native  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?  
How shall this bosom multiplied 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 debate  
The nature of our seats and make the rabble

Call our cares fears; which will in time  
Break open the locks of the senate and bring in  
The crows to peck the eagles.  
*Men.* Come, enough.  
*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.  
*Cor.* No, take more:  
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,  
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title,  
wisdom,  
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no  
Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
Real necessities, and give way the while  
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it  
follows,  
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech  
you,—  
You that will be less fearful than discreet,  
That love the fundamental part of state:  
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer  
A noble life before a long, and wish  
To jump a body with a dangerous physic  
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out  
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick  
The sweet which is their poison: your 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 bald tri-  
bones?  
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!  
*Sic.* This a consul? no.  
*Bru.* The ædiles, ho!  
*Enter an Ædile.*  
Let him be apprehended.  
*Sic.* Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile.*] in  
whose name myself  
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,  
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.  
*Cor.* Hence, old goat!  
*Senators, &c.* We'll surety him.  
*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.  
*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy  
bones  
Out of thy garments.  
*Sic.* Help, ye citizens!  
*Enter a rabble of Citizens (Plebeians), with the*  
*Ædiles.*  
*Men.* On both sides more respect.  
*Sic.* Here's he that would take from you all  
your power.  
*Bru.* Seize him, ædiles!  
*Cits.* 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!  
*Cits.* Let's hear our tribune: peace! Speak,  
speak, speak.

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties:  
Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,  
Whom late you have named for consul.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie!  
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

*1 Sen.* To unbuilt the city and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city but the people?

*Cits.* True,

The people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all, we were establish'd  
The people's magistrates.

*Cits.* 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.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,  
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,  
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power  
We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy  
Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore lay hold of him;  
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him!

*Cits.* Yield, Marcus, yield!

*Men.* Hear me one word;  
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Ædi.* Peace, peace!

*Men.* [To Brutus.] Be that you seem, truly your  
country's friend,  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,  
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous  
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,  
And bear him to the rock.

*Cor.* No, I'll die here.

*Coriolanus draws his sword.*

There's some among you have beheld me fighting:  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

*Men.* Down with that sword! Tribunes, with-  
draw awhile.

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

*Men.* Help Marcus, help,  
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

*Cits.* Down with him, down with him!

*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles  
and the People are beat in.*

*Men.* Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!  
All will be naught else.

*2 Sen.* Get you gone.

*Com.* Stand fast;  
We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?

*1 Sen.* The gods forbid!  
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;  
Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 'tis a sore upon us,  
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

*Com.* Come, sir, along with us.

*Cor.* I would they were barbarians—as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they

are not,  
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol—

*Men.* Be gone;  
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;

*1 Sen.* One time will owe another.

*Cor.* On fair ground  
I could beat forty of them.

*Men.* I could myself

Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two  
tribunes.

*Com.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,  
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters and o'erbear  
What they are used to bear.

*Men.* Pray you, be gone:  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request

With those that have but little: this must be  
patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

*Com.* Nay, come away.  
*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius and others.*

*1 Patrician.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world:  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart's his

mouth:  
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever

He heard the name of death. *A noise within.*  
Here's goodly work!

*2 Pat.* I would they were a-bed!  
*Men.* I would they were in Tiber! What the  
vengeance!

Could he not speak 'em fair?

*Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble  
again.*

*Sic.* Where is this viper  
That would depopulate the city and

Be every man himself?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes,—  
*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian  
rock

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of the public power

Which he so sets at nought.

*1 Cit.* He shall well know  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

*Cits.* He shall, sure on 't.

*Men.* Sir, sir,—  
*Sic.* Peace!

*Men.* Do not cry havoc, where you should but  
hunt

With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes 't that you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak:



As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults,—

*Sic.* Consul! what consul?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.* He consul!

*Cit.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;  
The which shall turn you to no further harm  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory to dispatch  
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence  
Were but one danger, and to keep him here  
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed  
He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid  
That our renown'd Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own!

*Sic.* He's a disease that must be cut away.

*Men.* O, he's a limb that has but a disease;  
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?  
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—  
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;  
And what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o' the world.

*Sic.* This is clean kam.

*Bru.* 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.

*Bru.* We'll hear no more.  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

*Men.* One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will too late  
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by  
process;

Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If it were so,—

*Sic.* What do ye talk?  
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?  
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

*Men.* Consider this: he has been bred i' the  
wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In bolted language; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
In peace, to his utmost peril.

*1 Sen.* Noble tribunes,  
It is the humane way: the other course  
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,  
Be you then as the people's officer.  
Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.* Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place. We'll attend  
you there:

Where if you bring not 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.

*1 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  
me

Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*A Patrician.* You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen 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 Volturnia.*

I talk of you:

Why did you wish me milder? would you have me  
False to my nature? Rather say I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* O, sir, sir, sir,

I would have had you put your power well on  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man you  
are,

With striving less to be so: lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions, if  
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter Menenius with the Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come, you have been too rough,  
something too rough;  
You must return and mend it.

*1 Sen.* There's no remedy;  
Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray, be counsel'd:  
I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger  
To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman!  
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that  
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic  
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*Cor.* What must I do?

*Men.* Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.* Well, what then? what then?

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them! I cannot do it to the gods;  
Must I then do 't to them?

*Vol.* You are too absolute;  
Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
If the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,  
In peace what each of them by the other lose,  
That they combine not there.

*Cor.* Tush, tush!  
*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour in your wars to seem  
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,  
You adopt 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 salve 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 knees 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.

*Men.* This but done,  
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.

*Vol.* Prithee now,  
Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst  
rather  
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf  
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

*Enter Cominius.*

*Com.* I have been 'i' the market-place; and, sir,  
'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.  
*Com.* I think 'twill serve, if he  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must, and will.  
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go show them my unbarb'd scence?  
Must I

With my base tongue give to my noble heart  
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:  
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should  
grind it  
And throw 't against the wind. To the market-  
place!

You have put me now to such a part, which never  
I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.  
*Vol.* I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast  
said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do 't:  
Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an enunch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves  
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take  
up

The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd  
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
That hath received an alms! I will not do 't,  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth  
And by my body's action teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.* At thy choice, then:  
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
Thy 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 mountbank their loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home be-  
loved

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going;  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I' the way of flattery further.

*Vol.* Do your will. *Exit.*  
*Com.* Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm  
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepared  
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! Exit.*

Scene III.—Rome. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

*Bru.* In this point charge him home, that he affects  
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy to the people,  
And that the spoil got on the Antiates  
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an *Ædile*.

What, will he come?

*Ædi.* He's coming.

*Bru.* How accompanied?

*Ædi.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

*Sic.* Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procured  
Set down by the poll?

*Ædi.* I have; 'tis ready.

*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes?

*Ædi.* 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 i' the truth o' the cause.

*Ædi.* 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.

*Ædi.* Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong and ready for this  
hint,

When we shall hap to give 't them.

*Bru.* Go about it. *Exit Ædile.*

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!

*I Sen.* Amen, amen.

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Ædi.* List to your tribunes. Audience! peace,  
I say!

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.

*Both Tri.* Well, say. Peace, ho!

*Cor.* Shall I be charged no further than this  
present?

Must all determine here?

*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 consul with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour  
You take it off again?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contrived  
to take

From Rome all season'd office and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How! traitor!

*Men.* Nay, temperately; your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!  
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say  
*Thou liest* unto thee with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people?

*Cit.* To the rock, to the rock with him!

*Sic.* Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:  
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him; even this,  
So criminal and in such capital kind,  
Deserves the extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath

Served well for Rome,—

*Cor.* What do you prate of service?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You?

*Men.* Is this the promise that you made your  
mother?

*Com.* Know, I pray you,—

*Cor.* I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, flogging, pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,  
Nor check my courage for what they can give,  
To have 't with saying *Good morrow*.

*Sic.* For that he has,  
As much as in him lies, from time to time  
Envi'd against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power, as now at last  
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people  
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, banish him our city,  
In peril of precipitation  
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,  
I say it shall be so.

*Cits.* 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 womb's increase,  
And treasure of my loins; then if I would  
Speak that,—

*Sic.* We know your drift: speak what?

*Com.* There's no more to be said, but he is  
banish'd.

As enemy to the people and his country:  
It shall be so.

*Cits.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Cor.* You common cry of curs! whose breath  
I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;  
And here remain with your uncertainty!  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders; till at length  
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,  
Making not reservation of yourselves,  
Still your own foes, deliver you as most  
Abated captives to some nation  
That won you without blows! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:  
There is a world elsewhere.

*Ereunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius,  
Senators and Patricians. They all shout,  
and throw up their caps.*

*Eli.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

*Cits.* Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!  
Hoo!

*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.

*Cits.* Come, come; let's see him out at gates;  
come.

The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.  
*Ereunt.*

### Act IV.

*Scene I.—Rome. Before a Gate of the City.*

*Enter Coriolanus, Volunnia, Virgilia, Menenius,  
Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.*

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell:  
the best

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 could bear;  
That when the sea was calm all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,

*craves*

A noble cunning: you were used to load me  
With precepts that would make invincible  
The heart that could'd them.

*Vir.* O heavens! O heavens!

*Cor.* Nay, I prithee, woman,—

*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in  
Rome,

And occupations perish!

*Cor.* What, what, what!

I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and saved  
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,  
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother:  
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime  
general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women  
'Tis fond to wail 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  
son

Will or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautious baits and practice.

*Vol.* My first son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee awhile: determine on some course,  
More than a wild 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  
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer!

*Cor.* Fare ye well:

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full  
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet 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.* That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd wish these every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand:

*Com.* *Ereunt.*

Scene II.—Rome. A Street near the Gate.

Enter Sicinius, Brutus and an Ædile.

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 we have shown our power, let us seem humbler after it is done than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone, and they stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. *Exit Ædile.*

Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Vol. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some. [To Brutus.] Will you be gone?

Vir. [To Sicinius.] You shall stay too: I would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship to banish him that struck more blows for Rome than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise words;

And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what; yet go: Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,

His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!

He'll make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country

As he began, and not unknit himself

The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incensed the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth

As I can of those mysteries which heaven

Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The meanest house in Rome, so far my son—

This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

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. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

I would the gods had nothing else to do but to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em but once a-day, it would unclug 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 puling, and lament as I do, in anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come. *Exeunt.*

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

Scene III.—A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsc, 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 beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there; you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

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 merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the

entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

*Vols.* You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Antium. Before Aufidius'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, Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones In puny battle slay me.

*Enter a Citizen.*

Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, beseech you?

*Cit.* This, here before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir: farewell. *Exit Citizen.*

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissension of a doit, break out  
To bitter enmity; so, fellest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me:  
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon  
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,  
He does fair justice: if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service. *Exit.*

*Scene V.—Antium. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

*Music plays. Enter a Serving-man.*

*1 Ser.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!  
I think our fellows are asleep. *Exit.*

*Enter another Serving-man.*

*2 Ser.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.  
Cotus! *Exit.*

*Enter Coriolanus.*

*Cor.* A goodly house: the feast smells well;  
but I  
Appear not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Serving-man.*

*1 Ser.* 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.

*Re-enter second Serving-man.*

*2 Ser.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter  
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such  
companions. Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away!

*2 Ser.* Away! get you away.

*Cor.* Now thou'rt troublesome.

*2 Ser.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked  
with anon.

*Enter a third Serving-man. The first meets him.*

*3 Ser.* What fellow's this?

*1 Ser.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I  
cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my  
master to him. *Retires.*

*3 Ser.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray  
you, avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand: I will not hurt your  
hearth.

*3 Ser.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

*3 Ser.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True, so I am.

*3 Ser.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some  
other station; here's no place for you; pray you,  
avoid: come.

*Cor.* Follow your function, go, and batten on  
cold bits. *Pushes him away from him.*

*3 Ser.* What, you will not? Prithee, tell my  
master what a strange guest he has here.

*2 Ser.* And I shall. *Exit.*

*3 Ser.* Where dwellest thou?

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

*2 Ser.* Under the canopy!

*Cor.* Ay.

*3 Ser.* Where's that?

*Cor.* I the city of kites and crows.

*3 Ser.* I the city of kites and crows! What an  
ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too?

*Cor.* No, I serve not thy master.

*3 Ser.* How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

*Cor.* Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle  
with thy mistress. Thou pratest, and pratest;  
serve with thy trencher, hence!

*Beats him away. Exit third Serving-man.*

*Enter Aufidius with the second Serving-man.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

*2 Ser.* Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a  
dog, but for disturbing the lords within. *Retires.*

*Auf.* Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou?  
thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy  
name?

*Cor.* [Unmuffling.] If, Tullus,  
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not  
Think me for the man I am, necessity  
Commands me name myself.

*Auf.* What is thy name?

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't: though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown : know'st thou me yet ?

*Auf.* I know thee not : thy name ?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces, Great hurt and mischief ; thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus : the painful service, The extreme dangers and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country are requited But with that surname ; a good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou shouldst bear me : only that name remains ;

The cruelty and envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ; And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth ; not out of hope— Mistake me not—to save my life ; for if I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world I would have voided thee ; but in mere spite, To be full quit of those my banishers, Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn : so use it That my revengful services may prove As benefits to thee ; for I will fight Against my canker'd country with the spleen Of all the under fiends. But if so be Thou darest not this, and that to prove more fortunes

Thou'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am Longer to live most weary, and present My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice ; Which not to cut would show thee but a fool, Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate, Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast, And cannot live but to thy shame, unless It be to do thee service.

*Auf.* O Marcius, Marcius ! Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from yond cloud speak divine things, And say 'Tis true, I'd not believe them more Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine Mine arms about that body, where against My grain'd ash an hundred times hath broke And scarr'd the moon with splinters : here I clip The anvil of my sword, and do contest As hotly and as nobly with thy love, As ever in ambitious strength I did Contend against thy valour. Know thou first, I loved the maid I married ; never man Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here, Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart Than when I first my wedded mistress saw Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,

We have a power on foot ; and I had 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 encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;

We have been down together in my sleep, Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat, And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all From twelve to seventy, and pouring war Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome, Like a bold flood o'er-beat. 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 !

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have The leading of thine own revenges, take 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 : the two *March.* *Ereunt Cor. and Auf.* *Two Serving-men come forward.*

1 *Ser.* Here's a strange alteration !

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has ! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him : he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had so ; looking as it were—would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be sworn : he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Ser.* I think he is : but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who, my master ?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth six on him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not so neither : but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Ser.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter third Serving-man.*

3 *Ser.* O slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals !

1 *and* 2 *Ser.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I ha' as lieve be a condemned man.

1 *and* 2 *Ser.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

3 *Ser.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Ser.* Why do you say thwack our general ?

3 *Ser.* I do not say thwack our general ; but he was always good enough for him.

2 Ser. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 Ser. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on 't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbouado.

2 Ser. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 Ser. But, more of thy news?

3 Ser. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eyes to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.

2 Ser. And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

3 Ser. Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he 's in directitude.

1 Ser. Directitude! what's that?

3 Ser. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 Ser. But when goes this forward?

3 Ser. To-morrow; to-day; presently; you shall have the druin struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Ser. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 Ser. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it 's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 Ser. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 Ser. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Ser. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

1 and 2 Ser. In, in, in, in! *Exeunt.*

*Scene VI.—Rome. A Public Place.*

*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus.*

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 Menenius.*

Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind  
Of late. Hail, sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,  
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth  
stand,

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All 's well; and might have been much  
better, if

He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his  
wife

Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

*Cits.* The gods preserve you both!

Sic. God-den, our neighbours.

*Bru.* God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on  
our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd  
Coriolanus

Had loved you as we did.

*Cits.* Now the gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was  
A worthy officer i' the war, but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it, and Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter an Edile.*

*Edi.* Worthy tribunes,  
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports, the Volscs 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 inshell'd when Marcius stood for  
Rome,  
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It can-  
not be

The Volscs dare break with us.

*Men.* Cannot be!  
We have record that very well it can,



And three examples of the like hath been  
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this,  
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,  
And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.* Tell not me :

I know this cannot be.

*Bru.* Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* 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.

*Mes.* Yes, worthy sir,  
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*Sic.* What more fearful ?  
*Mes.* 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.* The very trick on 't.

*Men.* This is unlikely :  
He and Aufidius can no more atone  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter a second Messenger.*

2 *Mes.* You are sent for to the senate :  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories ; and have already  
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter Cominius.*

*Com.* O, you have made good work !

*Men.* What news ? what news ?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own  
daughters and

To melt the city leads upon your pates,  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—

*Men.* What's the news ? what's the news ?

*Com.* Your temples burned 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 join'd with Volscians,—

*Com.* If !

He is their god : he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes men 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 'll shake you Rome about your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit,  
You have made fair work !

*Bru.* But is this true, sir ?

*Com.* Ay ; and you 'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt ; and who resist  
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame  
him ?

Your enemies and his find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless

The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it ?

The tribunes cannot do 't for shame ; the people  
Derive such pity of him as the wolf

Does of the shepherds : for his best friends, if they  
Should say *Be good to Rome*, they charged him  
even

As those should do that had deserved his hate,  
And therein show'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'Tis true :

If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, *Beseech you, cease*. You have made fair  
hands,

You and your crafts ! you have crafted fair !

*Com.* You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never

So incapable of help.

*Both Trs.* Say 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. Tullus 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 cockcombs

As you threw caps up will be tumble down,

And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter ;

If he could burn us all into one coal,

We have deserved it.

*Cits.* Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,

When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I : and, to say the truth, so

did very many of us : that we did, we did for the

best ; and though we willingly consented to his

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 Capitol ?

*Com.* O, ay, what else ?

*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home ; be not dis-  
may'd ;

These are a side that would be glad to have

This true which they so seem to fear. Go home, And show no sign of fear.

*1 Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banish'd him.

*2 Cit.* So did we all. But, come, let's home. *Exeunt Citizens.*

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol. Would half my wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

*Sic.* Pray, let us go. *Exeunt.*

*Scene VII.—A Camp near Rome.*

*Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end; And you are darken'd in this action, sir, Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now, Unless, by using means, I lame the foot Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier, Even to my person, than I thought he would When first I did embrace him: yet his nature In that's no changeling; and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir,— I mean for your particular,—you had not Join'd in commission with him; but either had borne

The action of yourself, or else to him Had left it solely.

*Auf.* I understand thee well; and be thou sure, When he shall come to his account, he knows not What I can urge against him. 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, Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down; And the nobility of Rome are his: The senators and patricians love him too: The tribunes are no soldiers: and their people Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it By sovereignty of nature. First he was A noble servant to them; but he could not Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride, Which out of daily fortune ever taints The happy man; whether defect of judgment, To fail in the disposing of those chances Which he was lord of; or whether nature, Not to be other than one thing, not moving From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb As he controll'd the war; but one of these— As he hath spices of them all, not all,

For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd, So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit, To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues 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 fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine, Thou art poor'st of all: then shortly art thou mine. *Exeunt.*

*Act V.*

*Scene I.—Rome. A Public Place.*

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius and Brutus, the two Tribunes, with 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: I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we have bled together. *Coriolanus* He would not answer to: forbid all names; He was a kind of nothing, titleless, Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire Of burning Rome.

*Men.* Why, so: you have made good work! A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome, To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!

*Com.* I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon When it was less expected: he replied, It was a bare petition of a state To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well;

Could he say less?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard For's private friends: his answer to me was, He could not stay to pick them in a pile Of noisome musty chaff: he said 'twas folly, For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt, And still to nose the offence.

*Men.* For one poor grain or two! I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child, And this brave fellow too, we are the grains; You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid In this so never-needed help, yet do not Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,

More than the instant army we can make, Might stop our countryman.

*Men.* No, I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.* What should I do?

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcus.

*Men.* Well, and say that Marcus  
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard: what then?  
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his 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 unfill'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 suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch  
him  
Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I'll prove him,  
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge  
Of my success. *Exit.*

*Com.* He'll never hear him.

*Sic.* Not?

*Com.* I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye  
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury  
The goaler to his pity. I knogel'd before him;  
'Twas very faintly he said *Rise*; dismiss'd me  
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,  
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,  
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:  
So that all hope is vain,  
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;  
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,  
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.  
*Ereunt.*

*Scene II.—Entrance of the Volscian Camp  
before Rome. Two Sentinels on guard.*

*Enter to them, Menenius.*

*1 Sen.* Stay: whence are you?

*2 Sen.* Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by  
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come  
To speak with Coriolanus.

*1 Sen.* From whence?

*Men.* From Rome.  
*1 Sen.* You may not pass, you must return:  
our general

Will no more hear from thence.

*2 Sen.* You'll see your Rome embraced with  
fire before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

*Men.* Good my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,  
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

*1 Sen.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your  
name  
Is not here passable.

*Men.*

I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover: I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;  
For I have ever verified my friends,  
Of whom he's chief, with all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,  
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise  
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore,  
fellow,  
I must have leave to pass.

*1 Sen.* Faith, sir, if you had told as many  
lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in  
your own, you should not pass here; no, though  
it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely.  
Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Prithee, fellow, remember my name is  
Menenius, always factionary on the party of your  
general.

*2 Sen.* Howsoever you have been his liar, as  
you say you have, I am one that, telling true  
under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore,  
go back.

*Men.* Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I  
would not speak with him till after dinner.

*1 Sen.* You are a Roman, are you?

*Men.* I am, as thy general is.

*1 Sen.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does.  
Can you, when you have pushed out your gates  
the very defender of them, and, in a violent  
popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield,  
think to front his revenges with the easy groans of  
old women, the virginal palms of your daughters,  
or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed  
dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to  
blow out the intended fire your city is ready to  
flame in, with such weak breath as this? No,  
you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and  
prepare for your execution: you are condemned,  
our general has sworn you out of reprieve and  
pardon.

*Men.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here,  
he would use me with estimation.

*1 Sen.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean, thy general.

*1 Sen.* My general cares not for you. Back, I  
say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;  
back,—that's the utmost of your having: back.

*Men.* Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

*Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

*Cor.* What's the matter?

*Men.* Now, your companion, I'll say an errand  
for you: you shall know now that I am in estima-  
tion; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant  
cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess,  
but by my entertainment with him, if thou  
standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some  
death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in  
suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for  
what's to come upon thee. [*To Coriolanus.*]  
The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy  
particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than  
thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my  
son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee,  
here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved  
to come to thee; but being assured none but my-  
self 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 servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake.

*Gives a letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not bear thee speak. This man, Aufidius, Was my beloved in Rome; yet thou behold'st!

*Auf.* You keep a constant temper.

*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

1 *Sen.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *Sen.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

1 *Sen.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *Sen.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

*Men.* I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! *Exit.*

1 *Sen.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Sen.* The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene III.—The Tent of Coriolanus.

*Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius and others.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host. My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne this business.

*Auf.* Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Loved me above the measure of a father; Nay, goddied me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love I have, Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse And cannot now accept; to grace him only That thought he could do more, a very little I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits, Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter Will I leud ear to. Ha! what shout is this?

*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

*Enter Virgilia, Volumentia, Valeria, young Marcus and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection! All bond and privilege of nature, break! Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes, Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows; As if Olympus to a molehill should In supplication nod: and my young boy Hath an aspect of intercession, which Great nature cries *Deny not*. Let the Volscies Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand, As if a man were author of himself And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow that delivers us thus changed Makes you think so.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace. Beat of my flesh, Forgive my tyranny; but do not say For that *Forgive our Romans*. O, a kiss Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate, And the most noble mother of the world Leave unsaluted; sink, my knee, i' 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 unproperly 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 Publicola, The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle That's curdied by the frost from purest snow, And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of yours, Which by the interpretation of full time May show like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers, With the consent of supreme Jove, inform Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw, And saving those that eye thee!

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy!

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself, Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace: Or, if you 'ld ask, remember this before: The thing I have forsworn to grant may never Be held by yon denials. Do not bid me Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not To allay my rages and revenges with Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* O, no more, no more! You have said you will not grant us any thing For we have nothing else to ask, but that Which you deny already: yet we will ask; That, if you fail in our request, the blame May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volscues, mark; for we 'll Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment And state of bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself How more unfortunate than all living women Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts, Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;

Making the mother, wife and child to see The son, the husband and the father tearing His country's bowels out. And to poor we Thine enmity'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, Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person, Our comfort in the country. We must find An evident calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win; for either thou Must, as a foreign recreant, be led With manacles thorough our streets, or else Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin, And bear the palm for having bravely shed, Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son, I purpose not to wait on fortune till These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee Rather to show a noble grace to both parts Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner March to assault thy country than to tread— Trust to '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 The Volscues whom you serve, you might condemn us As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscues 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 For making up this peace!* Thou know'st, great son,

The end of war's uncertain, but this certain, That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name, Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses; Whose chronicle thus writ: *The man was noble, But with his last attempt he wiped it out; Destroy'd his country, and his name remains To the ensuing age abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son: Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour, To imitate the graces of the gods; To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air, And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak? Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you: He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy: Perhaps thy childishness 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, Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home, Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust, And spurn me back: but if it be not so, Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which To a mother's part belongs. He turns away: Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees. To his surname 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.

*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. Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius, Were you in my stead, would you have heard A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

*Auf.* I was moved withal.  
*Cor.* I dare be sworn you were: And, sir, it is no little thing to make

Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir, What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part, I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,

Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

*Auf.* I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work Myself a former fortune.

*Cor.* Ay, by and by;—

But we will drink together; and you shall bear A better witness back than words, which we, On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd. Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve To have a temple built you: all the swords In Italy, and her confederate arms, Could not have made this peace. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Rome. A Public Place.*

*Enter Menenius and Sicinius.*

*Men.* See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

*Sic.* Why, what of that?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may-prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't: our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution.

*Sic.* Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

*Men.* There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

*Sic.* He loved his mother dearly.

*Men.* So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet 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 you.

*Sic.* The gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Men.* Sir, if you'd 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.*

*Sic.* What's the news?

*2 Mes.* 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?

*2 Mes.* 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; hautboys; drums beat; all together.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes, 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!

*Sound still, with shouts.*

*Sic.* First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,

Accept my thankfulness.

*2 Mes.* Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city?

*2 Mes.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We will meet them, And help the joy. *Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—Rome. A Street near the Gate.*

*Enter two Senators with Ladies passing over the stage, followed by Patricians and others.*

*1 Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods, And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius, Repeat him with the welcome of his mother;

*Cry Welcome, ladies, welcome!*

*All.* Welcome, ladies,

Welcome!

*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

*Scene VI.—Corioli. A Public Place.*

*Enter Tullus 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 theirs and in the commons' ears,

Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse

The city ports by this hath enter'd and

Intends to appear before the people, hoping

To purge himself with words: dispatch.

*Exeunt Attendants.*

*Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.*

Most welcome!

*1 Con.* How is it with our general?

*Auf.* Even so

As with a man by his own arms empoison'd,

And with his charity slain.

*2 Con.* Most noble sir,

You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you  
Of your great danger.

*Auf.* Sir, I cannot tell:  
We must proceed as we do find the people.

*3 Con.* The people will remain uncertain whilst  
'Twill you there's difference; but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.* I know it;  
And my pretext to strike at him admits  
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth: who being so  
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, unswayable and free.

*3 Con.* Sir, his stoutness  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,—

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of:  
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;  
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way  
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men; served his designments  
In mine own person; help to reap the fame  
Which he did end all his; and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and  
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if  
I had been mercenary.

*1 Con.* So he did, my lord:  
The army marvell'd at it, and, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd  
For no less spoil than glory,—

*Auf.* There was it:  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,  
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

*Drums and trumpets sound, with great  
shouts of the People.*

*1 Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home: but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

*2 Con.* And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats  
tear

With giving him glory.

*3 Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more:  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

*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.

*1 Lord.* And grieve to hear 't.  
What faults he made before the last, I think  
Might have found easy fines: but there to end

Where he was to begin and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge, making a treaty where  
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

*Auf.* He approaches: you shall hear him.

*Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and  
colours; the 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 passage led your wars even to  
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought  
home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part  
The charges of the action. We have made peace  
With no less honour to the Antiates  
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,  
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords:  
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree  
He hath abused your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor! how now!

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius!

*Cor.* Marcius!

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; dost thou  
think

I 'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Corioli?

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,  
I say your city, to his wife and mother;  
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 impress'd upon him; that  
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join  
To thrust the lie unto him.

*1 Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me. *Boy!* false hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:  
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,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

*All Con.* 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.'

2 *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 Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword!

*Auf.* Insolent villain!  
*All Con.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!  
*Draw both the Conspirators and kill Marcius,*  
*who falls. Aufidius stands on him.*

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold!

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour  
will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him, masters; all be  
quiet;

Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know—as in  
this rage,

Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll re-  
joice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body;  
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone;  
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up.  
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be  
one.

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;  
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he  
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

*Assist. Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*  
*A dead march sounded.*



# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,  
QUINTUS, } sons to Titus Andronicus.  
MARTIUS,  
MUTIUS, }

Young LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the Tribune.

SEMPRONIUS, } kinsmen to Titus.  
CAIUS,  
VALENTINE, }

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,  
DEMETRIUS, } sons to Tamora.  
CHIRON, }

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger and Clown. Romans and Goths.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

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This tragedy was entered at Stationers' Hall in February 1593, but the first quarto known to exist was published in 1600. Another and very much altered edition appeared in 1611. The accent is on the second syllable of "Andronicus," and not, as it should be, on the third. An entire scene (iii. 2) is found in the folio which does not occur in the quartos.

Many critics have rejected this play as being Shakespeare's, but

Knight and many more accept it. It is by no means in the front rank among his plays, but we cannot refuse to believe he wrote it. The scene is laid in Rome and its neighbourhood, and the costume is Roman, of the time of the Empire.

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

## Act I.

*Scene I.—Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing.*

*Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. 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 successive title with your swords:  
I am his first-born son, that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bas.* Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,  
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, aloft, with the crown.*

*Marc.* Princes, that strive by factions and by friends

Ambitiously for rule and empery,  
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand  
A special party, have, by common voice,  
In election for the Roman empery,  
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius  
For many good and great deserts to Rome:  
A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
Lives not this day within the city walls:

He by the senate is accited 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 chastis'd with arms  
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd  
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
In coffins from the field;

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,  
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,  
And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,  
That you withdraw you and abate your strength;  
Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Sat.* How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

*Bas.* Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy  
In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,  
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,  
And to my fortunes and the people's favour  
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all and here dismiss you all,  
And to the love and favour of my country  
Commit myself, my person and 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 circumscrib'd with his sword,  
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*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, Queen of the Goths, with Alarbus, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.*

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo, as the 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 re-salute his country with his tears,  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.  
Thou great defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!  
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that King Priam had,  
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!  
These that survive let Rome reward with love;  
These that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial amongst their ancestors:  
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,

Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?  
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

*They open the tomb.*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's war!  
O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more!

*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,  
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthly prison of their bones;  
That so the shadows be not unappeased,  
Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.

*Tit.* I give him you, the noblest that survives,  
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

*Tam.* Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son:  
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O, think my son to be as dear to me!

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 slaughtered 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, stain not thy tomb with blood:  
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
Draw near them then in being merciful:  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:  
Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

*Tit.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld  
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain  
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,  
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

*Luc.* Away with him! and make a fire straight;  
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius and Mutius, with Alarbus.*

*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious piety!

*Chi.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

*Dem.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive  
To tremble under Titus' threatening 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 Tamora was Queen—  
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius and Mutius, with their swords bloody.*

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have performed

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud 'larums 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 obsequies;  
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,  
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:  
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

*Tit.* Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!  
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

*Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribinius; 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 Marcus.

*Marc.* And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!  
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your swords:  
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness  
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.  
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,  
This palliament of white and spotless hue;  
And name thee in election for the empire,  
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:  
Be *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 don this robe, and trouble you?  
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,  
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,  
And set abroad new business for you all?  
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
And led my country's strength successfully,  
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
In right and service of their noble country:  
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
But not a sceptre to control the world:  
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*Marc.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

*Tit.* Patience, Prince Saturninus.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right :  
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not  
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.  
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts !  
*Luc.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !  
*Tit.* Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee  
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-  
selves.

*Bas.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
But honour thee, and will do till I die :  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
I will most 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 gratify the good Andronicus,  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,  
That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal :  
Then, if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say *Long live our emperor !*

*Marc.* With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,  
And say *Long live our Emperor Saturnine !*

*A long flourish till they come down.*

*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :  
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my empress,  
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred Pant heon 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 commonweal,  
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate  
My sword, my chariot and my prisoners ;  
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :  
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,  
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 pri-  
soner 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 comest not to be made a scorn in Rome :  
Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
Rest on my word, and let not discontent

Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you  
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.  
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

*Law.* Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

*Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go :  
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :  
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trumpet 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.* 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice :  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

*Luc.* And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.  
*Tit.* Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's  
guard ?

Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surpris'd !

*Sat.* Surpris'd ! 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 Martius.*

*Tit.* Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her  
back.

*Mut.* My lord, you pass not here.

*Tit.* What, villain boy !

Barr'st me my way in Rome ? *Stabbing Mutius.*

*Mut.* Help, Lucius, help ! *Dies.*

*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 :  
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;  
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,  
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,  
But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,  
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That said'st I begged the empire at thy hands.

*Tit.* O monstrous ! what reproachful words are  
these ?

*Sat.* But go thy ways ; go, give that changing  
piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword :  
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded  
heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of  
Goths,

That like the stately Phebe 'mongst her nymphs  
Dost overshadow 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 Hymeneus 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  
swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords,  
accompany

Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquer'd:  
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

*Exeunt all but Titus.*

*Tit.* I am not bid to wait upon this bride.  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challeng'd of wrongs?

*Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus and Martius.*

*Marc.* O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed  
That hath dishonour'd all our family;  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

*Luc.* But let us give him burial, as becomes;  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors  
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:  
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

*Marc.* My lord, this is impiety in you:  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;  
He must be buried with his brethren.

*Qui.* } And shall, or him we will accompany.

*Mart.* }  
*Tit.* And shall! what villain was it spake that  
word?

*Qui.* He that would vouch it in any place but  
here.

*Tit.* What, would you bury him in my despite?

*Marc.* No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

*Tit.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast  
wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one?

So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Mart.* He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

*Qui.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

*Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.*

*Marc.* Brother, for in that name doth nature  
plead,—

*Qui.* Father, and in that name doth nature  
speak,—

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will  
speed.

*Marc.* Renowned Titus, more than half my  
soul,—

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

*Marc.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.  
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:  
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax  
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals:  
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,  
Be barred his entrance here.

*Tit.* Rise, Marcus, rise.  
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!  
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

*Mutius is put into the tomb.*

*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with  
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

*All.* [*Kneeling.*] No man shed tears for noble  
Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Marc.* My lord, to step out of these dreary  
dumps,

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths  
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

*Tit.* I know not, Marcus; but I know it is:  
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:  
Is she not then beholding to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far?  
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish.* *Re-enter, from one side, Saturninus  
attended, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron and  
Aaron; from the other, Bassianus, Lavinia  
and others.*

*Sat.* So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

*Bas.* And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,  
Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.

*Sat.* Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

*Bas.* Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My truth-betroth'd 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.

*Bas.* My lord, what I have done, as best I  
may,

Answer I must and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give 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 controll'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself in all his deeds

A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

*Tit.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:

'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have loved and honour'd Saturnine!

*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.  
*Sat.* What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge ?

*Tam.* Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome for-  
fend

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 last ;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents ;  
You are but newly planted in your throne ;  
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so suppliant you for ingratitude,  
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,  
Yield at entreats ; and then let me alone :  
I'll find a day to massacre them all  
And raze their faction and their family,  
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life,  
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen  
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—  
Come, come, sweet emperor ; come, Andronicus ;  
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 pre-  
vail'd.

*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord :  
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperor for his good.  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;  
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
That I have reconciled your friends and you.  
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
My word and promise to the emperor,  
That you will be more mild and tractable.  
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia ;  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*Luc.* We do, and vow to heaven and to his  
highness,

That what we did was mildly as we might,  
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

*Marc.* That on mine honour, here I do protest.  
*Sat.* Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be  
friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;  
I will not be denied : sweet heart, look back.

*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's  
here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults :  
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,  
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound we'll give your grace bonjour.  
*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

## Act II.

### Scene I.—Rome. Before the Palace.

*Flourish. Enter Aaron, alone.*

*Aar.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash ;  
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach,  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,  
And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;  
So Tamora :  
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long  
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains  
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes  
Than is Prometheus tied to 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 graec'd ;  
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, unad-  
vised,

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 shalt thou 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.

*Dem.* Not I, till I have sheathed  
My rapier in his bosom and withal  
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat  
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

*Chi.* For that I am prepared and full resolved.  
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy  
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing darest perform!

*Aar.* Away, I say!

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,  
This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous  
It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,  
Or Bassianus so degenerate,  
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd  
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?  
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know  
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

*Chi.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world:  
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

*Dem.* Youngling, learn thou to make some  
meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

*Aar.* Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in  
Rome

How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this device.

*Chi.* Aaron, a thousand deaths  
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.

*Aar.* To achieve her! how?

*Dem.* Why makest thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.  
What, man! more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

*Aar.* [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus  
may.

*Dem.* Then why should he despair that knows  
to court it

With words, fair looks and liberality?

What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Aar.* Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch  
or so

Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were served.  
*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* Would you had hit it too!  
Then should not we be tired with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools  
To square for this? would it offend you, then,  
That both should speed?

*Chi.* Faith, not me.  
*Dem.* Nor me, so I were one.

*Aar.* For shame, be friends, and join for that  
you jar:

'Tis policy and stratagem must do  
That you affect; and so must you resolve,  
That what you cannot as you would achieve,  
You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me: 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 rype and villainy:

Single you thither then this dainty doe,  
And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.  
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit  
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;  
And she shall file our engines with advice,  
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
But to your wishes' height advance you both.

The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,  
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;  
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take  
your turns;

There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's  
eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.  
*Chi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

*Dem.* Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream  
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
Per Stygia, per manes vehor. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—A Forest near Rome. Horns and  
cry of hounds heard.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c.,  
Marcus, Lucius, Quintus and Martius.*

*Tit.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,  
The 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.

*Sat.* And you have rung it lustily, my lord;  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

*Bas.* Lavinia, how say you?  
*Lav.* I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.  
*Sat.* Come on, then; horse and chariots let us  
have,

And to our sport. [*To Tamora.*] Madam, now  
shall ye see

Our Roman hunting.  
*Marc.* I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where the  
game  
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—A lonely part of the Forest.*

*Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.  
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villainy :  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest  
*Hides the gold.*  
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

*Enter Tamora.*

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful 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, Aaron, let us sit,  
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,  
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise ;  
And, after conflict such as was supposed  
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoyed,  
When with a happy storm they were surprised  
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,  
We may, each wreath'd in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;  
Whilst hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds

Be unto us as is a nurse's song  
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. 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 venereal signs ;  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,  
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,  
This is the day of doom for Bassianus :  
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,  
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity  
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,  
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.  
Now question me no more : we are espied ;  
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aar. No more, great empress ; Bassianus comes :

Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be. *Exit.*

*Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.*

Bas. Who have we here ? Rome's royal empress,  
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?  
Or is it Dian, habited like her,  
Who hath abandon'd her holy groves  
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps !  
Had I the power that some say Dian had,  
Thy temples should be plantèd presently  
With horns, as was Actæon's ; and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformèd limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;  
And to be doubted that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments :  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day !  
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian  
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love ;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long :  
Good king, to be so mightily abused !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron.*

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother !

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?  
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?

These two have 'ticed me hither to this place :  
A barren detested vale, you see it is ;  
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe :  
Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,  
Unless the nightly owl-or fatal raven :  
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,  
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many 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 adulteress,  
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms  
That ever ear did hear to such effect :  
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
This vengeance on me had they executed.



Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

*Stabs Bassianus.*

*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to show my strength. *Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

*Lav.* Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora,

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her; First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw: This minion stood upon her chastity, Upon her nuptial 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 hence her husband to some secret hole, And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

*Tam.* But when ye have the honey ye desire, Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

*Chi.* I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy That nice-preserv'd honesty of yours.

*Lav.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away with her!

*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

*Dem.* Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory To see her tears; but be your heart to them As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee; The milk thou suck'dst 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 entreat her show a woman pity.

*Chi.* What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

*Lav.* 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:

Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—

The lion moved with pity did endure

To have his princely paws pared all away:

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

*Tam.* I know not what it means; away with her!

*Lav.* O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,

That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

*Tam.* Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me, Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent:

Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will, The worse to her, the better loved of me.

*Lav.* O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen, And with thine own hands kill me in this place! For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long; Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.

*Lav.* 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit.

Where never man's eye may behold my body:

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

*Dem.* Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

*Lav.* No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall—

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband:

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*

*Tam.* Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. *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.

*Qui.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

*Mart.* And mine, I promise you; were 't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

*Qui.* What, art thou fall'n? *Falls into the pit.* What subtle hole

is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars, Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me.

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Mart.* O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt

That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

*Aar.* [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,

That he thereby may give a likely guess

How these were they that made away his brother. *Exit.*

*Mart.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stain'd hole?

*Qui.* I am surpris'd with an uncouth fear:

A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints:

My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

*Mart.* To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,

And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

*Qui.* Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise;  
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now  
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

*Mart.* Lord Bassianus lies embrowed here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Qui.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
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 fainting hand—  
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—  
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

*Qui.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee  
out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.  
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Mart.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy  
help.

*Qui.* Thy hand once more; I will not loose  
again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.

*Falls in.*

*Enter Saturninus with Aaron.*

*Sat.* Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,  
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.  
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend  
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

*Mart.* The unhappy son of old Andronicus;  
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead! I know thou dost but  
jest:

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 grieved with killing  
grief.

*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my  
wound:

Poor Bassianus here lies murderèd.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
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.* [*Reads.*] An if we miss to meet him hand-  
somerly—

*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 purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

*Sat.* [*To Titus.*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs  
of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:

There let them bide until we have devised

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*Tam.* What, are they in this pit? O wondrous  
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

*Tit.* High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be proved in them,—

*Sat.* If it be proved! you see it is apparent.

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

*Tam.* Andronicus himself did take it up.

*Tit.* I did, my lord; yet let me be their bail;

For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow

They shall be ready at your highness' will

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

*Sat.* Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow  
me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the mur-  
derers:

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,  
ravish'd; 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 miud, bewray thy mean-  
ing so,

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can  
srowl.

*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy  
hands.

*Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to  
wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

*Chi.* An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the  
cord. *Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

*Enter Marcus.*

*Marc.* Who is this? my niece, that flies away so  
fast!

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ugentle 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 in,

And might not gain so great a happiness  
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?  
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,  
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
Doth rise and fall between thy ros'd 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 new the beast,  
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!  
Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:  
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;  
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,  
He would not then have touch'd them for his life!  
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep  
As Cerberus 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! *Exeunt.*

### Act III.

#### Scene I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter Judges, Senators and Tribunes, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution; Titus going before, pleading.*

*Tit.* Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
In dangerous wars, whilst thou securely slept;  
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;  
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;  
And for these bitter tears, which now you see  
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;  
Be pitiful to my condemn'd 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.

*Lieth down; the Judges, &c. pass him by, 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 shame and blush.  
O earth, I will befriend 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!  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;  
And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators.

*Luc.* O noble father, you lament in vain:  
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;  
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

*Tit.* Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

*Tit.* Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,  
They would not mark me, or if they did mark,  
They would not pity me, yet plead I must;  
And 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 stones;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death. *Rises.*

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, tier,  
From these devourers to be banish'd!

But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

*Enter Marcus and Lavinia.*

*Marc.* Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

*Marc.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Luc.* Ay me, this object kills me!

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.  
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?  
What fool hath add'd water to the sea.

Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?  
My grief was at the height before thou camest,  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;

And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;  
In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they've served me to effectless 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 blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

*Luc.* O, 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 unrequiring wound.

*Tit.* It was my deer; and he that wounded her  
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:  
For now I stand as one upon a rock  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some 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 madd'd me: what shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;  
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:  
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.  
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*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, they would not do so foul a deed;  
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,  
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,  
With miry slime left on them by a flood?  
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clear-  
ness,

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.

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your  
grief,  
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Marc.* Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry  
thine eyes.

*Tit.* Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine  
own.

*Luc.* Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.  
*Tit.* Mark, 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: he for the same  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;  
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

*Tit.* O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor  
My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?  
*Luc.* Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:  
My youth can better spare my blood than you;  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*Marc.* Which of your hands hath not defended  
Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?  
O, none of both but are of high desert:  
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their death;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go  
along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.

*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 I will 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 dispatched.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:  
Tell him it was a hand 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 sons with thee.  
[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. *Exit.*

*Tit.* O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:  
If any power pities wretched tears,  
To that I call! [*To Lav.*] What, wilt thou kneel  
with me?

Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our  
prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds  
When they 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-swoln face?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;  
Then must my earth with her continual tears  
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd;  
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.*

*Mes.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;  
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;  
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd;  
That woe is me to think upon thy woes  
More than remembrance of my father's death.

*Exit.*

*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 ease 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 death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

*Lavinia kisses Titus.*

*Marc.* Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless  
As frozen water to a starvèd snake.

*Tit.* When will 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 banished son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.  
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:  
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!  
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Marc.* Why dost thou laugh? it fit not with  
this hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears:  
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threat me I shall never come to bliss.

Till all these mischiefs be return'd again  
Even in their throats that have committed them.

Come, let me see what task I have to do.  
You heavy people, circle me about,

That I may turn me 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 art an exile, and thou must not stay:

Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:

And, if you love me, as I think you do,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

*Exeunt Titus, Marcus and Lavinia.*

*Luc.* Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,  
The wofull'st 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  
In oblivion and hateful griefs.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;  
And make proud Saturnine and his empress

Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. *Exit.*

*Scene II.—A Room in Titus's House. A  
banquet set out.*

*Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia and young  
Lucius, a Boy.*

*Tit.* So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more  
Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreath knot:  
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,

And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;  
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 signs!

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous  
beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;  
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;  
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall  
May run into that sink, and soaking in  
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not 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, where dost thou urge the name of hands;  
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,  
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?  
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,  
Lest we remember still that we have none.

Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,  
As if we should forget we had no hands,  
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!  
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:  
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;  
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;  
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,  
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:  
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;  
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect  
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:  
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to  
heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
But I of these will wrest an alphabet  
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep  
laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,  
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of  
tears.

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.  
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.  
Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my  
heart;

Mine eyes are clos'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 would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!  
Poor harmless fly,

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast  
kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-  
favour'd fly.

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for 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  
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.

Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.

Ereunt.

### Act IV.

#### Scene I.—Rome. Titus's Garden.

Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after  
him, and the boy flies from her, with books  
under his arm. Then enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia  
Follows me every where, I know not why:  
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine  
aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee  
harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these  
signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she  
mean:

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:  
Somewhat her 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?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,  
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:  
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,  
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;  
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy  
Ran mad for 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 stumps the  
books which Lucius has let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means  
this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.  
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.  
But thou art deeper read, and better 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 tosseth so?

*Boy.* Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses*;  
My mother gave it me.

*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 Tereus' treason and his rape;  
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

*Marc.* See, brother, see; note how she quotes  
the leaves.

*Tit.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet  
girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,  
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?  
See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—  
O, had we never, never hunted there!—  
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 friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece's bed?

*Marc.* Sit down, sweet niece; brother, sit  
down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!

My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:  
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me, 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.* Magni Dominator poli,  
*Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

*Marc.* O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I  
know

There is enough written upon this earth  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts  
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.  
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;  
And swear with me, as, with the woful fere  
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrece' 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 she do what she list.

You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;  
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a gad 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?

*Boy.* I say, my lord, that if I were a mau,  
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  
fall off

For his ungrateful country done the like.

*Boy.* And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

*Tit.* Come, go with me into mine armoury;  
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy,  
Shalt carry from me to the empress' sons  
Presents that I intend to send them both:  
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou  
not?

*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,  
grandsire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another  
course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house:

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:

Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

*Ereunt Titus, Lavinia and young Lucius.*

*Marc.* O heavens, can you hear a good man  
groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,  
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart  
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;  
But yet so just that he will not revenge.  
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! *Erit.*

*Scene II.—Rome. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter, from one side, Aaron, Demetrius and  
Chiron; from the other side, young Lucius,  
and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons,  
and verses writ upon them.*

*Chi.* Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;

He hath some message to deliver us.

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad  
grandfather.

*Boy.* My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus.

[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound  
you both!

*Dem.* Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the  
news?

*Boy.* [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd,  
that's the news,  
For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,

My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me  
The goodliest weapons of his armoury  
To gratify your honourable youth,  
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well:  
And so I leave you both: [*Aside.*] like bloody  
villains.

*Ereunt young Lucius and Attendant.*

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written  
round about?

Let's see:

[*Reads.*] *'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:  
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just; a verse in Horace; right, you  
have it.

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!  
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found  
their guilt;

And sends them weapons wrap'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't not a happy star  
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,  
Captives, to be advanced to this height?  
It did me good, before the palace gate  
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord  
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?  
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames  
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say  
amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand  
more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods  
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils; the gods  
have given us over.

*Trumpets sound within.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish  
thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Blackamoor Child in her  
arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords:  
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's  
eye,

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!  
She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What  
hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a  
joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful  
issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:  
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?  
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast un-  
done.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loath'd choice!  
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I  
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's  
point!

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels  
up. *Takes the Child from the Nurse,  
and draws.*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your  
brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue;

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this myself,

The vigour and the picture of my youth:

This before all the world do I prefer;

This maugre all the world will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her  
death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your 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 fed  
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,  
 And from that womb where you imprison'd were  
 He is enfranchisèd and come to light:  
 Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,  
 Although my seal be stampèd in his face.

*Nur.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

*Dem.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,  
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice:  
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.  
 My son and I will have the wind of you:  
 Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

*They sit.*

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his?

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords! when we join in  
 league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,  
 The chafèd boar, the mountain lioness,  
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.  
 But say, again, how many saw the child?

*Nur.* Cornelia the midwife and myself;  
 And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The empress, the midwife, and yourself:  
 Two may keep counsel when the third's away:  
 Go to the empress, tell her this I said.

*He kills the Nurse.*

Weke, weke! so cries a pig prepared to the spit.  
*Dem.* What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore  
 didst thou this?

*Aar.* O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:  
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,  
 A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no:  
 And now be it known to you my full intent.  
 Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;  
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;  
 His child is like to her, fair as you are:  
 Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,  
 And tell them both the circumstance of all;  
 And how by this their child shall be advanced,  
 And be received for the emperor's heir,  
 And substituted in the place of mine,  
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court;  
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
 Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,

*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral;  
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:  
 This done, see that you take no longer days,  
 But send the midwife presently to me.  
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,  
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

*Chi.* Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air  
 With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of Tamora,  
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the  
 Nurse's body.*

*Aar.* Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;  
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.  
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you  
 hence;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:  
 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,  
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
 And cabin in a cave, and bring you up  
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. *Exit.*

*Scene III.—Rome. A Public Place.*

*Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters at the  
 ends of them; with him, Marcus, young Lucius,  
 Publius, Sempronius, Caius and other Gentle-  
 men, with bows.*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus; come, kinsmen; this is  
 the way.

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;  
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.  
*Terras Astraæ reliquit:*

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.  
 Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall  
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;  
 Happily you may catch her in the sea;  
 'Yet there's as little justice as at land:

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;  
 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,  
 And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:  
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
 I pray you, deliver him this petition;

Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,  
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,  
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.  
 Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable  
 What time I threw the people's suffrages  
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.  
 Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,  
 And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:  
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;  
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Marc.* O Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns  
 By day and night to attend him carefully,  
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

*Marc.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
 Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war  
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

*Tit.* Publius, how now! how now, my masters!  
 What, have you met with her?

*Pub.* No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you  
 word,

If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:  
 Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,  
 He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere  
 else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.  
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.  
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,  
 No big-boned men framèd of the Cyclops' size;  
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,  
 Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can  
 bear:

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 written to effect;  
There's not a god left unsolicited.

*Marc.* Kiusamen, shoot all your shafts into the court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

*Tit.* Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

*Marc.* My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon; Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

*Tit.* Ha, ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

*Marc.* This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot.

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock  
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;  
And who should find them but the empress' villain?  
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

*Tit.* Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

*Enter the Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons 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?

*Clow.* O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

*Tit.* But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

*Clow.* Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

*Clow.* Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

*Tit.* Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

*Clow.* From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwix my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

*Marc.* Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

*Clow.* Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

*Tit.* Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,

But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

*Clow.* Ay, sir.

*Tit.* Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

*Clow.* I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;  
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.  
And when thou hast given it the emperor,  
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clow.* God be with you, sir; I will.

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Rome. Before the Palace.*

*Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, Lords, and others; Saturninus brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot at him.*

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,  
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent  
Of equal justice, used in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as know the mighty gods,  
However these disturbers of our peace

Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd;  
But even with law, against the wilful sons

Of old Andronicus. And what an if

His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,

Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?

And now he writes to heaven for his redress:

See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;

This to Apollo; this to the god of war;

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

What's this but libelling against the senate,

And blazing our injustice every where?

A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

But if I live, his feign'd ecstasies

Shall be no shelter to these outrages:

But he and his shall know that justice lives

In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,

He'll so awake as she in fury shall

Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,

Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,

The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,

Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his heart;

And rather comfort his distress'd plight

Than prosecute the meanest or the best

For these contempts. [*Aside.*] Why, thus it

shall become

High-witted Tamora to glose with all;

But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,

Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,

Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

*Clow.* Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*Clow.* 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you good den: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

*Saturninus reads the letter.*

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clow.* 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.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!  
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?  
I know from whence this same device proceeds:  
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,  
That died by law for murder of our brother,  
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!  
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;  
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:  
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;  
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter Æmilius.*

What news with thee, Æmilius?

*Æmi.* Arm, arm, my lord;—Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power  
Of high-resolvèd 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 storms:

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:  
'Tis he the common people love so much;  
Myself hath often over-heard them say,  
When I have walkèd like a private man,  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,  
And will revolt from me to succour him.

*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

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 mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.  
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus  
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,  
When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious 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 Æmilius.*] Go thou before, be our ambassador:

Say that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting  
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

*Sat.* Æmilius, do this message honourably:  
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

*Æmi.* 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.

*Ezeunt.*

## Act V.

### Scene I.—Plains near Rome.

*Enter Lucius with an army of Goths, with drum and colours.*

*Luc.* Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor  
And how desirous of our sight they are.

Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,  
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;

Whose high exploits and honourable deeds  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt.  
Be bold in us:—we'll follow where thou lead'st,  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,  
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading of Aaron with his Child in his arms.*

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.  
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard  
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:  
*Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!  
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:  
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
They never do beget a coal-black calf.  
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus be 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 worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil  
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;  
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye,  
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.

Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?  
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Aar.* Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

*Luc.* Too like the sire for ever being good.

First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;  
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.  
Get me a ladder.

*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made  
to ascend.*

*Aar.* Lucius, save the child,

And bear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,

That highly may advantage thee to hear:

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,

I'll speak no more but *Vengeance rot you all!*

*Luc.* Say on: an if it please me which thou  
speak'st.

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

*Aar.* An if it please thee! why, assure thee,  
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;

For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,

Complots of mischief, treason, villainies

Ruthful to hear, 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 soe'er it be,

That thou adorest and hast in reverence,

To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

*Aar.* First know thou, I begot him on the 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.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;

They cut her 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  
trimming?

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd,  
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

*Luc.* O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:

That codding spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the queen and her two sons:

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,

And, when I had it, drew myself apart

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swoon'd almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

*1 Goth.* What, canst thou say all this, and never

blush?

*Aar.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous

deeds?

*Aar.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse—

Wherein I did not some notorious ill,

As kill a man, or else devise his death,

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,

Accuse some innocent and forswear myself,

Set deadly enmity between two friends,

Make poor men's cattle break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Off 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,

So to torment you with my bitter tongue!

*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak

no more.

*Enter a Goth.*

*3 Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near.

*Enter Emilius.*

Welcome Emilius: what's the news from Rome?

*Emi.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the  
Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me;

And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,

Willing you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*1 Goth.* What says our general?

*Luc.* Emilius, let the emperor give his pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come. March away. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Rome. Before Titus's House.*

*Enter Tamora, Demetrius and Chiron, disguised.*

*Tam.* Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,  
I will encounter with Andronicus,  
And say I am Revenge, sent from below  
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.  
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,  
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;  
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies. *They knock.*

*Enter Titus, above.*

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation?  
Is it your trick to make me open the door,  
That so my sad 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.

*Tit.* No, not a word; how can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it action?  
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk  
with me.

*Tit.* I am not mad; I know thee well enough:  
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crim-  
son lines;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;  
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:  
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

*Tam.* Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:  
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,  
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;  
Confer with me of murder and of death:  
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,  
No vast obscurity or misty vale,  
Where bloody murder or detested rape  
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,  
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,  
To be a torment to mine enemies?

*Tam.* I am; therefore come down, and welcome  
me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.  
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;  
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;  
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globe.  
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:  
And when thy car is laden with their heads,  
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel  
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,  
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east  
Until his very downfall in the sea:  
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with me.

*Tit.* Are these thy ministers? what are they  
call'd?

*Tam.* Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,  
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good Lord, how like the empress' sons  
they are!

And you, the empress! but we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.  
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;  
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by and by. *Exit above.*

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy:  
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,  
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,  
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;  
And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;  
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,  
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.  
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter Titus below.*

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:  
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:  
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.  
How like the empress and her sons you are!  
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?  
For well I wot the empress never wags  
But in her company there is a Moor;  
And, would you represent 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, Andro-  
nicus?

*Dem.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.  
*Chi.* Show me a villain that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

*Tam.* Show me a thousand that have done thee  
wrong,  
And I will be revenged on them all.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of  
Rome;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,  
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.  
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap  
To find another that is like to thee,  
Good Rapine, stab him: he's a ravisher.  
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.

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall  
we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,  
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperor himself and all thy foes;  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
What says Andronicus to this device?

*Tit.* Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter Marcus.*

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;  
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths ;  
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;  
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are ;  
Tell him the emperor and the empress too  
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.  
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,  
As he 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.

*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;

Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

*Tam.* [Aside to her sons.] What say you, boys ?  
Will you bide with him,

Whiles 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 cursèd 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.* Tut, I have work enough for you to do.  
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

*Enter Publius and others.*

*Pub.* What is your will ?

*Tit.* Know you these two ?

*Pub.* The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron  
and Demetrius.

*Tit.* Fie, Publius, fie ! 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 Chi. and Dem.*  
*Chi.* Villains, forbear ! we are the empress'  
sons.

*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are commanded.

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.

Is he sure bound ? look that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter Titus with a knife, and Lavinia with 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 !

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd  
with mud,

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.  
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,  
My hand cut off and made a merry jest ;

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.

What would you say, if I should let you speak ?  
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches ! how I mean to martyr you.  
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
The 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 Philomel you used my daughter,  
And worse than Progne I will be revenged :

And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,  
*He cuts their throats.*

Receive the blood : and when that they are dead,  
Let me go grind their bones to powder small

And with this hateful liquor temper it ;  
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.

Come, come, be every one officious  
To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove  
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,  
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—Court of Titus's House. A banquet.*

*Enter Lucius, Marcus and Goths, with Aaron prisoner.*

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind  
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

*1 Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursèd devil ;  
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
For testimony of her foul proceedings :

And see the ambush of our friends be strong ;  
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart !  
*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog ! unhallow'd slave !

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.  
*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Sound trumpets. 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 sun ?

*Marc.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.  
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus  
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,  
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:  
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

*Sat.* Marcus, we will. *A table brought in.*

*Enter Titus like a cook, placing the meat on the table; and Lavinia with a veil over her face.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;  
And welcome, all: although the cheer 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.* We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:  
Was it well done of rash Virginius

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,  
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?

*Sat.* It was, Andronicus.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord?

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,  
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.  
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

*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 blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he  
To do this outrage: and it is now done.

*Sat.* What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

*Tit.* Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

*Tit.* Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;  
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;  
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

*Stabs Tamora.*

*Sat.* Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

*Kills Titus.*

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?  
There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed!

*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus and others go up into the balcony.*

*Marc.* You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,  
O, let me teach you how to knit again  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body;  
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,  
And she whom mighty kingdoms count'sy to,  
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,  
Do shameful execution on herself.  
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience,  
Cannot induce you to attend my words,  
[*To Lucius.*] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst  
our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse  
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear  
The story of that baleful burning night  
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy,  
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in  
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.  
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my very 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 auditor, be it known to you,  
That curs'd 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, myself unkindly banish'd,  
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;  
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.  
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,  
That have preserved her welfare in my blood;  
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.  
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;  
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
That my report is just and full of truth.  
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,  
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;  
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Marc.* Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child:

Of this was Tamora delivered;  
The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:  
The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
And as he is, to witness this is true.  
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge  
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,  
Or more than any living man could bear.  
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,  
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,  
And, from the place where you behold us now,  
The poor remainder of Andronici  
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,  
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,

And make a mutual closure of our house.  
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,  
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

*Emt.* 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, who go into the house.

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life.

*Exeunt Attendants.*

*Lucius, Marcus and the others descend.*

*All.* Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,  
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!  
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,  
For nature puts me to a heavy task:  
Stand all aloof: but, uncle, draw you near,  
To shed obsequious tears upon this 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!

*Marc.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:

O, were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

*Luc.* Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn  
of us

To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well:  
Many a time he danced thee on his knee.

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.

*Boy.* O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my  
heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again!  
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;  
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.*

*Emt.* You sad Andronici, 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.

*Aar.* O, why should wrath be mute, and fury  
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers  
I should repent the evils I have done:  
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did  
Would I perform, if I might have my will:  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emperor  
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:

My father and Lavinia shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,  
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;

But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:  
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;

And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:  
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,

That like events may ne'er it ruinate. *Exeunt.*



# ROMEO AND JULIET.

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## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

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.  
SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.  
GREGORY, }  
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.

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This famous tragedy was first printed in quarto in 1597. It was founded on an earlier play by Arthur Brooke, which itself was adapted from the Italian. There were at least three other editions before the appearance of the first folio. From the mention of the earthquake of 1580 (i. 3) as having happened eleven years before, it is supposed that the play was written in 1591. The story appears in several Italian novels. It is always stated to bear date in 1303. The scene is laid by Shakespeare at Verona and at Mantua. The Italian costume of the fourteenth century may be studied at the National Gallery.

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

## PROLOGUE.

*Enter Chorus.*

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could  
remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to  
mend.

## Act I.

### Scene I.—Verona. A Public Place.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out 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 runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall; therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one. I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, 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?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *They fight.*

*Enter Benvolio.*

Ben. Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

*Enter Tybalt.*

Tyb. What art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate this word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward! *They fight.*

*Enter three or four Citizens, with clubs.*

1 Cit. Clubs, bills and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his wife.*

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

*L. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter Montague and his wife.*

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

*L. Mon.* Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

*Enter Prince Escalus, with his train.*

*Pri.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—  
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your mov'd 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 beseming 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.

*Exeunt all but Mont., L. Mont. and Ben.*

*Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new on broach?  
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 hiss'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.

*L. Mon.* O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drove 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 shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,

Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself,  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out  
And makes himself an artificial night:  
Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*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, step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

*Mon.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

*Exeunt 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?

*Rom.* Not having that, which having, makes them short.

*Ben.* In love?

*Rom.* Out—

*Ben.* Of love?

*Rom.* Out of her favour, where I am in love.

*Ben.* Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

*Rom.* Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!  
Where shall we dine? O me! What 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!  
Feather-of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dest thou not laugh?

*Ben.* No, coz, I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.* Why, such is love's transgression.  
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,  
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest  
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.  
Farewell, my coz.

*Ben.* Soft! I will go along;  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.  
*Rom.* Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;  
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.  
*Ben.* Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.  
*Rom.* What, shall I groan and tell thee?  
*Ben.* Groan! why, no;  
But sadly tell me who.  
*Rom.* Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:  
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 unharm'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?  
*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste,

For beauty starved with her severity  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair:  
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow  
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.  
*Rom.* O, teach me how I should forget to think.  
*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes;  
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way  
To call hers exquisite, in question more:  
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows  
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;  
He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note  
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?  
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—A Street.*

*Enter Capulet, Paris and Servant.*

*Cap.* But Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.  
*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both;  
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?  
*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before:  
My child is yet a stranger in the world;  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.  
*Cap.* And too soon 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 woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part;  
An she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
Whereto 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-apparell'd April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house; hear all, 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. 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.*  
*Ser.* 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 cures 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?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

*Ser.* God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.  
*Ser.* Perhaps you have learned it without book;  
but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters and the language.  
*Ser.* Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

*Rom.* Stay, fellow; I can read. *Reads.*

Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;  
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters;  
the lady widow of Vitruvio;  
Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces;  
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;  
mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and i daughters; my

*fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valerio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.*

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

*Ser.* Up.

*Rom.* Whither?

*Ser.* To supper; to our house.

*Rom.* Whose house?

*Ser.* My master's.

*Rom.* Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

*Ser.* 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. Best you merry! *Exit.*

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Supps 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 eye 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 begun.

*Ben.* Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by, 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 scant 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. *Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

*L. Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

*Nurse.* Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year old,

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird! God forbid!—Where's this girl?—What, Juliet!

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* How now! who calls?

*Nurse.* Your mother,

*Jul.* Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

*L. 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.

*L. 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?

*L. 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 weaned,—I never shall forget it,—

Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

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 dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,

To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!

*Shake,* quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,

To bid me trudge:

And since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about;

For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband—God be with his soul!

A' was a merry man—took up the child:

*Yea,* quoth he, *doth thou fall upon thy face?*

*Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;*

*Wilt thou not, Jule?* and, by my holydame,

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 stinted and said *Ay.*

*L. 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 perilous 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 stinted and said *Ay.*

*Jul.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

*Nurse.* Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

*L. Cap.* Marry, that *marry* is the very theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

*Jul.* It is an honour that I dream not of.

*Nurse.* An honour! were not I thine only nurse, I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

*L. Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers. By my count,

I was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady! lady, such a man

As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

*L. Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

*Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

*L. 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 delight writ there with beauty's pen ;  
 Examine every married lineament  
 And see how one another lends content,  
 And what obscured in this fair volume lies  
 Find written in the margent 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.

*L. Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move :  
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye  
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter a Serving-man.*

*Ser.* Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

*L. Cap.* We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

*Nurse.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—A Street.*

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers and others.*

*Rom.* What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ?

Or shall we on without apology ?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity ;  
 We'll have no Cupid hoo'dwinked with a scarf,  
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;  
 Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
 After the prompter, for our entrance :  
 But let them measure us by what they will ;  
 We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

*Rom.* Give me a torch ; I am not for this ambling ;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me : you have dancing shoes  
 With nimble soles : I have a soul of lead  
 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

*Mer.* You are a lover ; borrow Cupid's wings,  
 And soar with them above a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft  
 To soar with his light feathers, and so bound.  
 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :  
 Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*Mer.* And, to sink in it, should you burden love ;  
 Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,  
 Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love ;

Prick love for pricking and you beat love down.  
 Give me a case to put my visage in :  
 A visor for a visor ! what care I

What curious eyes doth quote deformities ?

Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

*Ben.* Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,  
 But every man betake him to his legs.

*Rom.* A torch for me ; let wantons light of heart  
 Tickle the senseless rushes 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.

*Mer.* 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 'st  
 Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho !

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay  
 We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
 Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
 Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

*Rom.* And we mean well in going to this mask ;  
 But 'tis no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask ?

*Rom.* I dreamt a dream to-night.

*Mer.* And so did I.

*Rom.* Well, what was yours ?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.

*Rom.* In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

*Mer.* O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the Fairies' midwife, and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ;  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
 The traces of the smallest spider's web,  
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,  
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,  
 Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Pricked 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'sies straight,

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their 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 tithe-pig's tale  
 Ticking a parson's nose as he lies asleep,  
 Then dreams he of another benefice :  
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon  
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
 And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab

That plats the manes of horses in the night,  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes :  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage :  
This is she—

*Rom.* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,  
Which is as thin of substance as the air  
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the North,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.

*Ben.* This wind you talk of blows us from our-  
selves ;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear, too early : for my mind misgives  
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars  
Shall 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 bath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail ! On, lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum. *Ereunt.*

*Scene V.—A Hall in Capulet's House.*

*Enter Serving-men, with their napkins.*

*1 Ser.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to  
take away ? He shift a trencher ! he scrape a  
trencher !

*2 Ser.* When good manners shall lie all in one  
or two men's hands and their unwashed too, 'tis  
a foul thing.

*1 Ser.* 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 Potpan !

*2 Ser.* Ay, boy, ready.

*1 Ser.* You are looked for and called for, asked  
for and sought for in the great chamber.

*2 Ser.* We cannot be here and there too.—  
Cheerly, boys ; be' brisk awhile, and the longer  
liver take all.

*Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the  
Maskers.*

*Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen ! ladies that have  
their toes

Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you.  
Ah ha, my mistresses ! which of you all  
Will now deny to dance ? she that makes dainty,  
She, I'll swear, hath corns ; am I come near 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.  
*Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, you knaves, and turn the tables up,  
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.  
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.  
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 ?

*2 Cap.* By'r Lady, thirty years.

*Cap.* What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so  
much :

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five and twenty years ; and then we masked.

*2 Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder, sir ;  
His son is thirty.

*Cap.* Will you tell me that ?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* What lady is that, which doth enrich the  
hand

Of yonder knight ?

*Ser.* 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 Ethiop's ear ;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching here, 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.

Fetch me my rapier, boy. What ! dares the slave

Come hither, covered with an antic face,

To fleer and scorn at our solemnity ?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

*Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman ! wherefore  
storm you so ?

*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,

A villain, that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

*Cap.* Young Romeo is it ?

*Tyb.* 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

*Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone ;

He bears him like a portly gentleman ;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him

To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth :

I would not for the wealth of all the town

Here in my house do him disparagement :

Therefore be patient, take no note of him :

It is my will, the which if thou respect,

Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

*Tyb.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest :

I'll not endure him.

*Cap.* He shall be endured :

What, Goodman boy ! I say, he shall : go to ;

Am I the master here, or you ? go to.

You'll not endure him ! God shall mend my soul !

You'll make a mutiny among my guests !

You'll set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

*Cap.* Go to, go to ;

You are a saucy boy : is 't so, indeed ?

This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what :

You must contrary me ! marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts ! You are a princely ; go :

Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For shame!  
I'll make you quiet. What,—cheerly, my hearts!  
*Tyb.* Patience perforce with wilful cholere  
meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. *Exit.*  
*Rom.* [To *Jul.*] If I profane with my un-  
worthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.  
*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too  
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do  
touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.  
*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers  
too?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in  
prayer.  
*Rom.* O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands  
do;  
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.  
*Jul.* Saints do not move, though grant for  
prayers' sake.  
*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayer's effect  
I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.  
*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have  
took.

*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly  
urged!

Give me my sin again.  
*Jul.* You kiss by the book.  
*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with  
you.  
*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:  
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;  
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her  
Shall have the chinks.

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.  
*Ben.* Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.  
*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.  
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.  
More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.  
Ah, 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 gen-  
tleman?

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.  
*Jul.* What's he that now is going out of door?  
*Nurse.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.  
*Jul.* What's he that follows there, that would  
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 loathèd enemy.  
*Nurse.* What's this? what's this?  
*Jul.* A rhyme I learned even now  
Of one I danced withal.

*Nurse.* One calls within 'Juliet.'  
Anon, anon!—  
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.  
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Chorus.*  
*Cho.* 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,  
Alike bewitch'd by the charm of looks,  
But to his foe supposed he must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful  
hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers used to swear;  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new-belovèd any where:  
But passion lends them power, time means, to  
meet,  
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.  
*Exit.*

## Act II.

*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! Romeo!  
*Mer.* He is wise;  
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.  
*Ben.* He ran this way, and leaped this orchard  
wall:

Call, good Mercutio.  
*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too.—  
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
Cry but *Ay me!* pronounce but *love and dove*;  
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,  
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,  
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!—  
He heareth 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 demesnes 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: 'twould 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.* If love be blind love cannot hit the  
mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit  
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.  
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were  
An open *et cætera*, thou 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 'tis in vain  
To seek him here that means not to be found.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Capulet's Orchard.*

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom.* He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

*Juliet appears above at a window.*

But, soft! what light through yonder window  
breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:  
Be not her maid since she is envious;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.  
It is my lady, O, it is my love!  
O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?  
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.—  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those  
stars

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy region stream so bright  
That birds would sing and think it were not  
night.—

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand  
That I might touch that cheek!

*Jul.* Ay me!

*Rom.* She speaks.—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes  
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou  
Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom.* [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I  
speak at this?

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name,  
And for that name which is no part of thee  
Take all myself.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word;  
Call me but love and I'll be new baptized;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Jul.* What man art thou that thus bescreened  
in night

So stumblest on my counsel?

*Rom.* By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee;

Had I it written I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:  
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

*Rom.* Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.  
*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and  
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch  
these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet  
And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee  
here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from  
their sight;

And but thou love me, let them find me here:

My life were better ended by their hate.

Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this  
place?

*Rom.* By love, that first did prompt me to  
inquire;

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my  
face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say *Ay*,

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou 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 thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange I must confess,  
But that thou 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 discoverèd.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant  
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's a 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 within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-  
night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow  
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst re-  
quest it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what  
purpose, 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.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afear'd,  
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  
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
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.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy  
light.

Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their  
books,

But love from love toward school with heavy looks.

*Re-enter Juliet above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's  
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!  
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!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,  
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still  
forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee  
gone,

And yet no further than a wanton's bird  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted 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  
sorrow

That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Exit.*

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, alone, with a basket.*

Friar. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frown-  
ing night,

Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of  
light,

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:

Now, 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-juicèd flowers.  
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;

What is her burying grave, that is her womb,  
 And from her womb children of divers kind  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find,  
 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 nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
 But to the earth some special good doth give,  
 Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
 And vice sometimes by action dignified.  
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower  
 Poison hath residence and medicine power:  
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each  
 part;  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
 In man as well as herbs—Grace and rude Will;  
 And where the worsers is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom.* Good morrow, father.

*Friar.* *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?  
 Young son, it argues a distempered head  
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed;  
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
 And where care lodges sleep will never lie;  
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth  
 reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure  
 Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;  
 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.

*Friar.* God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosa-  
 line?

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
 I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

*Friar.* That's my good son: but where hast  
 thou been, then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.  
 I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,  
 That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
 Within thy help and holy physic lies:  
 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,  
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Friar.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy  
 drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

*Rom.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love  
 is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
 And all combined, save what thou must combine  
 By holy marriage: when and where and how  
 We met, we 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.

*Friar.* Holy Saint Francis, what a change is  
 here!

Is Rosaline whom thou didst love so dear  
 So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts but in their eyes.  
 Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine  
 Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
 Of an old tear that is not washed off yet:  
 If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,  
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:  
 And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence  
 then,

Women may fall when there's no strength in men.

*Rom.* Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Friar.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Friar.*

Not in a grave,  
 To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love  
 now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;  
 The other did not so.

*Friar.* 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.

*Friar.* 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 his  
 man.

*Mer.* Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,  
 that Rosaline,

Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,  
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man that can write may answer a  
 letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master,  
 how he dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead!  
 stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot  
 through the ear with a love-song; the very pin  
 of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's 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, dis-  
 tance and proportion; rests me his minium rest,  
 one, two and the third in your bosom: the very  
 butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist;  
 a gentleman of the very first house, of the first  
 and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado!  
 the punto reverso! the hay.

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The plague of such antic, lipping, 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, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez mois*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*

*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 flow'd in; Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hidings and harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French sloop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

*Mer.* The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

*Rom.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

*Mer.* That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom.* Meaning, to court'sy.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my pump well flowered.

*Mer.* Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

*Rom.* O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

*Rom.* Switch and spurs, switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

*Rom.* Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not.

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

*Rom.* And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

*Mer.* O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

*Rom.* I stretch it out for that word *broad*; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

*Mer.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

*Ben.* Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

*Mer.* O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

*Rom.* Here's a goodly gear!

*Enter Nurse and Peter.*

*Mer.* A sail, a sail!

*Ben.* Two, two! a shirt and a smock.

*Nurse.* Peter!

*Pet.* Anon!

*Nurse.* My fan, Peter.

*Mer.* Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Is it good den?

*Mer.* 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

*Nurse.* Out upon you! what a man are you!

*Rom.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

*Nurse.* By my troth, it is well said; for himself to mar, quoth a'?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

*Rom.* I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

*Nurse.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

*Nurse.* If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

*Ben.* She will indite him to some supper.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

*Rom.* What hast thou found?

*Mer.* No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. *Sings.*

*An old hare hoar,  
And an old hare hoar,  
Is very good meat in Lent;  
But a hare that is hoar  
Is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner, thither.

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*Sings.*] lady, lady, lady. *Exeunt Mer. and Ben.*

*Nurse.* Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

*Rom.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

*Nurse.* An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

*Pet.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*Nurse.* Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word, and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentler woman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentler woman, and very weak dealing.

*Rom.* Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

*Nurse.* Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

*Nurse.* I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

*Rom.* Bid her devise  
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;  
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell  
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No, truly, sir; not a penny.

*Rom.* Go to; I say you shall.

*Nurse.* This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

*Rom.* And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,  
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;  
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy  
Must be my convoy in the secret night.  
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:  
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

*Nurse.* Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

*Rom.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

*Nurse.* Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing:—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

*Rom.* Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

*Nurse.* Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady.

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times.—Peter! [*Exit Romeo.*] Peter!

*Pet.* Anon!

*Nurse.* Peter, take my fan, and go before.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—Capulet's Orchard.*

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promised to return.  
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 lowering hills:  
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
Now is the sun upon the highest hill  
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve  
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.  
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;  
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
And his to me:  
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.—  
O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?

*Enter Nurse and Peter.*

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  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*Nurse.* I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

*Jul.* I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

*Nurse.* Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

*Jul.* No, no: but all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

*Nurse.* Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back! 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 gentle-

man, 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 poultice for my aching bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell;

There stays a husband to make you a wife; Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. Hie you to church; I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark: I am the drudge and toil in your delight, But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, farewell. *Exeunt.*

*Scene VI.—Friar Laurence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.*

*Friar.* So smile the heavens upon this holy act, That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can, It cannot countervail the exchange of joy That one short minute gives me in her sight: Do thou but close our hands with holy words, Then love-devouring death do what he dare; It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Friar.* These violent delights have violent ends And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey Is loathsome in his own deliciousness And in the taste confounds the appetite: Therefore love moderately; long love doth so; Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter Juliet.*

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint; A lover may bestride the gossamer That idles in the wanton summer air, And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Friar.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

*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.* Conceit more rich in matter than in words, Brags of his substance, not of ornament: They are but beggars that can count their worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

*Friar.* Come, come with me, and we will make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone Till holy church incorporate two in one. *Exeunt.*

*Act III.*

*Scene I.—A Public Place.*

*Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page and Servants.*

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire: The day is hot, the Capulets abroad, And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl; For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

*Ben.* And what to?

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

*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.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—  
*Mer.* Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw unto some private place,

Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.  
*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let  
them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes  
my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your  
livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship in that sense may call him—man.

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love  
thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting: villain am I none;  
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

*Rom.* I do protest, I never 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 calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
*Alla stoccata* carries it away. *Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?  
*Tyb.* What wouldst thou have with me?

*Mer.* Good king of cats, nothing but one of  
your nine lives; that I mean to make 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, stop thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado. *They fight.*

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.  
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath  
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio! *Exit Tybalt.*

*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 mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to  
death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights  
by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came  
you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,  
And soundly too: your houses!

*Ezeunt 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 effeminate  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

*Re-enter Benvolio.*

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days doth  
depend;

This but begins the woe, others must end.

*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,  
Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort  
him here,  
Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that.  
*They fight; Tybalt falls.*

*Ben.* Romeo, away, be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee  
death,

If thou art taken. Hence,—be gone,—away!

*Rom.* O, I am fortune's fool!  
*Ben.* Why dost thou stay?  
*Exit Romeo.*

*Enter Citizens, &c.*

*1 Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.

*1 Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;  
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their  
Wives and others.*

*Pri.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

*Ben.* O noble prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*L. 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 blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

*Pri.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand  
did slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urz'd withal  
Your high displeasure: all this uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly  
bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,  
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,  
*Hold, friends! friends, part!* and, swifter than  
his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;  
But 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.

*L. 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.* 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.* And for that offence  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;  
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:  
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body and attend our will;  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Capulet's Orchard.*

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phoebus' lodging: such a waggoner  
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaways' 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 stainless maidenhood:  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle, till strange love grown  
bold,

Think true love acted simple modesty.  
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in  
night;

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.

Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd  
night,

Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes  
And may not wear them.—O, here comes my nurse,

*Enter Nurse, with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks  
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.  
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?  
the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

*Nurse.* Ay, ay, the cords.

*Jul.* Ay me! what news? why dost thou  
wring thy hands?

*Nurse.* Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,  
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.* Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

*Jul.* What devil art thou, that dost torment  
me thus?

This torture should be rear'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice;

I am not *I*, if there be such 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.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine  
eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore-blood; I swoounded at the sight.

*Jul.* O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break  
at once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here;

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*Jul.* What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?

My 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 banished;

Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Jul.* O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's?

blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolphish-ravening lamb!



Despised substance of divinest show !  
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
 A damnèd saint, an honourable villain !  
 O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,  
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?  
 Was ever book containing such vile matter  
 So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell  
 In such a gorgeous palace !

*Nurse.* There's no trust,  
 No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjured,  
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.  
 Ah, where's my man ? give me some *aqua vitæ* :  
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me  
 old.

Shame come to Romeo !

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue  
 For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :  
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit ;  
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crowned  
 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 your native spring ;  
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
 Which you mistaking offer up to joy.  
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;  
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my  
 husband :

All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?  
 Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,  
 That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;  
 But, O, it presses to my memory,  
 Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds :  
*Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished :*  
 That *banished*, that one word *banished*,  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there :  
 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship  
 And needly will be ranked 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 moved ?  
 But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
*Romeo is banished*, to speak that word,  
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
 All slain, all dead. *Romeo is banished !*  
 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 you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears : mine  
 shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
 Take up those cords : poor ropes, you are beguiled,  
 Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled ;  
 He made you for a highway to my bed ;  
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
 Come, cords, come, nurse ; I'll to my wedding-bed ;  
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

*Nurse.* Hie 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, find him ! give this ring to my true  
 knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell,  
*Ereunt.*

*Scene III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar Laurence.*

*Friar.* Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou  
 fearful man :

Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,  
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom.* Father, what news ? what is the prince's  
 doom ?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
 That I yet know not ?

*Friar.* Too familiar  
 Is my dear son with such sour company :  
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

*Rom.* What less than dooms-day is the prince's  
 doom ?

*Friar.* A gentler judgment vanished from his  
 lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha, banishment ! be merciful, say *death* ;  
 For exile hath more terror in his look,  
 Much more than death : do not say *banishment*.

*Friar.* Hence from Verona art thou banishèd :  
 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,  
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banishèd is banish'd from the world,  
 And world's exile is death : then *banishèd*  
 Is death mis-term'd : calling death *banishment*,  
 Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
 And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Friar.* O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !  
 Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,  
 Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
 And turnd that black word death to banishment :  
 This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is  
 here,

Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog

And little mouse, every unworthy thing,

Live here in heaven and may look on her ;

But Romeo may not : more validity,

More honourable state, more courtship lives

In carrion-flies than Romeo : they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand

And steal immortal blessing from her lips,

Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,

Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;

But Romeo may not ; he is banished :

This may flies do, but I from this must fly :

They are free men, but I am banishèd.

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 *banishèd* to kill me ?—*banishèd ?*

O friar, the damn'd use that word in hell ;

Howlings attend it : how hast thou the heart,

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,

A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word *banish'd*?

*Friar.* Thou foud mad man, hear me but speak  
a word.

*Rom.* O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*Friar.* I'll give thee armour to keep of that  
word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banish'd.

*Rom.* Yet *banish'd*? Hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

Displant a tow, reverse a prince's doom,

It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

*Friar.* O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men  
have no eyes?

*Friar.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of that thou dost  
not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murder'd,

Doting like me and like me banish'd,

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear  
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Enter Nurse and knocks.*

*Friar.* 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.

*Knock.*

*Friar.* Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?

—Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up;

*Knock.*

Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,

What simplicity is this!—I come, I come! *Knock.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's  
your will?

*Nurse.* Let me come in, and you shall know my  
errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

*Friar.* Welcome, then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

*Friar.* There on the ground, with his own tears  
made drunk.

*Nurse.* O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case!

*Friar.* O woful sympathy!

Piteous predicament!

*Nurse.* Even so lies she,

Bubbling 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!

*Nurse.* Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end  
of all.

*Rom.* Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,

Now I have stained the childhood of our joy

With blood removed but little from her own?

Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

*Nurse.* O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and  
weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,

And then down falls again.

*Rom.* As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

Did murder her; as that name's curs'd hand

Murdered 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.*

*Friar.* Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman in a seeming man!

Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!

Thou hast 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 damn'd hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and  
earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do  
meet

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.

Fie, fie, thou shamest 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 form of wax,

Digressing from the valour of a man;

Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,

Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,

Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,

Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,

And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;

There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,

But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:

The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:

A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;

Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,

Thou putt'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 hasten all the house to bed,

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:

Romeo is coming.

*Nurse.* O Lord, I could have stayed here all the  
night

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!

My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*Nurse.* Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir: Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. *Exit.*

*Rom.* How well my comfort is revived by this! *Friar.* Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:  
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time  
Every good hap to you that chances here:  
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:  
Farewell. *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.

*L. Cap.* I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;  
To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled  
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
But, soft! what day is this?

*Par.* Monday, my lord.

*Cap.* Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two;  
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And thereanend. But whatsay you to Thursday?

*Par.* My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.  
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!  
Afore me! it is so very late,  
That we may call it early by and by.  
Good night. *Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—Juliet's Chamber.*

*Enter Romeo and Juliet 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:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* You light is not day-light, I know it, I:  
It is some meteor that the sun 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 vaulty heaven so high above our heads:  
I have more care to stay than will to go:  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.  
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;  
O, now I would they had changed voices too!  
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day,  
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* More light and light?—More dark and dark our woes!

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Madam!

*Jul.* Nurse?

*Nurse.* Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:

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 descend.

*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 serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Jul.* O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art 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 eyes 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.

*L. Cap.* 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.*

*L. Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet!

*Jul.* Madam, I am not well.

*L. 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.

*L. Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

which you weep for.

*Jul.* Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

*L. 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?

*L. Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.

*Jul.* Villain and he be many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

*L. Cap.* That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

*L. Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soon keep 'Tybalt company;  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*Jul.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:  
Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors  
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin  
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!

*L. Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

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?

*L. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father,  
child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Bath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

*L. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday  
morn,

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,  
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,  
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

*L. 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 rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs;

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife!

Have you delivered to her our decree?

*L. Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

*Cap.* Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?

*Proud, and I thank you, and I thank you not;*

*And yet not proud:* mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor 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!

*L. Cap.* Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us 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!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,  
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* O, God ye god-den.

*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.

*L. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's bread! it makes me mad:  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd: and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,  
Stuffed, as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man;  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer *I'll not wed; I cannot love,  
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.*  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the  
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:  
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

*Exit.*

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*L. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a  
word:  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

*Exit.*

*Jul.* O God!—O nurse, how shall this be pre-  
vented?

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 strat-  
agems

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 dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he 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!

*Nurse.* What?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous  
much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

*Exit.*

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath praised him with above com-  
pare  
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.

##### Scene I.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.*

*Friar.* 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.

*Friar.* You say you do not know the lady's  
mind:

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's  
death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she doth give her 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.

*Friar.* [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it  
should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter Juliet.*

*Par.* Happily met, my lady and my wife!

*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife!

*Par.* That may be must be, love, on Thursday  
next.

*Jul.* What must be shall be.

*Friar.* 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 spok'd 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 had enough before their spite.

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

*Jul.* That is no slander, sir, which is a truth; And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

*Friar.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

*Par.* God shield I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse 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!

*Friar.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing may proroque it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hast 'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

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 play the umpire, arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Friar.* 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 cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower;

Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk

Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,

Over-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With rocky shanks and yellow chapless 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,

To live an unshin'd wife to my sweet love.

*Friar.* Hold, then; go home, be merry, give

consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,

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 cheeks shall fade

To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;

Each part, deprived of supple government,

Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then, as the manner of our country is,

In thy best robes uncovered 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 me not of fear!

*Friar.* Hold; get you gone, be strong and

prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*Jul.* Love give me strength! and strength shall

help afford.

Farewell, dear father!

*Exeunt.*

### Scene II.—Hall in Capulet's House.

*Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse and two Serving-men.*

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are writ. Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

*2 Ser.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

*2 Ser.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

*Cap.* Go, be gone.— *Exit Servants.*

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*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 behests, and am enjoined

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

To 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's cell;

And gave him what becomèd 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?

*L. Cap.* No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

*Cap.* Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow. *Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

*L. 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 reclaimed. *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.*

*L. Cap.* What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities As are behoveful 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.

*L. 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.

*Laying 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,  
Because he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man.  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
Shall I not, then, be stidied in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes  
in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,—  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are packed:  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,  
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—  
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,  
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—  
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears?  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's boue,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
O, look I 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.

*Scene IV.—Hall in Capulet's House.*

*Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

*L. 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 baked 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.

*L. 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 Serving-men, with spits, logs  
and baskets.*

What's there?

Now, fellow,

*1 Ser.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know  
not what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch  
drier logs:

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

*1 Ser.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,  
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

*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.

*Play music.*

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 he is come already:  
Make haste, I say. *Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—Juliet's Chamber.*

*Enter Nurse.*

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast,  
I warrant her, she:  
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!  
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why,  
bride!

What, not a word? you take your pennyworths  
now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,  
The County Paris hath set up his rest,  
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,  
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!  
I 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?  
What, dressed! and in your clothes! and down  
again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!  
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!  
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!  
Some *aqua vita*, ho! My lord! my lady!

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

*L. Cap.* What noise is here?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*L. Cap.* What is the matter?

*Nurse.* Look, look! O heavy day!

*L. Cap.* O me, O me! My child, my only life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!  
Help, help! Call help.

*Enter Capulet.*

*Cap.* For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord  
is come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceased, she's dead;  
alack the day!

*L. Cap.* Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead,  
she's dead!

*Cap.* Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's  
cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated:  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*L. 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 Lawrence and Paris, with Musicians.*

*Friar.* 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: see there she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,  
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's  
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*L. Cap.* Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful  
day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

*Nurse.* O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day, most woful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woful day, O woful day!

*Par.* Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!  
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,  
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

*Cap.* Despised, distressed, hated, martyred,  
killed!

Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now

To murder, murder our solemnity?

O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!

Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;

And with my child my joys are buried.

*Friar.* Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure  
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death,

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion;

For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married that lives married long:

But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church:

For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Cap.* All things that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral;

Our instruments to melancholy bells,

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

*Friar.* Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with  
him;

And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave:

The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;

Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet,*

*Paris and Friar.*

*1 Mus.* Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be  
gone.

*Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;  
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. *Exit.*



1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

*Enter Peter.*

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease*, *Heart's ease*: O, an you will have me live, play *Heart's ease*.

1 Mus. Why *Heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays *My heart is full of woe*: O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

1 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not, then?

1 Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the glee; I will give you the minstrel.

1 Min. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; do you note me?

1 Mus. An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,*

*And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*

*Then music with her silver sound—*

why *silver sound*? why *music with her silver sound*? What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say *silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-post?

3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is *music with her silver sound*, because musicians have no gold for sounding:

*Then music with her silver sound*

*With speedy help doth lend redress.* [*Exit.*]

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

*Exeunt.*

## Act V.

*Scene I.—Mantua. A Street.*

*Enter Romeo.*

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;

And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—

Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I revived, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possessed,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter Romeo's man, Balthasar.*

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 to 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.

*Exit Balthasar.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means:—O mischief, thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
I do remember an apothecary,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted  
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuffed, and other skins  
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.

Noting this 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.*

Apo. 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 hasty powder fired  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apo. 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,  
Content 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.

*Apo.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*Rom.* I lay thy poverty and not thy will.

*Apo.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to men's  
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayest 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.*

*Friar.* This same should be the voice of Friar  
John.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*Fri. J.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

*Friar.* Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

*Fri. J.* I could not send it,—here it is again,—  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.

*Friar.* Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
The letter was not nice but full of charge  
Of dear import, and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;  
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

*Fri. J.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. *Exit.*

*Friar.* Now must I to the monument alone;  
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:  
She will beshrew me much that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;  
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

*Exit.*

*Scene III.—A Churchyard; in it a tomb  
belonging to the Capulets.*

*Enter Paris, and his Page bearing flowers  
and a torch.*

*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand  
aloof;  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

*Page.* I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed  
I strew,—

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—  
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,  
Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by  
moans:

The obsequies that I for thee will keep  
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

*The Page whistles.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?  
What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.

*Retires.*

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch,  
mattock, &c.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock and the wrenching  
iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death,  
Is partly to behold my lady's face;  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring, a ring that I must use  
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I further shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:  
The time and my intents are savage-wild,  
More fierce and more inexorable far  
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship. Take  
thou that:  
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good  
fellow.

*Bal.* [Aside.] For all this same, I'll hide me  
hereabout:

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

*Retires.*

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of  
death,

Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,  
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

*Breaks open the tomb.*

*Par.* This is that banish'd baughty Montague,  
That murdered my love's cousin, with which grief,  
It is supposed, the fair creature died;  
And here is come to do some villainous shame  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.  
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!  
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?  
Condemn'd villain, I do apprehend thee:  
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

B B 5

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man; Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone; Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, Put not another sin upon my head, By urging me to fury: O, be gone! By heaven, I love thee better than myself; For I come hither arm'd against myself: Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say, A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations, And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. *Exit.*

Par. O, I am slain! 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 sour misfortune's book! I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave; A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughtered youth, For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes This vault a feasting presence full of light. Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

*Laying 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 conquered; beauty's ensign yet Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet? O, what more favour can I do to thee, Than with that hand that out thy youth in twain To sunder his that was thine enemy? Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet, Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe That unsubstantial Death is amorous, And that the lean abhorred monster keeps Thee here in dark to be his paramour? For fear of that, I 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 insupportable stars From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss A dateless bargain to engrossing death! Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide! Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark! Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. *Dies.*

*Enter Friar Laurence, with lantern, crow and spade.*

Friar. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Friar. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,

What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern, It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,

One that you love.

Friar. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Friar. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Friar. 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.

Friar. Stay then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:

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.

Friar. Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and gory swords To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

*Enters 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?

Friar. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet, [*Noise again.*] I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

*Exit Friar.*

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.

I Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

This is thy sheath; [*Kills herself.*] there rust,  
and let me die.

*Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.*

*Page.* This is the place; there, where the torch  
doth burn.

*1 Watch.* The ground is bloody; search about  
the churchyard:

Go, some of you, whose'er you find attach.  
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;  
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two days buried.  
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:  
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:  
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes  
We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.*

*2 Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found him  
in the churchyard.

*1 Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince  
come hither.

*Re-enter Friar Laurence and another Watchman.*

*3 Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,  
and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

*1 Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

*Enter the Prince.*

*Pri.* What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

*Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet and others.*

*Cap.* What should it be, that they so shriek  
abroad?

*L. Cap.* The people in the street cry *Romeo*,  
*Some Juliet*, and some *Paris*; and all run,  
With open outcry, toward our monument.

*Pri.* What fear is this which startles in our  
ears?

*1 Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris  
slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new killed.

*Pri.* Search, seek, and know how this foul  
murder comes.

*1 Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd  
Romeo's man;

With instruments upon them, fit to open  
These dead men's tombs.

*Cap.* O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter  
bleeds!

'This dagger hath mista'en.—for, lo, his house  
is empty on the back of Montague,—  
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

*L. Cap.* O me! this sight of death is as a bell  
'That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter Montague and others.*

*Pri.* Come, Montague; for thou art early up,  
To see thy son and heir more early down.

*Mon.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopped her breath:  
What further woe conspires against mine age?

*Pri.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in  
this,

To press before thy father to a grave?

*Pri.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their true  
descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience.—  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Friar.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemn'd and myself excus'd.

*Pri.* Then say at once what thou dost know in  
this.

*Friar.* I will be brief, for my short date of  
breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, was Romeo's faithful wife:  
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death  
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this  
city,

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce  
To County Paris: then comes she to me,  
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean  
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 borrowed 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 awaking,

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 sacrific'd some hour before his time

Unto the rigour of severest law.

*Pri.* 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 threatened me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not and left him there.

*Pri.* 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 grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :  
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb ;  
And by and by my master drew on him ;  
And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Pri.* This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :  
And here he writes that he did buy a poison  
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.  
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!  
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.

And I for winking at your discords too  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen : all are punished.

*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!

*Pri.* 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 pardoned, and some punished :  
For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. *Exeunt.*

# TIMON OF ATHENS.

## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,  
LUCULLUS, } flattering lords.  
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS, }  
LUCILIUS, } servants to Timon.  
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS,  
PHILOTUS, }  
TITUS, } servants to Timon's usurers.  
LUCIUS,  
HORTENSIUS, }

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PERYNTIA, }  
TIMANDEA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the mask. Other Lords, Senators,  
Officers, Soldiers, Banditti and Attendants.

It is believed that Shakespeare wrote only a part of this drama. He may have left it unfinished. In a complete state it appears in the folio of 1623, seven years after his death.

The versification is extremely irregular, great numbers of short lines succeeding each other. The character of Timon, the misanthrope, resembles rather that drawn by Lucian than that in Plutarch. The locality of the play is Greece of the time of Alcibiades, and the costume might be studied from the Elgin Marbles at the British Museum. The Acts and Scenes are unmarked in the first folio.

# TIMON OF ATHENS.

## Act I.

Scene I.—Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant and Mercer, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pai. I am glad you're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

Pai. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange, Which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pai. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Merch. O, 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Merch. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness: He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Merch. O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

Poet. [Reciting to himself.] When we for recompense have praised the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good.

Merch. 'Tis a good form.

Looking at the jewel.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pai. 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 if the flint Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame Provokes itself and like the current flies Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pai. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir. Let's see your piece.

Pai. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pai. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace Speaks his own standing! what a mental power This eye shoots forth! how big imagination Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture One might interpret.

Pai. It is a pretty mocking of the life. Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I will say of it, It tutors nature: artificial strife Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pai. How this lord is followed!

Poet. The senators of Athens: happy man!

Pai. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man, Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug With amplest entertainment: my free drift Halts not particularly, but moves itself In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice Infects one comma in the course I hold; But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on, Leaving no tract behind.

Pai. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds, As well of glib and slippery creatures as Of grave and austere quality, tender down Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune Upon his good and gracious nature hanging Subdues and properties to his love and tendance All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better Than to abhor himself: even he drops down The knee before him and returns in peace Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pai. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill Feign'd Fortune to be throned:

The base o' the mount Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures, That labour on the bosom of this sphere To propagate their states: amongst them all, Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd, One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame, Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafes to her; Whose present grace to present slaves and servants Translates his rivals.

Pai. 'Tis conceived to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks, With one man beckon'd from the rest below, Bowing his head against the steepy mount To climb his happiness, would be well express'd In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.

All those which were his fellows but of late, Some better than his value, on the moment Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance, Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear, Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him Drink the free air.

Pai. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. 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.

*Pai.* 'Tis common;  
A thousand moral paintings I can show  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of  
Fortune's

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well  
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every sutor; a Messenger from Ventidius talking with him; Lucilius and other Servants following.*

*Tim.* Imprisoned is he, say you?  
*Mes.* 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.

*Mes.* Your lordship ever binds him.  
*Tim.* Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;

And being enfranchised, bid him come to me.  
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after. Fare you well.

*Mes.* 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?

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man  
before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, Lord Timon, this  
thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;  
And my estate deserves an heir more raised  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well; what further?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:

The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,

And I have bred her at my dearest cost

In qualities of the best. This man of thine

Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,

Join with me to forbid him her resort;

Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon:

His honesty rewards him in itself;

It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us

What levity's in youth.

*Tim.* [To Lucilius.] Love you the maid?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.  
*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be  
missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,  
If she be mated with an equal husband?

*Old Ath.* Three talents on the present; in  
future, all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath 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.

*Tim.* My hand to thee; mine honour on my  
promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship: never may  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not owed to you!

*Exit Lucilius and Old Athenian.*  
*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your  
lordship!

*Tim.* I thank you; you shall hear from me  
anon:

Go not away. What have you there, my friend?  
*Pai.* 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 pencill'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.

*Pai.* The gods preserve ye!

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentleman: give me your  
hand;

We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffered under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord! dispraise?

*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclew 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 priz'd by their masters: believe't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*Merch.* No, my good lord; he speaks the com-  
mon tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here: will you be child?

*Enter Apemantus.*

*Jew.* We'll bear, with your lordship.

*Merch.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

*Ape.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good  
morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves  
honest.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou  
know'st them not.



*Ape.* Are they not Athenians?  
*Tim.* Yes.  
*Ape.* Then I repent not.  
*Jer.* You know me, Apemantus?  
*Ape.* Thou know'st I do: I call'd thee by thy name.  
*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus?  
*Ape.* Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.  
*Tim.* Whither art going?  
*Ape.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.  
*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.  
*Ape.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.  
*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?  
*Ape.* The best, for the innocence.  
*Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?  
*Ape.* He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.  
*Pai.* You're a dog.  
*Ape.* Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?  
*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?  
*Ape.* No; I eat not lords.  
*Tim.* An thou shouldst, thou'ldst anger ladies.  
*Ape.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.  
*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.  
*Ape.* So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labour.  
*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?  
*Ape.* Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.  
*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?  
*Ape.* Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!  
*Poet.* How now, philosopher!  
*Ape.* Thou liest.  
*Poet.* Art not one?  
*Ape.* Yes.  
*Poet.* Then I lie not.  
*Ape.* Art not a poet?  
*Poet.* Yes.  
*Ape.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.  
*Poet.* That's not feigned; he is so.  
*Ape.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!  
*Tim.* What wouldst do then, Apemantus?  
*Ape.* E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.  
*Tim.* What, thyself?  
*Ape.* Ay.  
*Tim.* Wherefore?  
*Ape.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art not thou a merchant?  
*Merch.* Ay, Apemantus.  
*Ape.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!  
*Merch.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.  
*Ape.* Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.*  
*Tim.* What trumpet's that?  
*Mer.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.  
*Tim.* Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. *Exeunt some Attendants.*

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done, Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

*Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.*

Most welcome, sir!

*Ape.* So, so, there!  
 Aches contract and starve your supple joints!  
 That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,  
 And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out  
 Into baboon and monkey.

*Alc.* 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.

*Exeunt all except Apemantus.*

*Enter two Lords.*

*1 Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

*Ape.* Time to be honest.

*1 Lord.* That time serves still.

*Ape.* The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

*2 Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

*Ape.* Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat foals.

*2 Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Ape.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

*2 Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

*Ape.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

*1 Lord.* Hang thyself!

*Ape.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

*2 Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence!

*Ape.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass.

*Exit.*

*1 Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,  
 And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes  
 The very heart of kindness.

*2 Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,  
 Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays  
 Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,  
 But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
 All use of quittance.

*1 Lord.* The noblest mind he carries  
 That ever govern'd man.

*2 Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

*1 Lord.* I'll keep you company. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—A Room in Timon's House.*

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; and then enter Lord Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius, which Timon redeemed from prison. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.*

*Fen.* Most honour'd Timon,  
 It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's

*Ape.*  
 And call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help  
I 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 betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords,  
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 'tis shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs  
none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes  
Than my fortunes to me. *They sit.*

I Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Ape. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you  
not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Ape. No;

You shall not make me welcome:  
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour  
there

Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.  
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*; but  
your man is ever angry. Go, let him have a  
table by himself, for he does neither affect com-  
pany, nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Ape. Let me stay at thine apparel, Timon: I  
come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an  
Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would  
have no power; prithce, let my meat make thee  
silent.

Ape. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me,  
for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what  
a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not!  
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in  
one man's blood; and all the madness is, he  
cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:  
Methinks they should invite them without knives;  
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.  
There's much example for't; the fellow that sits  
next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the  
breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest  
man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were  
a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;  
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous

notes:  
Great men should drink with harness on their  
throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go  
round.

3 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Ape. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he  
keeps his tides well. Those healths will make  
thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that  
which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water,  
which ne'er left man i' the mire:

This and my food are equals; there's no odds:  
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

*Apemantus' grace.*

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;  
I pray for no man but myself:  
Grant I may never prove so fond,  
To trust man on his oath or bond;  
Or a harlot, for her weeping;  
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;  
Or a keeper with my freedom;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.  
Amen. So fall to't:  
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the  
field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of  
enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding-new, my lord,  
there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best  
friend at such a feast.

Aps. Would all those flatterers were thine  
enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em  
and bid me to 'em!

I Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my  
lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby  
we might express some part of our zeals, we should  
think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the  
gods themselves have provided that I shall have  
much help from you: how had you been my  
friends else? why have you that charitable title  
from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my  
heart? I have told more of you to myself than  
you can with modesty speak in your own behalf;  
and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think  
I, what need we have any friends, if we should  
never have need of 'em? they were the most  
needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use  
for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instru-  
ments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to  
themselves. Why, I have often wished myself  
poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We  
are born to do benefits: and what better or  
properer can we call our own than the riches of  
our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to  
have so many, like brothers, commanding one  
another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't  
can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water,  
methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Ape. Thou weepst to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes  
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Ape. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a  
bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me  
much.

Ape. Much!

Tucket, within.

Tim. What means that trump?

*Enter a Servant.*

How now?

Ser. Please you, my lord, there are certain  
ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Ser. 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 pleteous 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!

*1 Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.

*Music.* Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

*Ape.* Hoy-day,

What a sweep of vanity comes this way!  
They dance! they are mad women.  
Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.  
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;  
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men  
Upon whose age we void it up again,  
With poisonous spite and envy.  
Who lives that's not depraved or depraves?  
Who dies, that bears not one 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 loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lusty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace,  
fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;  
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,  
And entertain'd me with mine own device;  
I am to thank you for 't.

*1 Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

*Ape.* '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.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord. More jewels yet! *Aside.* 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 ne'er be wretched for his mind.

*Exit.*

*1 Lord.* Where be our men?

*Ser.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

*2 Lord.* Our horses!

*Re-enter Flavius, with the casket.*

*Tim.* O my friends,

I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much  
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,  
Kind my lord.

*1 Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honour,  
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near! why then, another time I'll hear thee:

I prithee, let 's be provided to show them entertainment.

*Flav.* [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

*Enter another Servant.*

*2 Ser.* May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,  
Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly; let the presents  
Be worthily entertain'd.

*Enter a third Servant.*

How now! what news?

*3 Ser.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; and let them be received,

Not without fair reward.

*Flav.* [*Aside.*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,  
And all out of an empty coffer:

Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,

To show him what a beggar his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good:

His promises fly so beyond his state

That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes

For every word: he is so kind that he now

Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their books.

Well, would I were gently put out of office

Before I were forced out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed

Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. *Exit.*

*Tim.* You do yourselves  
Much wrong, you hate too much of your own merits:

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

*2 Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

*3 Lord.* O, he's the very soul of bounty!

*Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser

I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it.

*2 Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord; I know,  
no man can justly praise but what he does affect:

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

*All Lords.* O, none so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;

Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;  
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alc.* Ay, defiled land, my lord.

*1 Lord.* We are so virtuously bound—

*Tim.* And so  
Am I to you.

*2 Lord.* So infinitely endear'd—

*Tim.* All to you. Lights, more lights!

*1 Lord.* The best of happiness,

Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*

*Ape.* What a coil's here!

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of

dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound  
legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
I would be good to thee.

*Ape.* No, I'll nothing: for if I should be  
bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon  
thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou  
givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give  
away thyself in paper shortly: what need these  
feasts, pomps and vain-glories?

*Tim.* Nay, an you begin to rail on society once,  
I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell;  
and come with better music. *Exit.*

*Ape.* So: thou wilt not hear me now; thou

shalt not then: I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! *Exit.*

## Act II.

### Scene I.—A Senator's House.

*Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.*

*Sen.* And late, five thousand: to Varro and to  
Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,

Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal that 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.*

*Cap.* Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord

Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased

With slight denial, nor then silenced when—

*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 reliances on his fracted dates  
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,  
But must not break my back to heal his finger;  
Immediate are my needs, and my relief  
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:  
Put on a most importunate aspect,  
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,  
When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

*Cap.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* I go, sir!—Take the bonds along with you,  
And have the dates in compt.

*Cap.*

I will, sir.

*Sen.*

*Go. Exeunt.*

### Scene II.—A Hall in Timon's House.

*Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account  
How things go from him, nor resumes no care  
Of what is to continue: never mind  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from  
hunting.

Fee, fee, fee, fee!

*Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.*

*Cap.* Good even, Varro: what,  
You come for money?

*Var. Ser.* Is't not your business too?

*Cap.* It is: and yours too, Isidore?

*Isi. Ser.* It is so.

*Cap.* Would we were all discharged!

*Var. Ser.* I fear it.

*Cap.* 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?

*Cap.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues! Whence are you?

*Cap.* Of Athens here, my lord.

*Tim.* Go to my steward.

*Cap.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awaked by great occasion

To call upon his own, and humbly prays you

That with your other noble parts you'll suit

In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,

I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

*Cap.* Nay, good my lord,—

*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.

*Var. Ser.* One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

*Isi. Ser.* From Isidore.

He humbly prays your speedy payment.

*Cap.* If you did know, my lord, my master's  
wants—

Var. Ser. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks

And past.

Ist. Ser. 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.*

[*To Flar.*] Come hither: pray you.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds, And the detraction of long-since-due debts, Against my honour?

Flar. Please you, gentlemen, The time is unagreeable to this business: Your importunacy cease till after dinner, That I may make his lordship understand Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd. *Exit.*

Flar. Pray, draw near. *Exit.*

*Enter Apemantus and Fool.*

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Ser. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Ist. Ser. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Ser. How dost, fool?

Ape. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Ser. I speak not to thee.

Ape. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool.*] Come away.

Ist. Ser. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Ape. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the fool now?

Ape. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Ser. What are we, Apemantus?

Ape. Asses.

All Ser. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Ser. 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 Corinth!

Ape. Good! gramercy.

*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?

Ape. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithce, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt furnish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. *Exit.*

Ape. E'en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Ser. Ay; would they served us!

Ape. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Ser. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Ser. I could render one.

Ape. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Ser. 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 fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Ser. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Ape. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Ser. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

*Re-enter Timon and Flavius.*

Ape. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother and woman; sometime the philosopher.

*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flar. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. *Exeunt Servants.*

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?

Flar. You would not hear me, At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance some single vantages you took, Laid them before you; you would throw them off, And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself.

Flar. O my good lord,

At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off, And say, you found them in mine honesty.

When, for some trifling present, you have bid me Return so much, I have shook my head and wept:

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close: I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have Prompted you in the orb of your estate And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,

Though you hear now, too late—yet now's a time—

The greatest of your having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*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 Lacedæmon 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 set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
When all our offices have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept  
With drunken spilt of wine, when every room  
Hath 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 englutted! 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 Flaminius, Servilius and other Servants.*

*Servants.* My lord? my lord?

*Tim.* I will dispatch you severally; you to  
Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted  
with his honour to-day: you to Sempronius:  
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?  
hnm!

*Tim.* Go you, sir, to the senators—  
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have

Deserv'd this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant  
A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold—

For that I knew it the most general way—  
To them to use your signet and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is 't true? can 't be?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate  
voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honour-  
able,—

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 nods  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!

Prithee, man, look cheerily. These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.  
[*To a Ser.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flav.*] Pri-  
thee, be not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee. [*To Ser.*] 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  
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd  
With those five talents [*Exit Ser.*]. [*To Flav.*]

That had, give 't these fellows  
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

*Flav.* I would I could not think it:  
That thought is bounty's foe;  
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. *Exeunt.*

### Act III.

#### Scene I.—A Room in Lucullus' House.

*Flaminius waiting to speak with a Lord from his  
Master. Enters a Servant to him.*

*Ser.* I have told my lord of you; he is coming  
down to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter Lucullus.*

*Ser.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* [*Aside.*] One of Lord Timon's men? a  
gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt  
of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius,  
honest Flaminius; you are very respectively wel-  
come, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*]  
And how does that honourable, complete, free-  
hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful  
good lord and master?

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

*Flam.* 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la! *nothing doubting*, says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman '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.

*Enter Servant, with wine.*

*Ser.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee 'always with. Here's to thee.

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a to-wardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well; good parts in thee. [*To Ser.*] Get you gone, sirrah.

*Exit Ser.]* 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 sawest me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is't possible the world should so much differ,

And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee!

*Throwing the money back.*

*Lucul.* Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. *Exit.*

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!  
Hast friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,  
I feel my master's passion! this slave,  
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:  
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,  
When he is turn'd to poison?  
O, may diseases only work upon 't!  
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! *Exit.*

*Scene II.—A Public Place.*

*Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.*

*Luc.* Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

*1 Str.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common

rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him. *Luc.* Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

*2 Str.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for 't and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How!  
*2 Str.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter Servilius.*

*Serv.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord,—

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Serv.* 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, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

*Serv.* 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.

*Serv.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,  
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Serv.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I to disfigure 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 I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind; and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest 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?

*Serv.* 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.*  
*1 Str.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Str. Ay, too well.  
1 Str. Why, this is the world's soul, and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse, Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks, But Timon's silver treads upon his lip; And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!— He does deny him, in respect of his, What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 Str. Religion groans at it.  
1 Str. For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life, Nor came any of his bounties over me, To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest, For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue And honourable carriage, Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my wealth into donation, And the best half should have return'd to him, So much I love his heart: but, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense; For policy sits above conscience. *Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—A Room in Sempronius' House.*

*Enter a third Servant with Sempronius, another of Timon's friends.*

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!— 'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus; And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these Owe their estates unto him.

Ser. 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? hum! It shows but little love or judgment in him: Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?

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 e'er received gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now, That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove an argument of laughter To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool. I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum, Had sent 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. *Erit.*

Ser. Excellent! your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made

man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire: Of such a nature is his politic love. This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled, Save only the gods: now his friends are dead, Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd Now to guard sure their master. And this is all a liberal course allows; Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. *Erit.*

*Scene IV.—A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Varro's men, meeting others. All Timon's creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Titus, Hortensius and Servant of Lucius.*

1 Var. Man. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Ser. Ay, and I think One business does command us all; for mine Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

*Enter Philotus.*

Luc. Ser. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Ser. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Ser. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Ser. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ser. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable. I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet Find little.

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. Ser. Mark, how strange it shows Timon in this should pay more than he owes: And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth, And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth  
1 Var. Man. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns what's yours?

Luc. Ser. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Man. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,



Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

*Enter Flaminius.*

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Ser. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. *Exit.*

*Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Ser. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

2 Var. Man. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. *Ay,*

If money were as certain as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,  
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?  
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts  
And take down the interest into their gluttonous  
maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ser. *Ay,* but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;  
For you serve knaves. *Exit.*

1 Var. Man. How! what does his cashiered  
worship mutter?

2 Var. Man. No matter what; he's poor, and  
that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader  
than he that has no house to put his head in?  
such may rail against great buildings.

*Enter Servilius.*

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know  
some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to  
repair some other hour, I should derive much  
from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans  
wondrously to discontent; his comfortable tem-  
per has forsook him; he's much out of health,  
and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Ser. Many do keep their chambers are not  
sick;

And, if it be so far beyond his health,  
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.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help! My lord!  
my lord!

*Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.*

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my  
message?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Ser. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Ser. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Men. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to  
the girdle.

Luc. Ser. Alas, my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Ser. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What  
yours?—and yours?

1 Var. Man. My lord,—

2 Var. Man. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon  
you! *Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw  
their caps at their money: these debts may well  
be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. *Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Timon and Flavius.*

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me,  
the slaves.

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 fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius;

All, sirrah, all:

I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;

There is not so much left, to furnish out

A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,  
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide  
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. *Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—The Senate-House.*

*The Senate sitting.*

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the  
fault's

bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

*Enter Alcibiades, with Attendants.*

Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the  
senate!

1 Sen. Now, captain?

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath step'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—

An honour in him which buys out his fault—

But with a noble fury and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
And oppose his foe :

And with such sober and unnoted passion  
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,  
As if he had but proved an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,  
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:  
Your words have took such pains as if they  
labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form and set quar-  
relling

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

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, care-  
lessly,

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!

Alc. My lord,—

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:  
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. 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, 'tis most just.  
To be in anger is impiety;

But who is man that is not angry?  
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain! his service done

At Lacedæmon and Byzantium  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alc. I say, my lords, he has done fair service,  
And slain in fight many of your enemies:  
How full of valour did he bear himself  
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;  
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often  
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:  
If there were no foes, that were enough  
To overcome him: in that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages,  
And cherish factions: 'tis infer'd to us,  
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alc. 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 crime he owes the law his life,  
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no  
more,

On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,  
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How!

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen. What!

Alc. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;  
It could not else be, I should prove so base,  
To sue, and be denied such common grace:  
My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;  
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me!

Banish your dotage; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain  
thee,

Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell  
our spirit,

He shall be executed presently. *Exeunt Senators.*

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough; that  
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!  
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money and let out  
Their coin upon large interest, I myself  
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?  
Is this the balsam that the 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 discontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;  
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

*Exit.*

*Scene VI.—A Banqueting-room in Timon's House.*

*Enter divers friends at several doors.*

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.  
2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this  
honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that but my thoughts tiring,  
when we encountered: I hope it is not so low  
with him as he made it seem in the trial of his  
several friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of  
his new feasting.

1 Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an  
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions  
did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me  
beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my  
importunate business, but he would not hear my  
excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of  
me, that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I under-  
stand how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

2 Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

*Enter Timon and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more 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.

1 Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

*The banquet brought in.*

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,— Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

1 and 2 Lords. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How! how!

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold? wilt't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

3 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 despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be 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?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold, You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces Your reeking villainy.

*Throwing the water in their faces.*

Live loathed and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites, Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears, You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks! Of man and beast the infinite malady Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go? Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou,— Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast, Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest. Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be Of Timon man and all humanity! *Exit.*

*Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.*

1 Lord. How now, my lords!

2 Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

3 Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

1 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat: did you see my jewel?

3 Lord. Did you see my cap?

2 Lord. Here 'tis.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. *Exeunt.*

## Act IV.

### Scene I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

*Enter Timon.*

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall, That girdles 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 senate from the bench, And minister in their steads! to general filth Convert o' the instant, green virginity, Do 'tin your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast; Rather than render back, out with your knives, And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;  
 Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,  
 Pluck the lined 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 contraries,  
 And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,  
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,  
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
 As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty  
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,  
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,  
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop  
 Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,  
 That their society, as their friendship, may  
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!  
 Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!  
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.  
 The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—  
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!  
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low!  
 Amen. *Erit.*

*Scene II.—Athens. A Room in Timon's House.*

*Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.*

1 Ser. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,  
 I am as poor as you.

1 Ser. 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!

3 Ser. 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-shunn'd poverty,  
 Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

*Enter other Servants.*

Flav. All broken implements of a ruined house.

3 Ser. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;  
 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 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,

*We have seen better days.* Let each take some;  
 Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:  
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*  
 O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!  
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
 Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live  
 But in a dream of friendship?  
 To have his pomp and all what state compounds  
 But only painted, like 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, does still mar men.  
 My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed,  
 Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes  
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
 He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat  
 Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to  
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.  
 I'll follow and inquire him out:  
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;  
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

*Erit.*

*Scene III.—Woods and Cave, near the Sea-shore.*

*Enter Timon, in the Woods.*

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth

Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb  
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,  
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
 Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,  
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,

But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;  
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
 The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,  
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who  
 dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,  
 And say *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,  
 So are they all; for every guise of fortune  
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
 Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;  
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhor'd  
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
 Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me  
 roots! *Digging.*

Who seeks for better of thee, since 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,  
 Wrongright, 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 leprosy adored, place thieves  
 And give them title, knee and approbation  
 With senators on the bench: this is it  
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;  
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores  
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalsms and spices  
 To the April day 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 afar off.*] Ha! a  
 drum? Thou'rt quick,  
 But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,  
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.  
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

*Keeping some gold.*

*Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; Phrynia and Timandra.*

*Alc.* What art thou there? speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

*Alc.* What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,

That art thyself a man?

*Tim.* I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
 That I might love thee something.

*Alc.* 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.

*Phr.* Thy lips rot off!

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns  
 To thine own lips again.

*Alc.* How came the noble Timon to this change?

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to  
 give:

But then renew I could not, like the moon;  
 There were no suns to borrow of.

*Alc.* Noble Timon,

What friendship may I do thee?

*Tim.* None, but to

Maintain my opinion.

*Alc.* What is it, Timon?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none:  
 it thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee,  
 for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, con-  
 found thee, for thou art a man!

*Alc.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

*Alc.* I see them now; then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of  
 harlots.

*Timan.* Is this the Athenian minion, whom  
 the world

Voiced so regardfully?

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra?

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* Be a whore still: they love thee not that  
 use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.  
 Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves  
 For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked  
 youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster!

*Alc.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits  
 Are drowned and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,  
 The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,  
 How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,  
 But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

*Tim.* I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee  
 gone.

*Alc.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him whom thou dost  
 trouble?

I had rather be alone.

*Alc.* Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep it, I cannot eat it.

*Alc.* When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alc.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all in thy con-  
 quest;

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

*Alc.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That, by killing of villains,

Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vice'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;

He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-

paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: spare not

the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their

mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: swear against 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.

*Alc.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold  
 thou givest me,

Not all thy counsel.

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's  
 curse upon thee!

*Phr. and Timan.* 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 shudders and to heavenly agues  
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your  
oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions : be whores still ;  
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
Be strong in 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 :  
whore still ;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.  
A plague of wrinkles !

*Phr. and Timan.* Well, more gold : what then ?  
Believe 't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow  
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's  
voice,

That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the flamen,  
That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
And not believes himself : down with the nose,  
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away  
Of him that, his particular to foreseee,  
Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate  
ruffians bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you : plague all ;  
That your activity may defeat and quell  
The source of all erection. There's more gold :  
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave you all !

*Phr. and Timan.* More counsel with more  
money, bounteous Timon.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first ; I have  
given you earnest.

*Alc.* Strike up the drum towards Athens !  
Farewell, Timon :

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alc.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spokest well of me.

*Alc.* Call'st thou that harm ?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee away, and  
take

Thy beagles with thee.

*Alc.* We but offend him. Strike !

*Drum beats. Enter Alcibiades,  
Phrynia and Timandra.*

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's un-  
kindness,

Should yet be hungry ! Common mother, thou,  
*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,  
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,  
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;  
Yield him, who all the humane sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !  
Enear thy fertile and conception womb,

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears ;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented !—O, a root,—dear thanks !—  
Dry up thy marrows, vines and plough-torn leas ;  
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips !

*Enter Apemantus.*

More man ? Plague, plague !

*Ape.* 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 !

*Ape.* This is in thee a nature but infected ;  
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung  
From change of future. Why this spade ? this  
place ?

This slave-like habit ? and these looks of care ?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft ;  
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee : hinge thy knee,  
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,  
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent : thou wast told thus ;  
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bid  
welcome

To knaves and all approachers : 'tis most just  
That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

*Ape.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like  
thyself ;

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm ? will these moss'd  
trees,

That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip where thou point'st out ? will the cold  
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures  
Whose naked natures live in all the spits  
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoussed trunks,  
To the conflicting elements exposed,  
Answer mere nature ; bid them flatter thee ;  
O, thou shalt find—

*Tim.* A fool of thee : depart.

*Ape.* I love thee better now than s'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Ape.* Why ?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Ape.* I flatter not ; but say thou art a caiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out ?

*Ape.* To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't ?

*Ape.* Ay.

*Tim.* What ! a knave too ?

*Ape.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well : but thou  
Dost it enforcedly ; thou 'ldst courtier be again,  
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :  
The one is filling still, never complete ;  
The other, at high wish : best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content.  
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath that is more miserable.  
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.  
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceed

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
To such as may the passive drugs of it  
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself

In general riot ; melted down thy youth  
In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd  
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
Who had the world as my confectionary,  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment,  
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows : I, to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burden :  
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men ?

They never flatter'd thee : what hast thou given ?  
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,  
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff  
To some she beggar and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone !  
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

*Ape.* Art thou proud yet ?  
*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Ape.* I, that I was  
No prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now :  
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,  
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.  
That the whole life of Athens were in this !  
Thus would I eat it.

*Ape.* Here ; I will mend thy feast.

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thyself.

*Ape.* 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.

*Ape.* 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.

*Ape.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best and truest ;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Ape.* Where liest o' nights, Timon ?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

*Ape.* Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather,

where I eat it.

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient and knew my mind !

*Ape.* Where wouldst thou send it ?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Ape.* 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 medlar for thee, eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate I feed not.

*Ape.* Dost hate a medlar ?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Ape.* An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means ?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved ?

*Ape.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee ; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Ape.* 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 ?

*Ape.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts ?

*Ape.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to ! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee : if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee : if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass : if thou wert the ass, thy dulness 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 conquest of thy fury : wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse : wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard : wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life : all thy safety were remotion and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast ? and what a beast art thou already, that seeest not thy loss in transformation !

*Ape.* If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here : the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city ?

*Ape.* Yonder comes a poet and a painter : the plague of company light upon thee ! I will fear to catch it and give way : when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

*Ape.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon !

*Ape.* A plague on thee ! thou art too bad to cure.

*Tim.* All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

*Ape.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee. I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

*Ape.* 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 swoond to see thee.

*Ape.* Would thou wouldst burst!

*Tim.* Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee. *Throws a stone at him.*

*Ape.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Ape.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought But even the mere necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie 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.

[*To the gold.*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorcee

'Twill natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That soldier'st close impossibilities,

And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every

tongue,

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!

*Ape.* Would 'twere so!

But not till I am dead. I'll say thou'st gold;

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd to!

*Ape.* Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I prithee.

*Ape.* 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 the Banditti.*

*1 Ban.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

*3 Ban.* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

*3 Ban.* Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

*2 Ban.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

*1 Ban.* Is not this he?

*Banditti.* Where?

*2 Ban.* 'Tis his description.

*3 Ban.* He; I know him.

*Banditti.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves?

*Banditti.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too; and women's sons.

*Banditti.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

*1 Ban.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts and birds and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con

That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not

In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here 's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;

Do 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

Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

From general excrement: each thing's a thief:

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away,

Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats:

All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,

Break open shops; nothing can you steal,

But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this

I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen.

*3 Ban.* Has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

*1 Ban.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

*2 Ban.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

*1 Ban.* Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

*Exeunt Banditti.*

*Enter Flavius.*

*Flav.* O you gods!

Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestowed!

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?

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir?

*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;  
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man,  
I have forgot thee.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

*Tim.* Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I; all  
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,  
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his midone lord than mine eyes for you.

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep? Come nearer,  
then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give  
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:  
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with  
weeping!

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord,  
To accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth  
lasts

To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward

So true, so just, and 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-sober 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.

Method's thou art more honest now than wise;

For, by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou might'st have sooner got another service:

For many so arrive at second masters,

Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—

For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal

gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master; in whose  
breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:

You should have fear'd false times when you did

feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living; and, believe it,

My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Either in hope or present, I'd exchange

For this one wish, that you had power and wealth

To 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

lappy;

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 with'er 'em to nothing; be men like blasted  
woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!  
And so farewell and thrive.

*Flav.* O, let me stay,

And comfort you, my master.

*Tim.* If thou hatest 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.*

### Act V.

*Scene I.—The Woods. Before Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching them  
from his cave.*

*Pai.* As I took note of the place, it cannot be  
far where he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? does the  
rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

*Pai.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia  
and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise en-  
riched poor straggling soldiers with great quan-  
tity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty  
sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a  
try for his friends.

*Pai.* Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in  
Athens again, and flourish with the highest.

Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to  
him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show  
honestly in us: and is very likely to load our  
purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just  
and true report that goes of his having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pai.* Nothing at this time but my visitation:  
only I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too, tell him of an  
intent that's coming toward him.

*Pai.* 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 plainer and simpler kind of people, the  
deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is  
most courtly and fashionable: performance is  
a kind of will or testament which argues a great  
sickness in his judgment that makes it.

*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*

*Tim.* [*Aside.*] Excellent workman! thou canst  
not paint a man so bad as 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 prosper-  
ity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries  
that follow youth and opulency.

*Tim.* [*Aside.*] Must thou needs stand for a  
villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine  
own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for  
thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him:  
Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pai.* 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!  
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the  
foam,  
Settlest admir'd reverence in a slave:  
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!  
Fit I meet them. *Coming forward.*

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon!

*Pai.* Our late noble master!

*Tim.* Have I once lived to see two honest men?

*Poet.* Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,  
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—  
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough:  
What! to you,  
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence  
To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see't the better:  
You that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen and known.

*Pai.* He and myself  
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you are honest men.

*Pai.* We are hither come to offer you our  
service.

*Tim.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I  
requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you  
service.

*Tim.* Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I  
have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest  
men.

*Pai.* So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore  
Came not my friend nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest men! Thou draw'st a  
counterfeit

Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pai.* So, so, my lord.

*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-natur'd 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  
knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dis-  
semble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured  
That he's a made-up villain.

*Pai.* 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 company;

Each man apart, all single and alone,

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 slaves:

[*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! *Exeunt.*

*Enter Flavius and two Senators.*

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak with  
Timon;

For he is set so only to himself

That nothing but himself which looks like man  
Is friendly with him.

*1 Sen.* Bring us to his cave:

It is our part and promise to the Athenians  
To speak with Timon.

*2 Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs  
That 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.

*Flav.* Here is his cave.

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!  
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians,  
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:  
Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Enter Timon out of 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 cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking!

*1 Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

*Tim.* Of none but such as worthy, and you of  
Timon.

*1 Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee,  
Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them; and would send them  
back the plague,  
Could I but catch it for them.

*1 Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators with one consent of love  
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie  
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess  
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:  
Which now the public body, which doth seldom  
Play the recanter, feeling in itself  
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
Of its own fail, 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,  
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it:  
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:  
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.  
1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return  
with us

And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take  
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
Allow'd with absolute power and thy good name  
Live with authority; so soon we shall drive back  
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threatening sword  
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—  
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:  
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,  
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,  
In pity of our aged and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,  
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives  
care not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,  
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp  
But I do prize it at my love before  
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosperous gods,  
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.  
Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph:  
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness  
Of health and living now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.  
Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.  
Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—  
1 Sen. These words become your lips as they  
pass through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears like great  
triumphers  
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,  
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,

Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness  
do them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

1 Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree  
From high to low throughout, that whose please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no 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 beach'd 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 our 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.

1 Sen. His discontents are unremovably  
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,  
And strain what other means is left unto us  
In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. Exeunt.

Scene II.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators with a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his  
files  
As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least:  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring  
not Timon.

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;  
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,  
Yet our old love made a particular foe,  
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding  
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship in the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake moved.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter the Senators from Timon.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.  
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:  
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.

Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a  
rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.  
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is  
this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :  
Some beast rear'd this ; there does not live a man.  
Dead, sure ; and this his grave. What 's on this  
tomb

I cannot read ; the character I 'll take with wax :  
Our captain hath in every figure skill,  
An aged interpreter, though young in days :  
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. *Exit.*

*Scene IV.—Before the Walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his  
powers.*

*Alc.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible approach. *Sounds a parley. The  
Senators appear upon the walls.*

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time  
With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice ; till now myself and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power  
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and  
breathed

Our sufferance vainly : now the time is flush,  
When crouching marrow in the hearer strong  
Cries of itself *No more* : now breathless wrong  
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,  
And pury insolence shall break his wind  
With fear and horrid flight.

*1 Sen.* Noble and young,  
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,  
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above their quantity.

*2 Sen.* So did we woo  
Transform'd 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.

*1 Sen.* These walls of ours  
Were not erected by their hands from whom  
You have received your griefs ; nor are they such  
That these great towers, trophies and schools  
should fall

For private faults in them.

*2 Sen.* Nor are they living  
Who were the motives that you first went out ;  
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess  
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,  
Into our city with thy banners spread :  
By decimation, and a tith'd 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.

*1 Sen.* All have not offended ;  
For those that were, it is not square to take  
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,  
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,

Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :  
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin  
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall  
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,  
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,  
But kill not all together.

*2 Sen.* What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile  
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

*1 Sen.* Set but thy foot  
Against our rampired gates, and they shall open ;  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

*2 Sen.* Throw thy glove,  
Or any token of thine honour else,  
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress  
And not as our confusion, all thy powers  
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alc.* 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.

*Alc.* Descend, and keep your words.

*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My noble general, Timon is dead ;  
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea ;  
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which  
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression  
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alc.* [*Reads the epitaph.*] *Here lies a wretched  
corse, of wretched soul bereft :*

*Seek not my name : a plague consumes you  
wicked castiffs left !*

*Here lie I, Timon ; who, alive, all living men  
did hate :*

*Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not  
here thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :  
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,  
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets  
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead  
Is noble Timon : of whose memory  
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,  
And I will use the olive with my sword,  
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war,  
make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike.

*Exeunt.*

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,	}	triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.
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CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA,	}	senators.
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MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA,	}	conspirators against Julius Cæsar.
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FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a poet. Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, VOLUMNIUS,	}	friends to Brutus and Cassius.
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VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS,	}	servants to Brutus.
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PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Like so many important plays, this tragedy first appeared in print in the folio of 1623. Davenant, Dryden and Kemble, among others, adapted and "improved" it. The original stands out as more correctly printed than any other play in the volume. It is divided into Acts and Scenes. The plot is from Plutarch, and the play is one of Shakespeare's later period. The scene is laid chiefly in the Rome of the pre-Augustan period and partly on the plains of Philippi. The authorities for the costume of the period are numerous and exact, as well as for the armour and the weapons.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

## Act I.

Scene I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus and certain  
Commoners.

Fla. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you  
home:

Is this a holiday? what! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day, without the sign  
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

1 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?

2 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.

2 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?

2 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 saucy fellow!

2 Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 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.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to  
get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we  
make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his  
triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings  
he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless  
things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made a universal shout,  
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds  
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull 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.

Fla. 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 exalted shores of all.

*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

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.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Fla. It is no matter; let no images

Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,

And drive away the vulgar from the streets:

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soar above the view of men

And keep us all in servile fearfulness. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Public Place.

*Flourish.* Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course;  
Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus,  
Cassius and Casca; a great crowd following,  
among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,

When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,

To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,

The barren, touched in this holy chase,

Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant.

I shall remember:

When Cæsar says do this, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

*Flourish.*

*Sooth.* Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry *Cæsar*! Speak; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that?  
*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me; let me see his face.

*Cæs.* Fellow, come from the throng; look upon *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

*Sennet. Exeunt all but Bru. and Cæs.*

*Cæs.* Will you go see the order of the course?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cæs.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;  
I'll leave you.

*Cæs.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have:  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* *Cassius*,  
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am  
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.

*Cæs.* 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?

*Bru.* No, *Cassius*; for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cæs.* 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
Except immortal *Cæsar*, speaking of Brutus  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me,  
*Cassius*,

That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

*Cæs.* 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 laughèr, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester; 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 all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Flourish and shout.*

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear,  
the people  
Choose *Cæsar* for their king.

*Cæs.* Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye and death i' 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.

*Cæs.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as *Cæsar*; 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,

*Cæsar* said to me *Darest thou, Cassius, now*

*Leap in with me into this angry flood,*

*And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,

Accounted as I was, I plunged in

And bade him follow; so indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy;

But ere we could arrive the point proposed,

*Cæsar* 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 *Cæsar*: and this man

Is now become a god, and *Cassius* is

A wretched creature and must bend his body,

If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly,

And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:

Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their books,

Alas, it cried *Give me some drink, Titinius,*

As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world

And bear the palm alone. *Shout. Flourish.*

*Bru.* Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow

world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?  
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 start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, 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 till now, 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 only man.  
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
What you would work 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 repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but this much show of fire from Brutus.

*Bru.* The games are done and Cæsar 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 Cæsar and his Train.*

*Bru.* I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden 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.

*Cas.* Antonius!

*Ant.* Cæsar?

*Cas.* Let me have men about me that are fat:  
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights;  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman and well given.

*Cas.* Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

He is a great observer and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;  
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
While they behold a greater than themselves,  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd  
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train but Casca.*

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,  
That Cæsar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offered him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted and clapped their chopt hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I and honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according



as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried *Alas, good soul!* and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good: I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so. Farewell, both.

*Exit.*

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or, if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so: till then, think of the world.

*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable 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?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me. I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And after this let Cæsar see me sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

*Exit.*

*Scene III.—Rome. A Street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?  
*Casca.* Are not you moved, when all the sway  
of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,  
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 saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

*Casca.* A common slave—you know him well  
by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—

Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glared upon me, and went surly by,

Without annoying me: and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghostly women,

Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit

Even at noon-day upon 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.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:

But men may construe things after their fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky

Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. *Exit Cicero.*

*Enter Cassius.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night

is this!

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full

of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,

And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have 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.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt

the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze  
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:  
But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,  
Why old men fools and children calculate,  
Why all these things change from their ordinance  
Their natures and 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, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night,  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol,  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action, yet prodigious grown  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not,  
Cassius?

*Cas.* 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 with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*

*Casca.* So can I:  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,  
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,  
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this  
Before a willing bondman; then I know  
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca, and to such a man  
That is no fltering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:  
Be factions for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already.  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element  
In favour's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery and most terrible.

*Enter Cinna.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one  
in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;  
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who's that? Metellus  
Cimber?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?  
*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is  
this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange  
sights.

*Cas.* Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.  
O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

*Cas.* Be you content: good Cinna, take this  
paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.  
*Exit Cinna.*

Come, 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 alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him and his worth and our great need of  
him

You have right well concocited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and ere day  
We will awake him and be sure of him. *Exeunt.*

## Act II.

*Scene I.—Rome. Brutus's Orchard.*

*Enter Brutus.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius, ho!  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.  
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius: When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord. *Exit.*

*Bru.* It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personal cause to 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?— that;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, That at his will he may do danger with. The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof, That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereto the climber-upward turns his face; But when he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may; Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel Will bear no colour for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, Would run to these and these extremities; And therefore think him as a serpent's egg Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous, And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir. Searching the window for a flint I found This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure ' It did not lie there when I went to bed.

*Gives him the letter.*

*Bru.* Get you to bed again; it is not day. Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir. *Exit.*

*Bru.* The exhalations whizzing in the air Give so much light that I may read by them.

*Opens the letter and reads.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.*

*Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!*

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

*Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:*

*Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?*

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

*Speak, strike, redress! Am I entreated*

*To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee*

*promise;*

*If the redress will follow, thou receivest*

*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 Cæsar, 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 more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks;

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour.

*Bru.* Let '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,

conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter 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 bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this,

Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word? *They whisper.*

*Dec.* Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,

Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east

Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.  
*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: if not the face of men,  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur but our own cause,  
To prick us to redress? what other bond  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
And will not palter? and what other oath  
Than honesty to honesty engaged,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,  
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain  
The even virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
To think that our cause or our performance  
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of 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.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O, let us have him, for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:  
It shall be said, his judgment ruled 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 any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

*Cas.* Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius  
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,  
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,  
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
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 seem to chide 'em. 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 Cæsar's arm  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I fear him;  
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:  
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:  
And that were much he should; for he is given  
To sports, to 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.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Tre.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;  
For he is superstitious grown of late,  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:  
It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that: if he be so resolved,  
I can o'erway him; for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flattered.  
Let me work;  
For I can give his humour the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.  
*Bru.* By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him:  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon's: we'll leave  
you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all re-  
member  
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 bear it as our Roman actors 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:  
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter Portia.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!  
*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise  
you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.  
*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You'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 wafture of your hand,  
 Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;  
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
 Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal  
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
 And could it work so much upon your shape  
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
 I should not know you, *Brutus.* Dear my lord,  
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.  
*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 unpurg'd air  
 To add unto his sickness? No, my *Brutus*;  
 You have some sick offences 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.  
*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this  
 secret.  
 I grant I am a woman; but withal  
 A woman that Lord *Brutus* took to wife:  
 I grant I am a woman; but withal  
 A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.  
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
 Being so father'd and so husbanded?  
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:

I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
 Giving myself a voluntary wound  
 Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,  
 And not my husband's secrets?  
*Bru.* O ye gods,  
 Render me worthy of this noble wife!  
*Knocking within.*  
 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 charactery 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 wear a kerchief! 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!  
 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;  
 Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?  
*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick men  
 whole.  
*Lig.* *But* are not some whole that we must make  
 sick?  
*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,  
 I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
 To whom it must be done.  
*Lig.* Set on your foot,  
 And with a heart new-fired I follow you,  
 To do I know not what: but it sufficeth  
 That *Brutus* leads me on.  
*Bru.* Follow me, then.  
*Exeunt.*  
*Scene II.—Cæsar's House.*  
 Thunder and lightning. Enter *Cæsar*, in his  
 night-gown.  
*Cæs.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace  
 to-night:  
 Thrice hath *Calpurnia* in her sleep cried out,  
 Help, ho! they murder *Cæsar*! Who's within?  
*Enter a Servant.*  
*Ser.* My lord?  
*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice  
 And bring me their opinions of success.  
*Ser.* I will, my lord. *Exit.*  
*Enter Calpurnia.*  
*Cal.* What mean you, *Cæsar*? think you to walk  
 forth?  
 You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me  
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelp'd 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 hurl'd in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided  
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets  
seen;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of  
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their  
deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter Servant.*

What say the augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth  
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he;  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;  
And he shall say you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter Decius.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy  
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the senators  
And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some  
cause,

Least I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know:  
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,  
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:  
And these does she apply for warnings, and  
portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many 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.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. 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 Cæsar.  
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 Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*  
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper  
*Lo, Cæsar is afraid?*

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,  
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now,  
Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.  
Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus,  
Casca, Trebonius and Cinna.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar,  
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?  
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,  
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy  
As that same ague which hath made you lean.  
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter Antony.*

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.  
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. 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.

*Tre. Cæsar, I will : [Aside] and so near will I be,  
That your best friends shall wish I had been  
further.*

*Cæs. 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 Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !*

*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—A Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter Artemidorus, reading paper.*

*Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of  
Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to  
Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus  
Cimber : Decius Brutus loves thee not : thou hast  
wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind  
in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar.  
If thou beest not immortal, look about you : securi-  
ty gives way to conspiracy. The mighty  
gods defend thee ! Thy lover,*

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live ;  
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. *Exit.*

*Scene IV.—Another part of the 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 ?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?  
And so return to you, and nothing else ?*

*Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look  
well,*

For he went sickly forth : and take good note  
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

*Luc. I hear none, madam.*

*Por. Prithce, 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 been ?*

*Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.*

*Por. What is 't o'clock ?*

*Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.*

*Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?*

*Sooth. Madam, not yet : I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.*

*Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou  
not ?*

*Sooth. That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to 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 Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. *Exit.*

*Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus,  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !  
Sure, the boy heard me : Brutus hath a suit  
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;  
Say I am merry : come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.*

*Exeunt severally.*

*Act III.*

*Scene I.—Rome. Before the Capitol ; the  
Senate sitting above.*

*A crowd of people ; among them Artemidorus  
and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar,  
Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus,  
Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius,  
Publius and others.*

*Cæs. The ides of March are come.*

*Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.*

*Art. Hail, Cæsar ! read this schedule.*

*Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.*

*Art. O Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine 's a suit  
That touches Cæsar nearer : read it, great Cæsar.*

*Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last  
served.*

*Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.*

*Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?*

*Pub. Sirrah, give place.*

*Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the  
street ?*

Come to the Capitol.

*Cæsar 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 Cæsar.*

*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 Cæsar : mark him.*

*Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.*

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,  
Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*  
*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd: press near and second him.  
*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your  
hand.

*Cas.* Are we all ready? What is now amiss  
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant  
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart:— *Kneeling.*

*Cas.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings and these lowly courtesies  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
And turn pre-ordination and first decree  
Into the law of children. Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet  
words,

Low-crook'd court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.  
Thy brother by decree is banished;  
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;  
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cas.* What, Brutus!  
*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cas.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire and every one doth shine,  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
Yet in the number I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he,  
Let me a little show it, even in this:  
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,—  
*Cas.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,—  
*Cas.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?  
*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me!

*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and  
Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*

*Cas.* Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar! *Dies.*  
*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!  
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out  
*Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!*

*Bru.* People and senators, be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.  
*Dec.* And Cassius too.  
*Bru.* Where's Publius?  
*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.  
*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of  
Cæsar's

Should chance—  
*Bru.* Talk not of standing. Publius, good  
cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.  
*Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the  
people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.  
*Bru.* Do so: and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter Trebonius.*

*Cas.* Where is Antony?  
*Tre.* Fled 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, he that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged  
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry *Peace, freedom and liberty!*

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash. How many ages  
hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in  
sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
No whither 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.*

*Bru.* Soft! who comes here? A friend of  
Antony's.

*Ser.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving;  
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;  
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolved



How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus  
Through 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 untouched.

*Ser.* 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.*

Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, 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  
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords made  
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and  
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony, beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do, yet see you but our hands  
And this the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—  
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden 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 Cæsar 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 Casca, yours;  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good  
Trebanius.

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, Cæsar, 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.  
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd,  
brave hart;

Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.  
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie!

*Cas.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar 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 Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all and love you all,  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
Why and wherein Cæsar 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 Cæsar,  
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.* Brutus, a word with you.  
[*Aside to Brutus.*] You know not what you do:  
do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:  
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 Cæsar's death:  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission,  
And that we are contented Cæsar 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 Cæsar's  
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,  
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 whereto 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 Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Atè 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 Cæsar, do you not?

*Ser.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.  
*Ser.* He did receive his letters, and is coming;  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—  
O Cæsar!— *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?

*Ser.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;  
Hie hence, 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, thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

*Scene II.—The Forum.*

*Enter Brutus and goes into the pulpit, and Cassius with the Plebeians.*

*Citizens.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

*1 Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*2 Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When Cassius shall have done.

*3 Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!  
*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer.—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*All.* Live, Brutus! live, live!

*1 Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*2 Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

*3 Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

*4 Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

*1 Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

*2 Cit.* Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

*1 Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:  
Do grace to 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.*

*1 Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*3 Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

*Goes into the pulpit.*

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :  
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cits.* Peace, ho ! let us hear him.  
*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me  
your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them ;  
The good is oft interrèd with their bones ;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—  
For Brutus is an honourable man ;  
So are they all, all honourable men—  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause :  
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him ?  
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters ?  
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not  
take the crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with  
weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than  
Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters, if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :  
Let but the commons hear this testament—  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will : read it, Mark  
Antony.

*All.* The will ! the will ! we will hear Cæsar's  
will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not  
read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
For, if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ;  
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

*All.* Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?  
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it :

I fear I wrought the honourable men  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors : honourable men !  
*All.* The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers : the will !  
read the will.

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will ?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?  
*All.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the  
body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.  
*Several Cits.* 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 Cæsar 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 Casca made :

Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd ;  
And as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolvèd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !  
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;

For when the noble Cæsar 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 Cæsar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged.

*All.* Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!  
Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb

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 Cæsar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me

speak.

*All.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never. Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow!

*Ser.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Ser.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Ser.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people,  
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—A Street.*

*Enter Cinna the poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy:

I have no will to wander forth of doors,

Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going?

Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a

bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly

and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am

a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools

that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I

fear. Proceed; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling, briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him

for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.  
 3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Cæsar'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.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent—

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol. *Exit Lep.*

*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 black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:

And though we lay these honours on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way; And having brought our treasure where we will, Then take we down his load and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze 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 objects, orts and imitations,

Which, out of use and staled by other men, Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,

But as a property. And now, Octavius, Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius

Are levying powers: we must straight make head:

Therefore 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 bay'd about 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 meet 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 jades, Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

*Lucil.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general, Are come with Cassius. *Low march within.*

*Bru.* Hark! he is arrived. March gently on to meet him.

*Enter Cassius and his powers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

1 *Sol.* Stand!

2 *Sol.* Stand!

3 *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 should 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, 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 this:

You have condemn'd and not'd Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wronged 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 mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm!  
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this cor-  
ruption,  
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 sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasp'd thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bait not me;  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash cholera?  
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 hudge,  
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,  
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say, better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have  
moved me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have  
tempted him.

*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 you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:  
For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection: I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
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  
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come.  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is weary of the world;

Hated by one he loves; braved 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 that thou be'st 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  
better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yok'd with a lamb

That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius 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.  
*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have 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?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals! what do you  
mean?

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 jiggling 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  
with you

Immediately to us. *Exit Lucil. and Tit.*

*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 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you  
so?

O insupportable and touching loss!  
Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong; for with her  
death

That tidings came: with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl  
of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. *Drinks.*

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erwhelm the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. *Drinks.*

*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 Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one!

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? hear you aught of her in  
yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia. We must die,  
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once

I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should  
endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must of force give place to  
better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground

Do stand but in a forced affection;

For they have grudged us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.  
*Bru.* Under your pardon. You must note  
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :  
The enemy increaseth every day ;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on ;  
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity ;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say ?

*Cas.* No more. Good night :  
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius ! [*Enter Lucius.*] My gown.  
[*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala :  
Good night, Titinius ; noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother !  
This was an ill beginning of the night :  
Never come such division 'tween our souls !  
Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.  
*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.  
*Tit. Mes.* Good night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.  
*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

*Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?  
*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily ?  
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-  
watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men ;  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro and Claudius !  
*Enter Varro and Claudius.*

*Var.* Calls my lord ?  
*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep ;  
It may be I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand and watch  
your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;  
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so ;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

*Varro and Claudius lie down.*  
*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much  
forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.  
*Bru.* It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.  
*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;  
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.  
*Bru.* It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep  
again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*  
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
That plays thee music ? Gentle knave, good night ;  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;  
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.  
Let me see, let me see ; is not the leaf turn'd down  
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

*Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.*

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing ?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare ?  
Speak to me what thou art.

*Gho.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.  
*Bru.* Why comest thou ?

*Gho.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.  
*Bru.* Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

*Gho.* 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 !  
Claudius !

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.  
*Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake !  
*Luc.* My lord ?

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so  
criedst out ?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.  
*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst : didst thou see any  
thing ?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.  
*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius !

[*To Varro.*] Fellow thou, awake !  
*Var.* My lord ?

*Clau.* My lord ?  
*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

*Var.* *Clau.* 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.* *Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.  
*Exeunt.*

## Act V.

### Scene I.—The Plains of Philippi.

*Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd :  
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.*

*Mes.* Prepare you, generals :  
 The enemy comes on in gallant show ;  
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
 And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

*Oct.* I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

*March.*

*Drum.* *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army ;  
 Lucilius, 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, Cæsar, 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.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give  
 good words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
 Crying *Long live ! hail, Cæsar !*

*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.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile  
 daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :  
 You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like  
 hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;  
 Whilst damn'd Cassa, like a cur, behind  
 Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

*Cas.* Flatterers ! Now, Brutus, thank yourself :  
 This tongue had not offended 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 redder drops.  
 Look ;

I draw a sword against conspirators ;  
 When think you that the sword goes up again ?  
 Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds  
 Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar  
 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors'  
 hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope ;  
 I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
 Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such  
 honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller !

*Ant.* Old Cassius still !

*Oct.* Come, Antony, away !

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth ;

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;

If not, when you have stomachs.

*Exeunt Oct., Ant., and their Army.*

*Cas.* Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and  
 swim bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius ! hark, a word with you.

*Lucil.* [*Standing forth.*] My lord ?

*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*

*Cas.* Messala !

*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 compell'd to set  
 Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong  
 And his opinion : now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;

Who to Philippi here consorted us :

This morning are they fled away and gone ;

And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,

As we were 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.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together :

What are you then determined to do ?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy

By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself, I know not how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

The 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

Through the streets of Rome ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no :

Think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;

He bears too great a mind. But this same day

Must end that work the ides of March begun ;

And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might  
know

The end of this day's business ere it come !

But it sufficeth that the day will end,

And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away !  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Philippi. The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.*

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side.

*Loud alarum.*

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive  
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—Another part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.*

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :  
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early ;  
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

*Enter Pindarus.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :  
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look,  
Titinius ;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?  
*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lovest me,  
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops  
And here again ; that I may rest assured  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought.

*Exit.*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;  
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

*Pindarus ascends the hill.*

This day I breath'd 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 ?

*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 a'ta'en. [Shout.] And, hark ! they shout for  
joy.

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

*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,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine  
oath ;

Now be a freeman : and with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this  
bosom.

Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.]

*Cæsar, thou art revenged,*

Even with the sword that killed thee. *Dies.*

*Pin.* So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

*Exit.*

*Re-enter Titinius with Messala.*

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius  
Is overthrow'n by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him ?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,

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 envenom'd  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

*Exit Messala.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?

Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear  
their shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing !

But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part;  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

*Kills himself.*

*Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius and Lucilius.*

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.*

He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, 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!

*Bru.* 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 moe tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Another part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, 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!

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

*Exit.*

*Lucil.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Sol.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Lucil.*

Only I yield to die;

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

*Offering money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sol.* We must not. A noble prisoner!

2 *Sol.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sol.* I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

*Enter Antony.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Lucil.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*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 every thing is chanced. *Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—Another part of the Field.*

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato and Volumnius.*

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cl.* Statilius showed the torch-light, but, my lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

*Whispering.*

*Cl.* What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then! no words.

*Cl.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius. *Whispering.*

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Cl.* O Dardanius!

*Dar.* O Clitus!

*Cl.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

*Cl.* 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 Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night; at Sardis once,

And this last night here in Philippi fields:

I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

*Low alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together:

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

*Alarum still.*

*Cl.* 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. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

*Cl.* Fly, my lord, fly!

*Bru.* Hence! I will follow.

*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord;

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :  
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?  
*Str.* 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.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony,  
Messala, Lucilius and the Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that ?

*Mes.* My master's man. Strato, where is thy  
master ?

*Str.* Free from the bondage you are in, Mes-  
sala :

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 ?

*Str.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato ?

*Str.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the 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 mixed 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, ordered honourably.

So call the field to rest ; and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt.*

# MACBETH.

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## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.

MALCOLM, }  
DONALBAIN, } his sons.

MACBETH, }  
BANQUO, } generals of the king's army.

MACDUFF, }  
LENNOX, }  
ROSS, } noblemen of Scotland.  
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 Sergeant.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants and Messengers.

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This tragedy first appeared in print in the folio of 1623. There is nothing but internal evidence by which to date it, but many have asserted that Shakespeare visited Scotland after the disgrace of Sussex and Essex, and obtained the story on the spot. It is nearly certain it was written after the accession of James I., who claimed to be descended from Banquo. The play was acted in or before 1610. The plot, like so many others, comes from Holinshed. There are no authorities for the costume. The period of Macbeth's usurpation must be placed at the beginning of the eleventh century.

# MACBETH.

## Act I.

### Scene I.—A Desert Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath.

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin.

2 Witch. Paddock calls.

3 Witch. Anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy air. *Exeunt.*

### Scene II.—A Camp near Forres.

Alarm within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donal-  
bain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a  
bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdon-  
wald—

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—  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion carv'd 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  
heels,

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage  
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of  
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this our do-  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes; I pay-  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were say,

As cannons overcharged with double crack, y.

So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell— ad ser.

But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as every  
wounds;

They smack of honour both.—Go get him  
geons. *Exit Sergeant, attend.*

Who comes here?

*Enter Ross.*

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What 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,

With terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norweyan king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present

death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath  
won. *Exeunt.*

### Scene III.—A Heath near Forres.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine.

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

*1 Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd.  
*Give me,* quoth I:  
*Around 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.

*2 Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

*Witch.* Thou art kind.

*Witch.* And I another.

*Witch.* I myself have all the other;

Ye very ports they blow,  
In quarters that they know  
A shipman's card.

Drain him dry as hay:

Shall neither night nor day

Upon his pent-house lid;

Will live a man for bid:

His seven nights nine times nine

Shall dwindle, peak and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

It shall be tempest-tost.

What I have.

*Witch.* Show me, show me.

*Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Which he did come.

*Drum within.*

*3 Witch.* A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about:

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace! the charm's wound up.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can: what are you?

*1 Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Glamis!

*2 Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Cawdor!

*3 Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king  
hereafter!

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great prediction

Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

*1 Witch.* Hail!

*2 Witch.* Hail!

*3 Witch.* Hail!

*1 Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

*2 Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

*3 Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

*1 Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles as the water has,  
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem'd corporal  
Melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

*Ban.* Were such things here as we do speak  
about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

*Ban.* To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

*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.

*Ang.* We are sent

To give thee from our royal master thanks;

Only to herald thee into his sight,

Not pay thee.

*Ross.* And for an earnest of a greater honour,

He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!

For it is thine.

*Ban.* [*Aside.*] What, can the devil speak true?

*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you  
dress me

In borrowed robes?

*Ang.* 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;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
Have overthrow'n him.

*Macb.* [*Aside.*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!  
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.  
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them?

*Ban.* That trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's  
In deepest consequence.—  
Consists, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings:  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man that function  
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look how our partner's rap.

*Macb.* [*Aside.*] If chance will have me king,  
why, chance may crown me,  
Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their  
mould

But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* [*Aside.*] Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest  
day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your  
leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour: my dull brain was  
wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your  
pains

Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them. Let us toward the  
king.—

Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,  
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Forres. The Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain,  
Lennox and Attendants.

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die, who did report  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,

Implored your highness' pardon and set forth  
A deep repentance: nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

*Dun.* There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less de-  
served,

That the proportion both of thanks and pay-  
ment

Might have been mine! only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties: and our duties  
Are, to your throne and state, children and ser-  
vants;

Which do but what they should, by doing every  
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

*Dun.* Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
No less to have done so: let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*Dun.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not used for  
you.

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor!  
*Macb.* [*Aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland!  
that is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

*Exit.*

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo; he is full so  
valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him.  
Whose car is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

D d



*Scene V.—Inverness. Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.*

*Lady M.* They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor' ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be !' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of 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  
The illness should attend it : what thou wouldst  
highly,

That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou'ldst have,  
great Glamis,

That which cries *Thus thou must do, if thou  
have it ;*

And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone. 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 crowned withal.

*Enter a Messenger.*

What is your tidings ?

*Mes.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it :  
Is not thy master with him ? who, were't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Mes.* So please you, it is true : our thane is  
coming :

One of my fellows had the speed of him,  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him tending ;  
He brings great news. *Exit 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 fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no 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 the all-hail hereafter !  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence ?  
*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady M.* O, never  
Shall sun that morrow see !  
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,  
Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent  
flower,

But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming  
Must be provided for : and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch ;  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.  
*Lady M.* Only look up clear ;  
To alter favour ever is to fear :

Leave all the rest to me. *Ezeunt.*

*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  
Nimble 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 wooingly here : no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have ob-  
served  
The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Dun.* See, see, our honour'd hostess !  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains  
And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady M.* All our service  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house : for those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor ?  
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor : but he rides well,  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp  
him

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever

Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in  
compt,

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. *Exeunt.*

*Scene VII.—Macbeth's Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and  
divers Servants with dishes and service, and  
pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* If it were done when 'tis done, then  
'twere well

It were done quickly : if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which being taught return  
To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust ;  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off ;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

How now ! what news ?

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd : why have you  
left the chamber ?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me ?

*Lady M.* Know you not he has ?

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this busi-  
ness :

He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept  
since ?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely ? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

*Macb.* Prithlee, peace :

I dare do all that may become a man ;  
Who dares do more is none.

*Lady M.* What beast was 't then  
That made you break this enterprise to me ?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :  
They have made themselves, and that their fit-  
ness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail ?

*Lady M.* We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only : when in swinish sleep  
Their drench'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 mettle 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.*

*Act II.*

*Scene I.—The Court of Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch  
before him.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy ?

*Fle.* The moon is down ; I have not heard the  
clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take 't, 'tis later, sir.  
*Ban.* Hold, take my sword.—There 's hus-  
bandry in heaven ;

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.—  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose !

*Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my sword.—

Who's there ?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and sent forth great largess to your offices. This diamond he greets 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.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis, it shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none in seeking to augment it, but still keep my bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear, I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

*Exit Servant.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me, 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 informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half-world Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,

Alarm'd by his sentinel the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy

pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his

design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,

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 cool breath gives.

*A 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 Court of Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;

What hath quenched them hath given me fire.— Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman, Which gives the stern't of good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their 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 daggers ready; He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done 't.

*Enter Macbeth.*

Macb. My husband! I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' 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!

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two 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 Amen?

I had most need of blessing, and Amen

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry Sleep no more!

Macbeth doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried Sleep no more! to all the house:

Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more:  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

*Exit. Knocking within.*  
*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine  
eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will  
rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour; but I  
shame  
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I  
hear a knocking

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*]  
Hark! more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know  
myself. [*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou  
couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

*Scene III.—Macbeth's Castle.*

*Knocking within. Enter a Porter.*

*Por.* Here's a knocking indeed! If a man  
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning  
the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock,  
knock! Who's there, 'i the name of Beelzebub?  
Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on  
the expectation of plenty: come in time; have  
napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat  
for't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock!  
Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith,  
here's an equivocator, that could swear in both  
the scales against either scale; who committed  
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not  
equivocate to heaven: O come in, equivocator.  
[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock!  
Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor  
come hither, for stealing out of a French hose:  
come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.  
[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at  
quiet! What are you? But this place is too  
cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I

had thought to have let in some of all professions,  
that go the primrose way to the everlasting bon-  
fire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray  
you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

*Enter Macduff and Lennox.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

*Por.* Faith, sir, we were carousing till the  
second cock.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?

*Enter Macbeth.*

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good morrow, noble sir.

*Macb.* Good morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on  
him:

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you;  
But yet 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labour we delight in physics pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*]

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does: he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly; where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of  
death,

And prophesying with accents terrible  
Of dire combustion and confused events  
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor  
heart  
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

*Macb.* } What's the matter?

*Len.* }

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-  
piece.

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

*Macb.* What is 't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy  
your sight

With a new Gorgon; do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.

*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarm-bell.—Murder and treason!—  
Banquo and Donalbain!—Malcolm! awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeiter,  
And look on death itself! up, up, and see  
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,  
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell.

*Bell rings.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady M.* What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

*Macd.* O gentle lady,  
'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 murdered.

*Lady M.* Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

*Ban.* Too cruel any where.  
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,  
And say it is not so.

*Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox.*

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this  
chance,  
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know 't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopped;—the very source of it is stopped.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* O, by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had  
done 't:

Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
Upon their pillows:  
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amazed, temperate  
and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murder-  
ers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could  
refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make 's love known?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho!

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our  
tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken  
here, where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?  
Let 's away;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow  
Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.*

Look to the lady:

*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*  
And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
Against the undivulged pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.* And so do I.

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet 't the hall together.

*All.* Well contented.

*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*  
*Mal.* What will you do? Let 's not consort  
with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,  
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in  
blood,

The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that 's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself when there 's no mercy left.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Outside Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter Ross with an old man.*

*Old Man.* Threescore and ten I can remember  
well:

Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore  
night

Hath trilled former knowings.

*Ross.* Ah, good father,

Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's  
act,

Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*Old Man.* 'Tis unnatural,

Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon towering in her pride of place  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and killed.

*Ross.* And Duncan's horses—a thing most  
strange and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with mankind.

*Old Man.* 'Tis said they eat each other.

*Ross.* They did so, to the amazement of mine  
eyes  
That look'd upon 't.

*Enter Macduff.*

Here comes the good Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Ross.* Is 't known who did this more than  
bloody deed?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.  
*Ross.* Alas, the day!  
 What good could they pretend?  
*Macd.* They were suborn'd:  
 Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
 Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them  
 Suspicion of the deed.  
*Ross.* 'Gainst nature still:  
 Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up  
 Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like  
 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.  
*Macd.* He is already named, and gone to Scone  
 To be invested.  
*Ross.* Where is Duncan's body?  
*Macd.* Carried to Colme-kill,  
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors  
 And guardian of their bones.  
*Ross.* Will you to Scone?  
*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.  
*Ross.* Well, I will thither.  
*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done  
 there: adieu!  
 Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!  
*Ross.* Farewell, father.  
*Old Man.* God's benison go with you, and  
 with those  
 That would make good of bad and friends of foes!  
*Ereunt.*

## Act III.

Scene I.—*Forres. A Room in 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 these made good,  
 May they not be my oracles as well  
 And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.  
*Sennet 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 the 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 parricide, filling their hearers  
 With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,  
 When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
 Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,  
 Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?  
*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does call  
 upon 's.  
*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure of  
 foot;  
 And so I do commend you to their backs.  
 Farewell. *Erit Banquo.*  
 Let every man be master of his time  
 Till seven at night: to make society  
 The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
 Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with  
 you!  
*Ereunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*  
*Sirrah,* a word with you: attend those men  
 Our pleasure?  
*Att.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.  
*Macb.* Bring them before us. *Erit Attendant.*  
 To be thus is nothing;  
 But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo  
 Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
 Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he  
 dares,  
 And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
 To act in safety. There is none but he  
 Whose being I do fear: and under him  
 My Genius is rebuked, as it is said  
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,  
 When first they put the name of king upon me,  
 And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like  
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown  
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,  
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
 Given to the common enemy of man,  
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
 And champion me to the utterance!—Who's  
 there?—  
*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*  
 Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.—  
*Erit Attendant.*  
 Was it not yesterday we spoke together?  
 I *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.  
*Macb.* Well then, now  
 Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know  
 That it was he in the times past which held you  
 So under fortune, which you thought had been  
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
 In our last conference, pass'd in probation with  
 you,

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,  
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed  
Say *Thus did Banquo*.

*1 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 gossell'd  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

*1 Mur.* We are men, my liege.  
*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,  
curs,

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 closed, whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike; and so of men.  
Now if you have a station in the file,  
Not 't the worst rank of manhood, say it;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy o',  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in this life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

*2 Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

*1 Mur.* And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'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 Murderers.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine, and in such bloody dis-  
tance

That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

*2 Mur.* We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

*1 Mur.* Though our lives—  
*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. With-  
in this hour at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace; always thought  
That I require a clearness: and with him—  
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me

Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:  
I'll come to you anon.  
*Both Murderers.* We are resolved, my lord.  
*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight: abide  
within. *Exeunt Murderers.*  
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. *Exit.*

*Scene II.—The Palace. Another Room.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.*

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?  
*Ser.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.  
*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his  
leisure

For a few words.

*Ser.* Madam, I will. *Exit.*  
*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  
worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
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, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:  
Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lay our honours in these flattering streams,  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

*Lady M.* You must leave this.  
*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear  
wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.  
*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's not  
eterne.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are assail-  
able;

Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's  
summons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, sealing night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the  
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do  
rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.  
So, prithee, go with me. *Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—A Park near the Palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* *Macbeth,*

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he  
delivers

Our offices and what we have to do  
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.—

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

*Ban.* [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then 'tis he: the rest  
That are within the note of expectation  
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually—  
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.*

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

*They set upon Banquo.*

*Ban.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,  
fly, fly!

Thou mayst revenge. O slave!  
*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost

Best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is  
done. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Hall in the Palace.*

A banquet prepared. *Enter Macbeth, Lady  
Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees; sit down;  
at first

And last the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourselves will mingle with society

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our  
friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*Enter first Murderer to 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 thy face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without than he within.  
Is he dispatch'd?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for  
him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats:  
yet he's good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpariel.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scaped.

*Macb.* [*Aside.*] Then comes my fit again: I  
had else been perfect,

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 saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he  
bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that.

[*Aside.*] 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 'tis a-making,

'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at  
home;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!

Now good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

*Len.* May't please your highness sit.

*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in  
Macbeth's place.*

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour  
roof'd,

Were the graced person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness

Than pity for mischance!

*Ross.* His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your  
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 is't that moves your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: never shake Thy gory locks at me.

*Ross.* Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought He will again be well: if much you note him,

You shall offend him and extend his passion:

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

*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.

*Macb.* Prithce, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. *Ghost vanishes.*

*Lady M.* What, quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady M.* Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,

Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: the time has 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.

*Macb.* I do forget.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,

And to our dear friend 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.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with.

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other; Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble: or be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword;

If trembling I 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 enrages him: at once, good night:

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

*Len.* Good night; and better health Attend his majesty!

*Lady M.* A kind good night to all!

*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*

*Macb.* It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;

Augures and understood relations have

By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way, but I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,

And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:

More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good

All causes shall give way: I am in blood

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 natures, sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed. *Exeunt.*

## Scene I.—A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Sancy and overbold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth In riddles and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never called to bear my part, Or show the glory of our art? And, which is worse, all you have done Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now: get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron Meet me i' the morning: thither he Will come to know his destiny: Your vessels and your spells provide, Your charms and every thing beside. I am for the air; this night I'll spend Unto a dismal and a fatal end: Great business must be wrought ere noon: Upon the corner of the moon There hangs a vaporous drop profound; I'll catch it ere it come to ground: And that, distill'd by magic sleights, Shall raise such artificial sprites As by the strength of their illusion Shall draw him on to his confusion: He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear: And you all know security Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c.

Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see, Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. *Exit.*

1 Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. *Exit.*

## Scene VI.—Forres. The Palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts, Which can interpret farther: only I say Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:— And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late, Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd, For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late. Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain To kill their gracious father? damned fact! How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight In pious rage the two delinquents tear, That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep? Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too; For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive To hear the men deny't. So that, I say, He has borne all things well: and I do think That had he Duncan's sons under his key— As, an't please Heaven, he shall not—they should find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear Macduff lives in disgrace:—sir, can you tell Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan, From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, Lives in the English court, and is received Of the most pious Edward with such grace That the malevolence of fortune nothing Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward; That by help of these, with Him above To ratify the work, we may again Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights, Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, Do faithful homage and receive free honours: All which we pine for now: and this report Hath so exasperate the king that he Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff? Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I, The cloudy messenger turns me his back, And hums, as who should say *You'll rue the time That clogs me with this answer.*

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 accursed!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him. *Exit.*

## Act IV.

Scene I.—A Cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.  
2 Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.  
3 Witch. Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.  
1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,<sup>1</sup>

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Let a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-delivered by a drab,  
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.

*2 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,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.*  
*Exit Hecate.*

*2 Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.—  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks!

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and mid-  
night hags!  
What is 't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
How'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  
down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the  
treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken; answer me  
To what I ask you.

*1 Witch.* Speak.

*2 Witch.* Demand.

*3 Witch.* We'll answer.

*1 Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from  
our mouths,

Or from our masters?

*Macb.* Call 'em; let me see 'em.

*1 Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

*1 Witch.* He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*1 App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware  
Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.  
*Descends.*

*Macb.* What'er thou art, for thy good caution  
thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word  
more,—

*1 Witch.* He will not be commanded: here's  
another,

More potent than the first.

*Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.*

*2 App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*2 App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh  
to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. *Descends.*

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: what need I fear  
of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*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?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to 't.

*3 App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.

*Macb.* That will never be:

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!  
good!

Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-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?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know,—  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?  
*Hautboys.*

*1 Witch.* Show!

*2 Witch.* Show!

*3 Witch.* Show!

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in  
his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.*

*Macb.* Thon art too like the spirit of Banquo;  
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls.—And thy  
hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.—

A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this?—A fourth!—Start,  
eyes!—

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of  
doom?—

Another yet!—A seventh!—I'll see no more:—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some I see  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:  
Horrible sight!—Now I see 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his. *Apparitions vanish.*

What, is this so?

*I Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: but why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
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 aye accursed 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 whereon 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 word

Macduff is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England!

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* [*Aside.*] Time, thou anticipatest my  
dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought  
and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.  
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. *Ezeunt.*

*Scene II.—Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

*Enter Lady Macduff, her Son and Ross.*

*Lady Macd.* What had he done, to make him  
fly the land?

*Ross.* You must have patience, madam.

*Lady Macd.* He had none:  
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

*Ross.* You know not  
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

*Lady Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to  
leave his babes,

His mansion and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;  
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,

Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Ross.* My dearest coz,  
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much  
further;

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors  
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb up-  
ward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

*Lady Macd.* Fathered he is, and yet he's  
fatherless.

*Ross.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:  
I take my leave at once. *Exit.*

*Lady Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead:

And what will you do now? How will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*Lady Macd.* What, with worms and flies?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

*Lady Macd.* Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear  
the net nor lime,

The pitfall nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds they  
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*Lady Macd.* Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do  
for a father?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*Lady Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any  
market.

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

*Lady Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit,  
and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*Lady Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*Lady Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so?

*Lady Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor,  
and must be hanged.

*Son.* And must they all be hanged that swear  
and lie?

*Lady Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*Lady Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools, for  
there are liars and swearers enow to beat the  
honest men and hang up them.

*Lady Macd.* Now, God help thee, poor monkey!  
But how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'ld weep for him: if  
you would not, it were a good sign that I should  
quickly have a new father.

*Lady Macd.* Poor traitor, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* 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. *Exit.*

*Lady 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 ?

*1 Mur.* Where is your husband ?

*Lady Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified  
Where such as thou mayest find him.

*1 Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain !

*1 Mur.* 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 !'  
Enter 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 dolour.

*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail,  
What know, believe ; and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest : you have loved him  
well ;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but  
something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom  
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil  
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your  
pardon ;

That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose :  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of  
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

*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, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dare not check thee : wear thou  
thy wrongs ;

The title is affect'd.—Fare thee well, lord :  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended :  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;  
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds : I think withal  
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;  
And here from gracious England have I offer  
Of goodly thousands : but for all this,  
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  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name : but there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust, and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'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 cut off the nobles for their lands,  
Desire his jewels and this other's house :  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more, that I should forgo  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* 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 fusions 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,  
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,  
Uprou the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland!

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern!  
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
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,  
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray  
 The devil to his fellow, and delight  
 No less in truth than life: my first false speaking  
 Was 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  
 Belike our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at  
 once  
'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.*

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;  
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,  
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
 Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,  
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures,  
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
 Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,  
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne  
 That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Ross.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here?

*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him not.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now. Good God, betimes  
 remove

The means that makes us strangers!

*Ross.* Sir, amen.

*Macd.* 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.

*Macd.* 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.

*Macd.* How does my wife?

*Ross.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Ross.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant hath not batter'd at their  
 peace?

*Ross.* No; they were well at peace when I did  
 leave 'em.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: how  
 goes 't?

*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 fight,  
 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.

*Macd.* 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:

*Macd.* 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.

*Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.  
*Ross.* Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and  
babes

Savagely slaughtered: 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.

*Macd.* My children too?  
*Ross.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence!—  
My wife killed too?

*Ross.* I have said.  
*Mal.* Be comforted:  
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children.—All my pretty  
ones?—

Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

*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,  
That were most precious to me. Did heaven  
look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them  
now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let  
grief

Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.  
*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle  
heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.* This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer  
you may:

The night is long that never finds the day.  
*Exeunt.*

## Act V.

*Scene I.—Dunsinane. Ante-room in the Castle.*

*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?

*Gen.* Since his majesty went into the field, I  
have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-  
gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth  
paper, fold it, write upon '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 slumbry agitation, besides  
her walking and other actual performances, what,  
at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gen.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.  
*Doc.* You may to me, and 'tis most meet you  
should.

*Gen.* Neither to you nor any one, having no  
witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;  
and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her;  
stand close.

*Doc.* How came she by that light?  
*Gen.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by  
her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doc.* You see, her eyes are open.  
*Gen.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doc.* What is it she does now? Look, how she  
rubs her hands.

*Gen.* 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.* Hark! 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 afraid?  
What need we fear who knows it, when none can  
call our power to account?—Yet who would have  
thought the old man to have had so much blood  
in him?

*Doc.* Do you mark that?  
*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife: where  
is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be  
clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o'  
that: you mar all with this starting.

*Doc.* Go to, go to; you have known what you  
should not.

*Gen.* 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 sigh is there! The heart is sorely  
charged.

*Gen.* I would not have such a heart in my  
bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doc.* Well, well, well,—

*Gen.* 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, Banquo'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! *Exit.*

*Doc.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gen.* Directly.

*Doc.* Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds

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 amazed my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

*Gen.* Good night, good doctor.

*Exit.*

*Scene II.—The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Drums and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox and Soldiers.*

*Men.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward and the good Macduff: Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

*Cai.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

*Men.* What does the tyrant?

*Cai.* 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-breach: 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.

*Men.* Who then shall blame His pestered senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself for being there?

*Cai.* Well, march we on, To give obedience where 'tis truly owed: Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal, And with him pour we in our country's purge Each drop of us.

*Ien.* Or so much as it needs, To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. Make we our march towards Birnam.

*Exit, marching.*

*Scene III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter Macbeth, Doctor and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus: Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, false thanes,

And tingle with the English epicures: 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?

*Ser.* There is ten thousand—

*Macb.* Geese, villain?

*Ser.* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, why-face?

*Ser.* 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 disseat 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 have; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

*Seyton!*

*Enter Seyton.*

*Sey.* What 's your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more? *Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses; skirr the country round; Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

*Doc.* Not so sick, my lord, As she is troubled with thick-coming faucies, 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 oblivious antidote Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff Which weighs upon the heart?



*Doc.* Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—  
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.—  
*Seyton*, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from  
me.—

Come, sir, 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 again. Pull 't off, I say.  
What rhubarb, senna, 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 clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Country near Birnam Wood.*

*Drum and colours.* Enter *Malcolm*, old *Sivard*  
and his *Son*, *Macduff*, *Menteith*, *Cathness*,  
*Angus*, *Lennox*, *Ross* and *Soldiers*, marching.

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.

*Men.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siv.* What wood is this before us?

*Men.* 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.

*Siv.* 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.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siv.* The time approaches  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:  
Towards which advance the war.

*Exeunt, marching.*

*Scene V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.*

Enter *Macbeth*, *Seyton* and *Soldiers*, with  
*drum and colours.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward  
walls;  
The cry is still *They come*: our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up:  
Were they not forced with those that should be  
ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home.

*A cry of women within.*

What is that noise?

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Exit.*

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

*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.

*Mes.* Gracious my lord,

I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.

*Mes.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar and slave!

*Mes.* 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 speak'st 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 nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now  
undone.—

Ring the alarm-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 *Sivard*,  
*Macduff*, and their *Army*, with *boughs*.

*Mal.* Now near enough: your leavy screens  
show down,  
And shrow 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.

*Siw.* Fare you well,  
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak ; give them  
all breath,  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.  
*Ereunt.*

*Scene VII.—Another part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What 's he  
That was not born of woman ? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young Siward.*

*Young Siw.* What is thy name ?

*Macb.* Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Young Siw.* No ; though thou call'st thyself a  
hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name 's Macbeth.

*Young Siw.* The devil himself could not pro-  
nounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Young Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with  
my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.—  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show  
thy face !

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves : either thou,  
Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be ;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune !  
And more I beg not. *Exit. Alarums.*

*Enter Malcolm and old Siward.*

*Siw.* 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.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.

*Ereunt. Alarum.*

*Scene VIII.—Another part of the Field.*

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool,  
and die

On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn !

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee :  
But get thee back ; my soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words :—  
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out ! *They fight.*

*Macb.* Thou lovest 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.

*Macb.* Accurs'd 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 cries *Hold, enough !*

*Ereunt, fighting. Alarums.*

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and  
colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other  
Thanes, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe  
arrived.

*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.*

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art: behold,  
where stands

The usurper's curs'd head: the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:  
Hail, King of Scotland!

*All.* Hail, King of Scotland! *Flourish.*

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of time

Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and  
kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour named. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exiled friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life; this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace  
We will perform in measure, time and place:  
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

# HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.  
HAMLET, son to the late and nephew to the present king.  
FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.  
POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.  
HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.  
LAERTES, son to Polonius.  
VOLTMAND,  
CORNELIUS,  
ROSENCRANTZ,  
GUILDENSTERN,  
OSRIC,  
A Gentleman, } courtiers.  
A Priest.  
MARCELLUS, } officers.  
BERNARDO, }  
FRANCISCO, a soldier.  
REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.  
Players.  
Two Clowns, grave-diggers.  
A Captain.  
English Ambassadors.  
GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark and mother to Hamlet.  
OPHELLA, daughter to Polonius.  
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers and other  
Attendants. Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

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The only known copy of the first quarto edition is in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. It has been carefully reprinted, and bears Shakespeare's name on the title and the date 1603. A copy, believed to be of the same edition, but wanting the title, is in the British Museum. It was reprinted in 1604 with additions, and again in 1605 and later. The story is found in Belleforest's Novels, and occurs originally in *Saxo Grammaticus*. Elsinore is an ancient castle in Denmark, still shown to travellers. The period is that of the tenth or eleventh century, and the Bayeux Tapestry is almost the only authority for the costume.

# HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

## Act I.

Scene I.—Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who's there?

Fra. Nay, answer me: stand and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fra. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fra. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fra. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fra. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fra. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fra. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you?

Fra. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night. Exit.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,—

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appeared again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night,

That if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile,

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course 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.

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee,

Speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on 't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on

When he the ambitious Norway combated;

So frowned he once, when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone<sup>1</sup> by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,

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 't that can inform me?

*Hor.*  
At least the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even but now appeared to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,  
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant

*Hamlet*—  
For so this side of our known world esteem'd  
him—

Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a sealed compact,  
Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands  
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:  
Against the which, a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our king, which had returned  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same covenant  
And carriage of the article designed,  
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,  
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there  
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,  
For food and diet, to some enterprise  
That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other—  
As it doth well appear unto our state—  
But to recover of us, by strong hand  
And terms compulsative, those feroesaid lands  
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations,  
The source of this our watch and the chief head  
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

*Ber.* I think it be no other but 'e'en so.  
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king  
That was and is the question of these wars.

*Hor.* A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.  
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;  
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun, and the moist star  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:  
And even the like precurse of fierce events,  
As harbingers preceding still the fates  
And prologue to the omen coming on,  
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

*Re-enter Ghost.*

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!  
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!  
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
Speak to me:  
If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,  
Speak to me;  
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,  
O, speak!  
Or if thou hast uphoarded 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! [*Cock crows.*] Stop  
it, Marcellus.

*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.

*Ber.*

'Tis here!

*Hor.* 'Tis here!  
*Mar.* 'Tis gone!  
We do it wrong, being so majestical,  
To offer it the show of violence;  
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,  
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

*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 extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine, and of the truth herein  
This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say that 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 dare 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, fitting our duty?

*Mar.* Let's do 't, I pray; and this morning  
know  
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—A Room of State in the Castle.*

*Flourish.* Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords and Attendants.

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's  
death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom  
To 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 of this warlike state,  
Have we, as 'twere 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 barred  
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.  
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,  
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,  
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death  
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,  
Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,  
He hath not failed to pester us with message,  
Importing the surrender of those lands  
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,  
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.

Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:  
Thus much the business is: we have here writ  
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—  
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress  
His further gait herein; in that the levies,  
The lists and full proportions, are all made  
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch  
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltinmand,  
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,  
Giving to you no further personal power  
To business with the king more than the scope  
Of these dilated articles allow.  
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.  
*Cor. Pol.* In that and all things will we show  
our duty.

*King.* We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.  
*Exeunt Voltinmand 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?

*Lae.* Dread my lord,  
Your leave and favour to return to France;  
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,  
To show my duty in your coronation,  
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward  
France,  
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave?—What  
says Polonius?

*Pol.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow  
leave

By laboursome petition, and at last  
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent;  
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be  
thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!—  
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

*Ham.* [*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 nighted colour off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.  
Do not for ever with thy rail'd lids  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:  
Thou know'st 't is 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?

*Ham.* Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not  
seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,  
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,

That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play;  
But I have that within which passeth show;  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable in your  
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:  
But, you must know, your father lost a father,  
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound  
In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere  
In obstinate condolement is a course  
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:  
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,  
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,  
An understanding simple and unschool'd:

For what we know must be and is as common  
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
Why should we in our peevish opposition

Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,  
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
To reason most absurd, whose common theme  
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
From the first corse till he that died to-day,  
*This must be so.* We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us  
As of a father: for let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our throne;

And with no less nobility of love  
Than that which dearest father bears his son,  
Do I impart toward you. For your intent  
In going back to school in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire:  
And we beseech you, bend you to remain  
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her prayers,  
Hamlet;

I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

*King.* Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:  
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;  
This gentle and enforced accord of Hamlet  
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,  
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,  
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,  
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

*Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.*  
*Ham.* O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!  
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in  
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two:  
So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother  
That he might not between the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—  
Let me not think on't!—Fruity, thy name is  
woman!—

A little month, or ere those shoes were old  
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
 Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she—  
 O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
 Would have mourn'd longer—married with my  
 uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my father  
 Than I to Hercules: within a month?  
 Ere yet the salt of most purrighuous tears  
 Had left the flashing in her gall'd eyes,  
 She married. Oh most wicked speed, to post  
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
 It is not nor it cannot come to good:  
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.*

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship!

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well:  
 Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant  
 ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change that  
 name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?  
 Marcellus?

*Mar.* My good lord—

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you. Good even, sir.  
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so,  
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,  
 To make it trustor 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.* O where, my lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw? 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,  
 Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,  
 Appears before them, and with solemn march  
 Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walked  
 By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, dis-  
 till'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
 Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me  
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did;  
 And I with them the third night kept the watch:  
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
 Form of the thing, each word made true and  
 good,

The apparition comes. I knew your father;

These hands are not more like.

*Ham.*

But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we  
 watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once methought

It lifted up its head and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak;

But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight.

*Ham.*

'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true,

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

*Mar. Ber.*

We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd say you?

*Mar. Ber.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*Mar. Ber.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in  
 anger.

*Ham.* Pale or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amazed you.

*Ham.* Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might  
 tell a hundred.

*Mar. Ber.* 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 'twill walk again.

*Hor.*

I warrant it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue:

I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

*All.* Our duty to your honour.

*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

*Ereunt all 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.  
*Exit.*

*Scene III.—A Room in Polonius's House.*

*Enter Laertes and Ophelia.*

*Lae.* My necessaries are embark'd ; farewell ;  
And, sister, as the winds give benefit  
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,  
But let me hear from you.

*Oph.* Do you doubt that ?

*Lae.* For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,  
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,  
No more.

*Oph.* No more but so ?

*Lae.* 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 withal. Perhaps he loves you now,  
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch  
The virtue of his will : but you must fear,  
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own ;  
For he himself is subject to his birth ;  
He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends  
The safety and health of this whole state,  
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed  
Unto the voice and yielding of that body  
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves  
you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it  
As he in his particular act and place  
May give his saying deed ; which is no 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 impurity.

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 chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon ;  
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :  
The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
Be wary then ; best safety lies in fear :  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

*Oph.* I shall 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,  
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads  
And recks not his own rede.

*Lae.* O, fear me not.

I stay too long : but here my father comes.

*Enter Polonius.*

A double blessing is a double grace ;  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

*Pol.* Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame !

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stay'd for. There ; my blessing  
with thee !

And these few precepts in thy memory  
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no  
tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice :  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,  
And they in France of the best rank and station  
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all : to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell : my blessing season this in thee !

*Lae.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

*Pol.* The time invites you ; go, your servants  
tend.

*Lae.* 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.

*Lae.* Farewell. *Exit.*

*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?  
*Oph.* So please you, something touching the  
Lord Hamlet.

*Pol.* Marry, well bethought :  
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late  
Given private time to you, and you yourself  
Have of your audience been most free and boun-  
teous :

If it be so—as so 'tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution—I must tell you,  
You do not understand yourself so clearly  
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.  
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late made many  
tenders

Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection ! pooh ! you speak like a green  
girl,

Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.  
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I should  
think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself a  
baby,

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,  
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more  
dearly ;

Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,  
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importuned me with love  
In honourable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, *fashion* you may call it; go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech,  
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

*Pol.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do  
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,  
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,  
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,  
You must not take for fire. From this time  
Be something scanted of your maiden presence;  
Set your entreatments at a higher rate  
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,  
Believe so much in him, that he is young,  
And with a larger tether may he walk  
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,  
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,  
Not of that dye which their investments show,  
But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,  
The better to beguile. This is for all:  
I would not, in plain terms, from this time  
forth,

Have you so slander any moment leisure,  
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways.

*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—The Platform.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.

*Ham.* What hour now?

*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.

*Ham.* No, it is struck.

*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws  
near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot  
off within.*

What does this mean, my lord?

*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night and takes  
his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;  
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is 't;

But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west

Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:

They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition; and indeed it takes

From our achievements, though perform'd at  
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, 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'ergrowth of some complexion,

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,

Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens  
The form of plausive 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 eale  
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
To his own scandal.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes!

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend  
us!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from  
hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such a questionable shape  
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!  
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature  
So horribly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,

As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action

It waxes you to a more removed ground:

But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;

And for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waxes me forth again: I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood,  
my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff

That beetles o'er his base into the sea,

And there assume some other horrible form,

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason

And draw you into madness? think of it:

The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fathoms to the sea

And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It waxes me still.—

Go on; I'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be ruled; you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.

I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:  
Go on; I'll follow thee.

*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*  
I'll follow thee.  
I'll follow thee; 'tis not fit thus to obey

After. To what issue will this  
is rotten in the state of Den-

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—Another part of the Platform.*

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll  
go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt  
hear.

Ham. What?

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,  
Fill'd with 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  
spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part

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.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings  
as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost.

I find thee apt;  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,  
hear:

Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-  
mark

Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly 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!—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 ate 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 curstèd hebenon in a vial,

And in the porches of my ears did pour

The leperous distilment; whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man

That swift as quicksilver it courses through

The natural gates and alleys of the body,

And with a sudden vigour it doth posset

And curd, like eager droppings into milk,

The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;

And a most instant tetter bark'd about,

Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,

No reckoning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head:

Oh, horrible! oh, 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 damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge.

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!

The glow-worm shows the matip to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:

Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. *Erit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth!

what else?

And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold,

my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there;

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importuned me with love  
In honourable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, *fashion* you may call it; go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech,  
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

*Pol.* Ay, springs to catch woodcocks. I do  
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,  
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,

You must not take for fire. From this time  
Be something scancer of your maiden presence;

Set your entreatments at a higher rate  
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young,  
And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,  
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,

Not of that dye which their investments show,  
But mere implorators of unholy suits,

Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,  
The better to beguile. This is for all:

I would not, in plain terms, from this time  
forth,

Have you so slander any moment leisure,  
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways.

*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—The Platform.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.

*Ham.* What hour now?

*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.

*Ham.* No, it is struck.

*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws  
near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.  
*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot  
off within.*

What does this mean, my lord?

*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night and takes  
his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;  
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't:  
But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom  
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west  
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:

They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase  
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes

From our achievements, though perform'd at  
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.  
So, 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'ergrowth of some complexion,

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,

Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens  
The form of plausive 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 eale

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
To his own scandal.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes!

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend  
us!—

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from  
hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou comest in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!

Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous; and we fools of nature  
So horribly to shake our disposition

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action  
It waves you to a more removed ground:

But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
And for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself?  
It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood,  
my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,

And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason

And draw you into madness? think of it:  
The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea

And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It waves me still.—

Go on; I'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be ruled; you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:  
I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.

*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hor.* Have after. To what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

*Hor.* Heaven will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—Another part of the Platform.*

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

*Ham.* What?

*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  
spheres,

Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part  
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.

*Ham.* Murder!

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haste me to know't, that I, with wings  
as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethæ wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,  
hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-  
mark

Is by a forgèd process of my death  
Rankly 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!—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 cursèd hebenon in a vial,

And in the porches of my ears did pour

The leperous distilment; whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man

That swift as quicksilver it courses through

The natural gates and alleys of the body,

And with a sudden vigour it doth posset

And curd, like eager droppings into milk,

The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;

And most instant tetter bark'd about it,  
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousè'd, disappointed, unaneled,

No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head:

Oh, horrible! oh, 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 damned incest.

But, howsoever thou puruest this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother's aught: leave her to heaven  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge.

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:

Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

*Exit.*

*Ham.* O all you host of heaven! O earth!  
what else?

And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold,  
my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!

Yes, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, by heaven !  
O most pernicious woman !  
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !  
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark :—

*Writing.*

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word ;

It is *Adieu, adieu ! remember me.*

I have sworn 't.

*Mar. Hor. [Within.]* My lord, my lord !

*Mar. [Within.]* Lord Hamlet !

*Hor. [Within.]* Heaven secure him !

*Ham.* So be it !

*Hor. [Within.]* Hillo, ho, ho, my lord !

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Mar.* How is 't, my noble lord ?

*Hor.* What news, my lord ?

*Ham.* O, wonderful !

*Hor.* Good my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No ; you will reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by heaven.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.

*Ham.* How say you, then ; would heart of man  
once think it ?

But you'll be secret ?

*Hor. Mar.* Ay, by heaven, my lord.

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all  
Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come  
from the grave

To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right ; you are i' the right ;

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part :

You, as your business and desire shall point you ;

For every man hath business and desire,

Such as it is ; and for my own poor part,

Look you, I'll go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and whirling words,  
my lord.

*Ham.* I'm 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.

*Ham.* Never make known what you have seen  
to-night.

*Hor. Mar.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay, but swear 't.

*Hor.* In faith,

My lord, not I.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord, in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my sword.

*Mar.* We have sworn, my lord, already.

*Ham.* Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

*Ghost. [Beneath.]* Swear.

*Ham.* Ah, ha, boy ! say'st thou so ? art thou  
there, treppenny ?—

Come on : you hear this fellow in the cellarage :  
Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen,  
Swear by my sword.

*Ghost. [Beneath.]* Swear.

*Ham.* *Hic et ubique ?* then we'll shift our  
ground.—

Come hither, gentlemen,  
And lay your hands again upon my sword :

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword.

*Ghost. [Beneath.]* Swear.

*Ham.* Well said, old mole ! canst work i' the  
earth so fast ?

A worthy pioner ! Once more remove, good  
friends.

*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wondrous  
strange !

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it wel-  
come.

There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come ;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As *Well, well, we know,* or *We could,* an if we  
*would,*

Or *If we list to speak,* or *There be, an if they*

*might,*

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me : this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

Swear.

*Ghost. [Beneath.]* Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! So, gentle-  
men,

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 friending 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's House.*

*Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.*

*Pol.* Give him this money and these notes,  
Reynaldo.

*Rey.* I will, my lord.

*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good  
Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquire

Of his behaviour.

*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.

*Pol.* Marry, well said ; very well said. Look  
you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,  
And how, and who, what means, and where they  
keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding  
By this encompassment and drift of question  
That they do know my son, come you more nearer  
Than your particular demands will touch it:  
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of  
him;

As thus, I know his father and his friends,  
And in part him: do you mark this, Reynaldo?  
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And in part him; but, you may say, not  
well:

But if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;  
Addicted so and so: and there put on him  
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank  
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;  
But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips  
As are companions noted and most known  
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quar-  
relling:

You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the  
charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,  
That he is open to incontinency;  
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so  
quantly

That they may seem the taints of liberty,  
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,  
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,  
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift,

And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:  
You laying these slight sullies on my son,  
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,  
Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,  
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes  
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured  
He closes with you in this consequence;  
*Good sir, or so, or friend, or gentleman,*  
According to the phrase or the addition  
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he does—  
what was I about to say? By the mass, I was  
about to say something: where did I leave?

Rey. At closes in the consequence, at friend or  
so, and gentleman.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, ay, marry;  
He closes with you thus: *I know the gentleman;*  
*I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,*  
*Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as you*  
*say,*

*There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rouse;*  
*There falling out at tennis: or perchance,*  
*I saw him enter such a house of sale,*  
*Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.*

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,  
With windlasses and with assays of bias,  
By indirections find directions out:  
So by my former lecture and advice,  
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord!

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell! *Exit Reynaldo.*

*Enter Ophelia.*

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so  
affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,  
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced;  
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,  
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;  
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 perusal of my face  
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;  
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,  
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk  
And end his being; that done, he lets me go;  
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;  
For out o' doors he went without their help,  
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.  
This is the very ecstasy of love,  
Whose violent property fordoes itself,  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings  
As oft as any passion under heaven  
That does 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 com-  
mand,

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  
jealousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:  
This must be known; which, being kept close,  
might move  
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

Come. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern and Attendants.*

*King.* Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,  
The need we have to use you did provoke  
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
Of Hamlet's transformation; 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  
him

So much from the understanding of himself,  
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,  
That, being of so young days brought up with  
him,

And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and haviour,  
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.

*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd  
of you;

And sure I am two men there are not living  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
To show us so much gentry and good will  
As to expend your time with us 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.

*Gui.* But we both obey,  
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent  
To lay our service freely at your feet,  
To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

*Queen.* Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changèd son.—Go, some of you,  
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Gui.* Heavens make our presence and our practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

*Queen.* Ay, amen!

*Exeunt Ros., Gui. and some Attendants.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,

Are joyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

*Pol.* Have I, my lord? I assurèd 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  
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath used to do, that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

*Ppl.* Give first admittance to the ambassadors;  
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

*King.* Theyself do grace to them, and bring  
them in.

*Exit Polonius.*

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found  
The head and source of all your son's dis-  
temper.

*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?

*Vol.* 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 grieved

That so his sickness, age and impotence

Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,

Receives rebukes 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,

*Giving a paper.*

That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enterprise,  
On such regards of safety and allowance  
As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well;

And at our more consider'd time we'll read,  
Answer, and think upon this business.

Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour;

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together;

Most welcome home!

*Exeunt Vol. and Cor.*

*Pol.* This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate

What majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:

Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,

What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that go.

*Queen.* More matter, with less art.

*Pol.* Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity,

And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;

But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him then: and now remains

That we find out the cause of this effect,

Or rather say, the cause of this defect,

For this effect defective comes by cause:

Thus it remains and the remainder thus.

Pend.

I have a daughter—have while she is mine—

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath given me this: now gather and surmise.

[*Reads.*] *To the celestial and my soul's idol, the*

*most beautified Ophelia,—*



That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus:

[*Reads.*] *In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.*

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

[*Reads.*] *Doubt thou the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu,*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady,  
whilst this machine is to him,*  
HAMLET.

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me, And more above, hath his solicitings, As they fell out by time, by means and place, All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing— As I perceived it, I must tell you that, Before my daughter told me—what might you, Or my dear majesty your queen here, think, If I had play'd the desk or table-book, Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb, Or look'd upon this love with idle sight; What might you think? No, I went round to work, And my young mistress thus I did bespeak: *Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star; This must not be:* and then I prescripts gave her, That she should lock herself from his resort, Admit no messengers, receive no tokens. Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; And he repul'd, a short tale to make, Fell into a sadness, then into a fast, Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness, Thence to a lightness, and by this declension Into the madness wherein now he raves And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that.

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 together

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;

Be you and I behind an arras then; Mark the encounter: if he love her not, And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state, But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:

I'll board him presently.

*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 good kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] 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. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that's out of the air. [*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius.*] God save you, sir!

*Exit Polonius.*

E e

*Gui.* My honoured lord!

*Ros.* My most dear lord!

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do you both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Gui.* Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe?

*Ros.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours? What's the news?

*Ros.* None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Gui.* Prison, my lord!

*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.

*Ros.* Then is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeous, Denmark being one o' the worst.

*Ros.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have had dreams.

*Gui.* Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

*Ham.* Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

*Ros.* *Gui.* We'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

*Gui.* What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me 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, whether you were sent for, or no.

*Ros.* [*Aside to Guildenstern.*] What say you?

*Ham.* [*Aside.*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

*Gui.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

*Ros.* My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh then, when I said *man delights not me*?

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

*Ros.* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

*Ros.* No, indeed, are they not.

*Ham.* How comes it? do they grow rusty?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an evrie of question, little eyes, that cry out on the top of children and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

*Ham.* What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like, if their means are no better—their writers do

them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Gut. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a 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.*

Gui. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the apurtenance 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 outwards, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Gui. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. 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; 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst 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 abridgement 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 beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

I Pla. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affection; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see;

*The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian  
beast,—*

It is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus:

*The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble  
When he lay couch'd in the ominous horse,  
Hath now this dread and black complexion  
smear'd*

*With heraldry more dismal; head to foot  
Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,  
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,  
That lend a tyrannous and damned light  
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath and  
fire,*

*And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks.*

So, proceed you.

Pol. Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

I Pla.

*Anon he finds him*

*Striking too short at Greeks; his antique  
sword,*

*Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;*

*But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless  
Ilium,*

*Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash  
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear : for lo! his sword,  
Which was declining on the milky head  
Of reverend Priam, seem'd 't' the air to stick :  
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,  
And like a neutral to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.*

*But as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
The bold wind speechless and the orb below  
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus' pause  
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work ;  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterne,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
Now falls on Priam.*

*Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,  
In general synod take away her power ;  
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
And bow the round nave down the hill of  
heaven*

*As low as to the fiends !*

*Pol. This is too long.*

*Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.  
Prithee, say on : come to Hecuba.*

*1 Pla. But who, O, who had seen the mobled  
queen—*

*Ham. The mobled queen?*

*Pol. That's good ; mobled queen is good.*

*1 Pla. Run barefoot up and down, threatening  
the flames*

*With bisson rheum ; a clout upon that head  
Where late the diadem stood ; and for a robe,  
About her lank and all o'er-teem'd 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  
heaven,*

*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 these speak out the  
rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the  
players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them  
be well used, for they are the abstract and brief  
chronicles of the time : after your death you were  
better have a bad epitaph than their ill report  
while you live.*

*Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their  
desert.*

*Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better : use  
every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape  
whipping? Use them after your own honour and  
dignity : the less they deserve, the more merit is  
in your bounty. Take them in.*

*Pol. Come, airs. .*

*Ham. Follow him, friends : we'll hear a play  
to-morrow. [Exit Polonius with all the Players,  
but the First.] Dost thou hear me, old friend ;  
can you play *The Murder of Gonzago*?*

*1 Pla. Ay, my lord.*

*Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You  
could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen  
or sixteen lines, which I would set down and  
insert in 't, could you not?*

*1 Pla. 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 ;  
Ezeunt Rosencrans 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 wann'd ;  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!  
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,  
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the  
throat,

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 gall  
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  
villain!

O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I ! This is most brave,  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must fall a-coursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! Hum, I  
have heard

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions ;  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ. I'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 blench,  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil: and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses me to damn me: I'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-  
crantz and Guildenstern.*

*King.* And can you, by no drift of circumstance,  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

*Ros.* He does confess he feels himself dis-  
tracted;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

*Gut.* 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.

*Gut.* 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-raught on the way: of these we told him,  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it: they are about the court,  
And, as I think, they have already order  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true:  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties  
To hear and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart; and it doth much  
content me

To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ros.* We shall, my lord.

*Exit Rosenkrantz 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 unseem,  
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.*

*Pol.* Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so  
please you,  
We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia.*] Read on  
this book;

That show of such an exercise may colour  
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—  
'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage  
And pious action we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

*King.* [*Aside.*] O, 'tis too true!  
How smart a lash that speech doth give my con-  
science!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it  
Than is my deed to my most painted word:  
O heavy burthen!

*Pol.* I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my  
lord. *Exit King and Polonius.*

#### *Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* To be, or not to be: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die: to sleep;  
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-  
tumely,

The pangs of disprized love, the laws delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!  
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

*Oph.* Good my lord,  
How does your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
I pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I;  
I never gave you aught.

*Oph.* My honour'd lord, you know right well  
you did;

And with them words of so sweet breath composed  
As made the things more rich : their perfume  
lost,

Take these again ; for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

*Oph.* My lord ?

*Ham.* Are you fair ?

*Oph.* What means your lordship ?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair, your  
honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better com-  
merce than with honesty ?

*Ham.* Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will  
sooner transform honesty from what it is than  
the force of honesty can translate beauty into his  
likeness : this was sometime a paradox, but now  
the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me ; for  
virtue cannot so innoculate our old stock but we  
shall relish of it : I loved you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery : why wouldst  
thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself in-  
different honest ; but yet I could accuse me of  
such things that it were better my mother had  
not borne me : I am very proud, revengeful,  
ambitious ; with more offences at my beck than  
I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to  
give them shape, or time to act them in. What  
should such fellows as I do crawling between  
earth and heaven ? We are arrant knaves all ;  
believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.  
Where's your father ?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him, that he  
may play the fool no where but in 's own house.  
Farewell.

*Oph.* O, help him, you sweet heavens !

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this  
plague for thy dowry : be thou as chaste as ice,  
as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.  
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 but one, shall live ; the  
rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

*Exit.*

*Oph.* Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !  
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue,  
sword ;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down ;  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy : O, woe is me,  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

*Re-enter King and Polonius.*

*King.* Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;  
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,  
Was not like madness. There's something in his  
soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;  
And I do doubt 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 :  
Haply 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 't'air conference. If she find him not,  
To Eng. and send him, or confine him where  
Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.*

It shall be so :

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

*Exit.*

*Scene II.—A Hall in the Castle.*

*Enter Hamlet and Players.*

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pro-  
nounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but  
if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I  
had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor  
do not saw the air too much with your hand,  
thus ; but use all gently ; for in the very torrent,  
tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your  
passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance  
that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me  
to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated  
fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to  
split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most  
part are capable of nothing but inexplicable  
dumb-shows and noise : I would have such a  
fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant ; it out-  
herods Herod : pray you, avoid it.

*I Pla.* I warrant your honour.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your  
own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to  
the word, the word to the action ; with this special  
observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of  
nature ; for any thing so overdone is from the  
purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first  
and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror  
up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature,  
scorn her own image, and the very age and body  
of the time his form and pressure. Now this  
overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the  
unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious

grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

*1 Pla.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

*Ham.* O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. *Ereunt 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.* Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*] Will you two help to hasten them?

*Ros. Gui.* We will, my lord.

*Ereunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*Ham.* What ho! Horatio!

*Enter Horatio.*

*Hor.* Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

*Hor.* O, my dear lord,—

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits  
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor  
be flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou  
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,  
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and best are those  
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-  
mingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee. Something too much of this.  
There is a play to-night before the king;  
One scene of it comes near the circumstance  
Which I have told thee of my father's death:  
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,  
Even with the very comment of thy soul  
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,  
And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's 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 the whilst this play is playing,  
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Ham.* They are coming to the play; I must be  
idle:  
Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern and other Lords, attendant, with the Guard carrying torches.*

*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 I did, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

*Ham.* What did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—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 a metal more attractive.

*Pol.* [*To the King.*] O, ho! do you mark that?  
*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 's 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 shall he suffer not thinking on, for 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, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and erit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner crosses the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.*

*Ereunt.*

*Oph.* What means this, my lord?

*Ham.* Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

*Oph.* Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

*Enter Prologue.*

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

*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 Phœbus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbèd ground,  
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen  
About the world have times twelve thirties been,  
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

*P. Queen.* So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done!  
But, 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 anger, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;  
And as my love is sized, my fear is so:  
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;  
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

*P. King.* Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave to do:  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honoured, beloved; and haply one as kind  
For husband shalt thou—

*P. Queen.* O, confound the rest!

Such love must needs be treason in my breast:  
In second husband let me be accurst!  
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

*Ham.* [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood.

*P. Queen.* The instances that second marriage move

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:  
A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed.

*P. King.* I do believe you think what now you speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.  
Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth, but poor validity;  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;  
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.  
Most necessary 'tis that we forget  
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:  
What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
The violence of either grief or joy  
Their own enacters with themselves destroy:  
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;  
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange  
That even our loves should with our fortunes  
change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.  
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;  
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;  
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I began,  
Our wills and fates do so contrary run  
That our devices still are overthrown:  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:  
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;  
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

*P. Queen.* Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me day and night!  
To desperation turn my trust and hope!  
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!  
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy  
Meet what I would have well and it destroy!  
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,  
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

*Ham.* If she should break it now!

*P. King.* 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleep. *Sleeps.*

*P. Queen.* Sleep rock thy brain;  
And never come mischance between us twain!

*Exit.*

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queen.* The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

*Ham.* O, but she'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest;  
no offence in the word.

*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* *The Mouse-trap.* Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what o' that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

*Enter Lucianus.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

*Oph.* Still better, and worse.

*Ham.* So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: *the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.*

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;  
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,  
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy natural magic and dire property,  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear.*



*Ham.* He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

*Oph.* The king rises.

*Ham.* What, frighted 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 some must watch, while some must sleep:

So runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial 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—pajock.

*Hor.* You might have rhymed.

*Ham.* O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hor.* Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning?

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

*Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*Gui.* Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Gui.* The king, sir,—

*Ham.* Ay, sir, what of him?

*Gui.* Is in his retirement marvellous distempred.

*Ham.* With drink, sir?

*Gui.* No, my lord, rather with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

*Gui.* Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame and start not so wilyly from my affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, sir: pronounce.

*Gui.* The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Gui.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Gui.* What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say,

my mother; therefore no more, but to the matter; my mother, you say,—

*Ros.* Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

*Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

*Ros.* Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

*Ham.* Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

*Re-enter Players with recorders.*

O, the recorders! let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

*Gui.* O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

*Gui.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Gui.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Gui.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

*Gui.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

*Re-enter Polonius.*

God bless you, sir!

*Pol.* My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*Ham.* Then I will come to my mother by and by.—[*Aside.*] They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

*Pol.* I will say so. *Exit Polonius.*  
*Ham.* By and by is easily said. Leave me,  
 friends. *Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
 When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes  
 out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot  
 blood,

And do such bitter business as the day  
 Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.  
 O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:  
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural;

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;  
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;  
 How in my words o'er her she be shent,  
 To give them seals never, my soul, consent!  
*Exit.*

*Scene III.—A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with us  
 To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;  
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,  
 And he to England shall along with you:  
 The terms of our estate may not endure  
 Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow  
 Out of his lunacies.

*Gui.* We will ourselves provide:  
 Most holy and religious fear it is  
 To keep those many many bodies safe  
 That live and feed upon your majesty.

*Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound,  
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,  
 To keep itself from noyance; but much more  
 That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests  
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
 Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw  
 What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,  
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
 Are mortis'd and adjoined; 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 grows too free-footed.

*Ros. Gui.* We will haste us.  
*Exeunt 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  
 home:

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,  
 Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear  
 The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:  
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
 And tell you what I know.

*King.* Thanks, dear my lord.  
*Exit Polonius.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,  
 A brother's murder. Pray can I not,  
 Though inclination be as sharp as will:

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
 And, like a man to double business bound,  
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,  
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy  
 But to confront the visage of offence?

And what's in prayer but this twofold force,  
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;  
 My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer  
 Can serve my turn? *Forgive me my foul murder!*  
 That cannot be; since I am still possessed  
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
 My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.  
 May one be pardoned and retain the offence?  
 In the corrupted currents of this world  
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,  
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
 Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;

There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
 In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,  
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
 Try what repentance can. What can it not?  
 Yet what can it when one can repent?  
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!  
 O limed soul, that struggling to be free  
 Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay!  
 Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of  
 steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!  
 All may be well. *Retires and kneels.*

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;  
 And now I'll do't: and so he goes to heaven;  
 And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:  
 A villain kills my father, and for that,  
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
 To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
 He took my father grossly, full of bread,  
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;  
 And how his audit stands who knows save Heaven?  
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,  
 'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged,  
 To take him in the purging of his soul,  
 When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?  
 No!

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:  
 When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,  
 Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;  
 At gaming, swearing, or about some act  
 That has no relish of salvation in't;  
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,  
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black  
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.—  
 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. *Exit.*

*King.* *[Rising.]* My words fly up, my thoughts  
 remain below:

Words without thoughts never to heaven go. *Exit.*

*Scene IV.—The Queen's Closet.*

*Enter Queen and Polonius.*

*Pol.* He will come straight. Look you lay home  
 to him:

Tell him his prauks have been too broad to bear  
with,  
And that your grace hath screened and stood  
between

Much heat and him. I'll sounce me even here.  
Pray you, be round with him.

*Ham.* [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother!

*Queen.* I'll warrant you, fear me not. With-  
draw, I hear him coming.

*Polonius hides behind the arras.*

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Now, mother, what's the matter?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much  
offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much  
offended.

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an idle  
tongue.

*Ham.* Go go, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet!

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;  
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

*Queen.* Nay, then, I'll set those to you that  
can speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall  
not budge;

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not  
murder me?

Help, help, ho!

*Pol.* [*Behind.*] What, ho! help, help, help!

*Ham.* [*Drawing.*] How now! a rat? Dead,  
for a ducat, dead!

*Makes a pass through the arras.*

*Pol.* [*Behind.*] O, I am slain! Falls and dies.

*Queen.* O me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not: is it the king?

*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed! almost as bad, good  
mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king!

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

*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! 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 be proof and bulwark against sense.

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou dar'st wag  
thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love

And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows

As false as dicers' 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 tristful 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

follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it love, for at your age

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment; and what judg-

ment

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 thus hath cozen'd you at 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 canst mutine in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame

When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,

Since frost itself as actively doth burn

And reason pandars will.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more:

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;

And there I see such black and grain'd spots

As will not leave their tinct. O speak to me no

more;

These words like daggers enter in mine ears;

No more, sweet Hamlet!

*Ham.* A murderer and a villain;

A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe

Of your precedent 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 gra-

acious figure?

*Queen.* Alas, he's mad!

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, lagged in time and passion, lets go by

The important acting of your dread command?  
O, say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget. This visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But look, amazement on thy mother sits:  
O, step between her and her fighting soul:  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas, how is 't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy  
And with the incorporal 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,  
Start up and stand 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 conjoined, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;  
Lest with this piteous action you convert  
My stern effects: then what I have to do  
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No, nothing but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look, how it steals  
away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!  
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

*Exit Ghost.*

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*Ham.* *Ecstasy?*

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness  
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,  
And do not spread the compost o'er the weeds,  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;  
For in the fatness of these purpy times  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,  
Yes, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, thou hast cleft 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 my uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,  
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery,  
That 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 . . . the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:  
And when you are desirous to be blest,  
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

*Pointing to Polonius.*

I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,  
To punish me with this and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow 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 blot king 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. 'Twere good you let him know;  
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,  
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?  
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,  
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,  
To try conclusions, in the basket creep  
And break your own neck down.

*Queen.* Be thou assured, if words be made of  
breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to England; you know that?

*Queen.* Alack,

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

*Ham.* There's letters sealed; and my two  
schoolfellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged,  
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my  
way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;  
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar: an't shall go hard  
But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,  
When in one line two crafts directly meet.

This man shall set me packing:  
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.  
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor  
Is now most still, most secret and most grave,  
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.  
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.  
Good night, mother. *Exeunt severally;*

*Hamlet tugging in Polonius.*

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## Act IV.

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*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.* Bestow this place on us a little while.

*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!

*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

*Queen.* Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,

Behind the arras hearing something stir,

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, restrained 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 killed:

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 poison'd shot, may miss our name

And hit the woundless air. O, come away!

My soul is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Another Room in the Castle.*

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Safely stowed.

*Gentlemen within.* Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

*Ham.* But soft, what noise? who calls on

Hamlet? O, here they come.

*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto'tis kin.

*Ros.* Tell us where'tis, that we may take it thence

And bear it to the chapel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Ros.* Believe what?

*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the son of a King?

*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

*Ham.* The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

*Gui.* 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 weighed,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem

Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown

By desperate appliance are 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 pleasure.

*King.* Bring him before us.

*Ros.* Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

*Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.*

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper! where?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

*King.* Alas, alas!

*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 to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve  
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 every thing is bent  
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet. 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 mother: father and mother is man  
and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my  
mother.—Come, for England! *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with  
speed aboard;

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:  
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done  
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make  
haste. *Exeunt Rosencranz and Guildenstern.*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—  
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,  
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red  
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe  
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set  
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,  
By letters congruing to that effect,  
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;  
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,  
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,  
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er 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  
Claims the conveyance of a promised march  
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.  
If that his majesty would aught with us,  
We shall express our duty in his eye;  
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

*Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.*

*Enter Hamlet, Rosencranz, 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.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,  
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground  
That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;  
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand  
ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw:

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,  
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without  
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. *Exit.*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?  
Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little  
before. *Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and god-like reason

To fast in us unused. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event,—

A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part  
wisdom

And ever three parts coward,—I do not know

Why yet I live to say *This thing's to do*;

Sith I have cause and will and strength and means

To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:

Witness this army of such mass and charge

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd

Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death and danger dare,

Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw

When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,

That have a father killed, a mother stained,

Excitements of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep, while to my shame I see

The imminent death of twenty thousand men,

That for a fantasy and trick of fame

Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,

Which is not tomb enough and continent

To hide the slain? O, from this time forth!

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

*Exit.*

*Scene V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter Queen, Horatio and a Gentleman.*

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gen. She is importunate, indeed distract:

Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gen. She speaks much of her father; says she

hears

There's tricks i' the world, and hems and beats

her heart,

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection; they aim at it,

And both the words up fit to their own thoughts;

Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,  
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,  
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

*Hor.* 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

*Queen.* Let her come in. *Exit Gentleman.*  
[*Aside.*] To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Re-enter Gentleman, 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 shoon.*

*Queen.* Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

*Oph.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark. [Sings.]

*He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.*

Oh, oh!

*Queen.* Nay, but, Ophelia,—

*Oph.* Pray you, mark. [Sings.]

*White his shroud as the mountain snow,—  
Enter King.*

*Queen.* Alas, look here, my lord.

*Oph.* [Sings.]

*Larded with sweet flowers;  
Which bequept 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.*

*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 'id the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach!—Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. *Exit.*

*King.* Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.— *Exit Horatio.*

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,  
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions. First, her father slain:  
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author  
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,  
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and  
whispers,  
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but  
greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia  
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,  
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:  
Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her brother is in secret come from France;  
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,  
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear  
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;  
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,  
Will nothing stick our person to arraign  
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,  
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places  
Gives me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

*Queen.* Alack, what noise is this?  
*King.* Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

What is the matter?

*Gen.* 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'erbears your 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!*

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

*King.* The doors are broke. *Noise within.*

*Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.*

*Laes.* Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.

*Danes.* No, let's come in.

*Laes.* I pray you, give me leave.

*Danes.* We will, we will.

*They retire without the door.*

*Laes.* I thank you. Keep the door.—O thou vile king,

Give me my father!

*Queen.* Calmly, good Laertes.

*King.* What is the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:  
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,  
Why thou art thus incensed.—Let him go, Gertrude.

Speak, man.

*Laes.* Where is my father?

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laes.* How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!  
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation. To this point I stand,  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged  
Most thoroughly for my father.

*King.* Who shall stay you ?

*Lae.* 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, is't writ in your  
revenge,

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,  
Winner and loser ?

*Lae.* None but his enemies.

*King.* Will you know them then ?

*Lae.* To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my  
arms ;  
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,  
Repast them with my blood.

*King.* Why, now you speak  
Like a good child and a true gentleman.  
That I am guiltless of your father's death,  
And am most sensibly in grief for it,  
It shall as level to your judgment pierce  
As day does to your eye.

*Danes.* [Within.] 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 with weight,  
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May !  
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia !  
O heavens ! is't possible, a young maid's wits  
Should be as mortal as an old man's life ?  
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves.

*Oph.* [Sings.]

*They bore him barefaced on the bier ;  
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny ;  
And in his grave rain'd many a tear,—*

Fare you well, my dove !

*Lae.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade  
revenge,  
It could not move thus.

*Oph.* You must sing *Down a-down, and 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 remem-  
brance ; 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 of 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 never will 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' you. *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 find us touched, 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 'twere 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 VII.—Another Room in the Castle.*

*Enter Horatio and a Servant.*

*Hor.* What are they that would speak with me ?

*Ser.* Sea-faring men, sir : they say they have  
letters for you. *Exit Servant.*

*Hor.* Let them come in.—

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.*

*1 Sai.* God bless you, sir.

*Hor.* Let him bless thee too.

*1 Sai.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's  
a letter for you, sir : it comes from the ambas-  
sador 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 war-  
like appointment gave us chase. Finding our-  
selves 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 wouldst  
thy death. I have words to speak in thine ear  
will make thee dumb ; yet are they much too light  
for the bora of the matter. These good fellows  
will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and*



*Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. He that thou knowest thine,* HAMLET.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters; And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

*Scene VII.—Another Room in the 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.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me Why you proceeded not against these feats, So criminal and so capital in nature, As by your safety, wisdom, all things else, You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons; Which may to you perhaps seem much unshew'd, But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself— My virtue or my plague, be it either which— She's so conjunctive to my life and soul, That, as the star moves not but in his sphere, I could not but by her. The other motive, Why to a public count I might not go, Is the great love the general gender bear him; Who, dipping all his faults in their affection, Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone, Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows, Too slightly timbered for so loud a wind, Would have reverted to my bow again, And not where I had aimed them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost; A sister driven into desperate terms, Whose worth, if praises may go back again, Stood challenger on mount of all the age For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull That we can let our beard be shook with danger And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:

I loved your father, and we love ourselves; And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now! what news?

Mes. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet: This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet? who brought them?

Mes. 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.*

[*Reads.*] High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the 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 returned, As checking at his voyage, and that he means No more to undertake it, I will work him To an exploit now ripe in my device,

Under the which he shall not choose but fall: And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe, But even his mother shall uncharge the practice And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled; The rather, if you could devise it so That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

You have been talked of since your travel much, And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality Wherein, they say, you shine: your sun of parts Did not together pluck such envy from him As did that one, and that in my regard Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth, Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes The light and careless livery that it wears Than settled age his sables and his weeds, Importing health and graveness. Two months

since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy:— I'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 had been incorpored and demi-natured With the brave beast: so far he topped my thought That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, Came short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch indeed And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you; And gave you such a masterly report For art and exercise in your defence And for your rapier most especial, That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard nor eye, If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy That he could nothing do but wish and beg Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him. Now, out of this—

*Lae.* What out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Lae.* Why ask you this?

*King.* Not that I think you did not love your father;

But that I know love is begun by time,  
And that I see, in passages of proof,  
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;  
And nothing is at a like goodness still,  
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,  
Dies in his own too much: that we would do  
We should do when we would; for this *would*  
changes

And hath abatements and delays as many  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,  
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the  
ulcer:

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,  
To show yourself your father's son in deed  
More than in words?

*Lae.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place indeed should murder sancto-  
rize;  
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good  
Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.  
Hamlet returned shall know you are come home:  
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine to-  
gether,

And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,  
Most generous and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice  
Requite him for your father.

*Lae.* I will do't:

And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword.  
I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
So mortal that but dip a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,  
Collected from all simples that have virtue  
Under the moon, can save the thing from death  
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point  
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

*King.* Let's further think of this;  
Weigh what convenience both of time and means  
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,  
And that our drift look through our bad per-  
formance,

'Twere better not assayed: therefore this project  
Should have a back or second, that might hold  
If this did blast in proof. Soft!—let me see!—  
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning: I  
ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry—  
As make your bouts more violent to that end—  
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him  
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what  
noise?

*Enter Queen.*

How now, sweet queen!

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow.—Your sister's drown'd,  
Laertes.

*Lae.* 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, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliiver broke;  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread  
wide;

And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up:  
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indued  
Unto that element; but long it could not be  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

*Lae.* Alas, then is she drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Lae.* Too much of water hast thou, poor  
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet  
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,  
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:  
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly doubts 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. *Ereunt.*

## Act V.

### Scene I.—A Churchyard.

*Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.*

1 *Clown.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial  
that willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee she is; and therefore make  
her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her,  
and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned  
herself in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*: it cannot be  
else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself  
wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three  
branches: it is, to act, to do and to perform:  
argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water;  
good: here stands the man; good: if the man  
go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he  
nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water  
come to him and drown him, he drowns not  
himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own  
death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown*. But is this law?

1 *Clown*. Ay, marry, is 't; Crowner's Quest law.

2 *Clown*. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

1 *Clown*. Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian.—Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown*. Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown*. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown*. Why, he had none.

1 *Clown*. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says *Adam digged*: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clown*. Go to.

1 *Clown*. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown*. The gallow-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown*. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

2 *Clown*. *Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?*

1 *Clown*. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown*. Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown*. To 't.

2 *Clown*. Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio, afar off.*

1 *Clown*. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say a *grave-maker*: the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to *Yaughan*: fetch me a stoup of liquor.

*Exit Second Clown.*

*[He digs, and sings.]*

*In youth, when I did love, did love,*

*Methought it was very sweet,*

*To contract, oh! the time, for, ah! my bebove,*

*Oh, methought, there was nothing meet.*

*Ham*. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

*Hor*. Custom bath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Ham*. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clown*. *[Sings.]*

*But one, with his stealing steps,*

*Hath claw'd me in his clutch,*

*And hath shipped me intil 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 pate of a politician,

which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Hor*. It might, my lord.

*Ham*. Or of a courtier; which could say *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord!* This might be my lord *Such-a-one*, that praised my lord *Such-a-one's* horse, when he meant to beg it;—might it not?

*Hor*. Ay, my lord.

*Ham*. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady *Worm's*; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on 't.

1 *Clown*. *[Sings.]*

*A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,*

*For and a shrouding sheet:*

*O, a pit of clay for to be made*

*For such a guest is meet.*

*Throws up another skull.*

*Ham*. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the scone with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? 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 pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

*Hor*. Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham*. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Hor*. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

*Ham*. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clown*. Mine, sir.

*[Sings.] O, a pit of clay for to be made*

*For such a guest is meet.*

*Ham*. I think it be thine, indeed: for thou liest in 't.

1 *Clown*. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

*Ham*. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *Clown*. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twixt away again, from me to you.

*Ham*. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clown*. For no man, sir.

*Ham*. What woman, then?

1 *Clown*. For none, neither.

*Ham*. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 *Clown*. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham*. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, *Horatio*, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that

the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

*1 Clown.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

*1 Clown.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

*1 Clown.* Why, because a' was mad: a' shall recover his wits there; or, if a' do not, it's no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*1 Clown.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

*1 Clown.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

*1 Clown.* Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

*1 Clown.* Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

*1 Clown.* I' faith, if a' be not rotten before a' die, a' will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

*1 Clown.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a' will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*1 Clown.* A mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*1 Clown.* 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?

*1 Clown.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-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 looked o' this fashion i' 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.* 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

Oh that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!  
But soft! but soft! aside! Here comes the king.

*Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the Corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and Mourners following; King, Queen, their trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: whos is this they follow?  
And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken  
The corse they follow did with desperate hand  
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.

Couch we awhile, and mark.

*Retiring with Horatio.*

*Lae.* What ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

*Lae.* What ceremony else?

*1 Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarged

As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;  
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

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 allowed her virgin crants,  
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.

*Lae.* Must there no more be done?

*1 Priest.* No more be done:  
We should profane the service of the dead  
To sing a requiem and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted souls.

*Lae.* 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.* Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

*Scattering flowers.*

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's  
wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet  
maid;

And not have strew'd thy grave.

*Lae.* O, treble woe

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:

*Leaps into the grave.*

Now pile your dust upon the quick 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-wounded hearers? This is I,  
Hamlet the Dane.

*Lae.* 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 splenitive and rash,  
Yet have I something in me dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand.

*King.* Pluck them asunder.

*Queen.* Hamlet, Hamlet!

*All.* Gentlemen,—

*Hor.* 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?

*King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* 'Swords, show me what thou 'lt do:  
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't  
tear thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

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 its pate against the burning zone,  
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt month,  
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 dropping.

*Ham.* Hear you, sir;  
What is the reason that you use me thus?  
I loved you ever.—But it is no matter;  
Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

*Exit.*

*King.* I pray 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.

*Exit.*

*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 bilboes. Rashly,—  
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our deep plots do pall: and that should  
learn us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

*Hor.* That is most certain.

*Ham.* Up from my cabin,  
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark  
Groped I to find out them; had my desire,  
Fingered their packet, and in fine withdrew  
To mine own room again; making so bold,  
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
Their grand commission; where I found,

*Horatio,—*

O royal knavery!—an exact command,  
Larded with many several sorts of reasons  
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,  
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,  
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
My head should be struck off.

*Hor.* Is't possible?

*Ham.* Here's the commission; read it at more  
leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

*Hor.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus be-netted round with vil-  
lainies,—

Or 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 statists do,  
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now  
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know  
The effect of what I wrote?

*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the king,  
As England was his faithful tributary,  
As love between them like the palm might  
flourish,

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear  
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,  
And many such-like Ases of great charge,  
That, on the view and knowing of these con-  
tents,

Without debatement further, more or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not shriving-time allow'd.

*Hor.* How was this sealed?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was heaven ordinaunt.  
I had my father's signet in my purse,  
Which was the model of that Danish seal;  
Folded the writ up in the form of the other,  
Subscribed it, gave't the impression, placed it  
safely,

The changing never known. Now, the next  
day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent  
Thou know'st already.

*Hor.* So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to this  
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 fall incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

*Hor.* Why, what a king is this!

*Ham.* Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now  
upon—

He that hath kill'd my king and stained my  
mother,

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,  
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,

And with such cozenage—is't not perfect con-  
science,

To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be  
damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come  
In further evil?

*Hor.* It must be shortly known to him from  
England

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; I'll court his favours:

But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me

Into a towering passion.

*Hor.* Peace! who comes here?

*Enter Osric.*

*Osric.* 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 gracious; for 'tis  
a vice to know him. He hath much land, and  
fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib  
shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a cough,  
but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

*Osric.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at lei-  
sure, 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.

*Osric.* I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind  
is northerly.

*Osric.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet methinks it is very sultry and  
hot, for my complexion—

*Osric.* Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—  
as 'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his  
majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid  
a great wager on your head: sir, this is the  
matter—

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember—

*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

*Osric.* Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good  
faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes;  
believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most  
excellent differences, of very soft society and great  
showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is  
the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find  
in him the continent of what part a gentleman  
would see.

*Ham.* Sir, his refinement suffers no perdition  
in you; though, I know, to divide him inven-  
torially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory,  
and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick  
sail. But, in the verity of extolment I take him  
to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of  
such dearth and rareness, as, to make true dic-  
tion of him, his semblable is his mirror, and  
who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing  
more.

*Osric.* Your lordship speaks most infallibly of  
him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap  
the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Osric.* Sir?

*Hor.* Is't not possible to understand in another  
tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this  
gentleman?

*Osric.* Of Laertes?

*Hor.* His purse is empty already; all's golden  
words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him, sir.

*Osric.* 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?

*Osric.* You are not ignorant of what excellence  
Laertes is—

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should  
compare with him in excellence; but, to know a  
man well, were to know himself.

*Osric.* I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the  
imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's  
unfellowed.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Osric.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons: but, well.

*Osric.* The king, sir, hath wagered with him  
six Barbary horses: against the which he has  
imposed, as I take it, six French rapiers and  
poniards, with their assigs, 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?

*Hor.* I knew you must be edified by the margent  
ere you had done.

*Osric.* The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be more germane to  
the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our  
sides: I would it might be hangers till then.  
But, on: six Barbary horses against six French  
swords, their assigs, and three liberal-conceited  
carriages; that's the French bet against the  
Danish. Why is this imposed, as you call it?

*Osric.* The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a  
dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall  
not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve  
for nine; and it would come to immediate trial,  
if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

*Ham.* How if I answer No?

*Osric.* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your  
person in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it  
please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day  
with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman  
willing and the king hold his purpose, I will win  
for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but  
my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver 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 Osrice.*] 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 dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and 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 Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit; we defy augury: there is 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 aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, Osric and other Attendants with foils and gauntlets; a table and flagons of wine on it.*

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 wrong;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd

With sore distraction. What I have done,

That might your nature, honour and exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it. Who does it then? His madness: if't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged; 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.

Laes. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most To my revenge: but in my terms of honour I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation, Till by some elder masters of known honour I have a voice and precedent of peace, To keep my name ungored. But till that time, I do receive your offered love like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, And will this brother's wage frankly play.— Give us the foils.—Come on.

Laes. 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.

Laes. 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 weakest side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both: But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laes. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well.—These foils have all a length? *They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the 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 ordnance fire; The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath; And in the cup a union shall he throw, Richer than that which four successive kings In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak, The trumpet to the cannoneer without, The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,

*Now the king drinks to Hamlet.* Come, begin: And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laes. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laes. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laes. Well; again.

*King.* Stay; give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl  
is thine;  
Here's to thy health.

*Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.*  
Give him the cup.

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first; set it by a while.—  
Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?  
*La.* A touch, a touch, I do confess.  
*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* 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.

*La.* My lord, I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think 't.

*La.* [*Aside.*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my  
conscience.

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes: you but  
dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

*La.* Say you so? come on. *They play.*

*Osr.* Nothing, either way.

*La.* Have at you now!

*In scuffling, they change rapiers, and  
both are wounded.*

*King.* Part them; they are incensed.

*Ham.* Nay, come, again. *The Queen falls.*

*Osr.* Look to the queen there, ho!

*Hor.* They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my  
lord?

*Osr.* How is 't, Laertes?

*La.* Why, as a woodcock to mine own sprunge,  
*Osr.*

I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the queen?

*King.* She swoonds 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 locked:  
Treachery! Seek it out.

*La.* It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art  
slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good;

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenomed: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again: thy mother's poisoned:

I can no more:—the king—the king's to blame.

*Ham.* The point envenomed too!

Then, venom, to thy work. *Stabs the King.*

*All.* Treason! treason!

*King.* O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned  
Dane,

Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?

Follow my mother. *King dies.*

*La.* He is justly served;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,  
Nor thine on me! *Dies.*

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it! I follow  
thee.

I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time (as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest), oh, I could tell you—

But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou livest; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it:

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:

Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have 't.—

O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind

me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in

pain,

To tell my story. *A march afar off.*

What warlike noise is this?

*Osr.* Young Fortinbras, with conquest come  
from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

*Ham.* O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;

I cannot live to hear the news from England;

But I do prophesy the election lights

On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrences, more and less,

Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. *Dies.*

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night,

sweet prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—

Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*]

*Enter Fortinbras and the English Ambassadors,*

*with drum, colours and Attendants.*

*For.* Where is this sight?

*Hor.* What is it you would see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

*For.* This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death,

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,

That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?

*1 Amb.* The sight is dismal;

And our affairs from England come too late:

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,

To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,

That Rosenzantz and Guildenstern are dead:

Where should we have our thanks?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth,

Had it the ability of life to thank you:

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars, and you from Eng-

land,

Are here arrived, give order that these bodies

High on a stage be plac'd to the view;

And let me speak to the yet unknowing world

How these things came about: so shall you

hear

Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,



Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,  
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads. All this can I  
Truly deliver.

*For.* Let us haste to hear it,  
And call the noblest to the audience.  
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:  
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,  
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

*Hor.* Of that I shall have also cause to speak,  
And from his mouth whose voice will draw out  
more:

But let this same be presently performed,

Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mis-  
chance

On plots and errors happen.

*For.* Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,  
The soldiers' music and the rites of war  
Speak loudly for him.—  
Take up the bodies:—such a sight as this  
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.—  
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

*Exeunt marching, after which a peal of  
ordnance is shot off.*

# KING LEAR.

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## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

LEAR, king of Britain.  
KING OF FRANCE.  
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.  
DUKE OF CORNWALL.  
DUKE OF ALBANY.  
EARL OF KENT.  
EARL OF GLOUCESTER.  
EDGAR, son to Gloucester.  
EDMUND, bastard son to Gloucester.  
CURAN, a courtier.  
Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.  
Doctor.  
Fool.  
OSWALD, steward to Goneril.  
A Captain employed by Edmund.  
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.  
Herald.  
Servants to Cornwall.  
GONERIL, }  
REGAN, } daughters to Lear.  
CORDELIA, }

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers,  
and Attendants.

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The tragedy of King Lear is founded on a tale told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and retold in Holinshed and by a playwright. Shakespeare's version was printed in 1608 in quarto, and twice again in the same year. It next appeared in the folio of 1623. It was edited and altered by Nahum Tate, George Coleman, David Garrick, and others, but has kept its place on the stage. There is no authority extant for the costume of the ancient Britons about the time of the building of Rome by Romulus and Remus. The scene is laid wholly in Britain, and the play is full of local allusions.

# KING LEAR.

## 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.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is this not your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something 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.

Glo. My Lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter one bearing a coronet, King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

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; Conferred them on your younger strengths, while we Unburthen'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,—

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, 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 daughters,

Since now we will divest us, both of rule, 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 word 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.

Cor. [Aside.] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd, With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart I find she names my very deed of love; Only she comes too short; that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys, Which the most precious square of sense possesses; And find I am alone felicitate In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [Aside.] Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom; No less in space, validity and pleasure, Than that confer'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy, Although our last, and least, to whose young love The vines of France and milk of Burgundy Strive to be interest'd; what can you say to draw A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty According to my bond; no more nor less.

*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,

lest you may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.* Good my lord, You have begot me, bred me, 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 plight shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty: Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters, To love my father all.

*Lear.* But goes thy heart with this?

*Cor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Lear.* So young, and so untender?

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun, The mysteries of Hecate, and the night; By all the operation of the orbs From whom we do exist and cease to be; Here I disclaim all my paternal care, Propinquity and property of blood, And as a stranger to my heart and me Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom Be as well neighbour'd, pitied and relieved, As thou my sometime daughter.

*Kent.* Good my liege,—

*Lear.* Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath. I 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 Her father's heart from her!—Call France; who stirs?

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 That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,

With reservation of an hundred knights, By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain The name, and all the additions to a king; The sway, revenue, execution of the rest, Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, This coronet part between you.

*Kent.* Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honoured as my king, Loved as my father, as my master followed, As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade The region of my heart. Be Kent unmannerly, When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old man? Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak, When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound, When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;

And in thy best consideration check This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least; Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound Reverbs no hollowness.

*Lear.* Kent, on thy life, no more.

*Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn To wage against thine enemies, nor fear to lose it, Thy safety being the motive.

*Lear.* Out of my sight!

*Kent.* See better, Lear, and let me still remain The true blank of thine eye.

*Lear.* Now, by Apollo,—

*Kent.* Now, by Apollo, king, Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

*Lear.* O, vassal! miscreant!

*Laying his hand on his sword.*

*Alb. Corn.* Dear sir, forbear.

*Kent.* Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy doom; Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat, I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

*Lear.* Hear me, recreate!

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 baish'd trunk be found in our dominions, The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter, This shall not be revoked.

*Kent.* Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. 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; He'll shape his old course in a country new.

*Exit.*

*Flourish.* Re-enter Gloucester, with France, Burgundy and Attendants.

*Glo.* Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

*Lear.* My Lord of Burgundy, We first address towards you, who with this king Hath rival'd for our daughter; what, in the least, Will you require in present dower with her, Or cease your quest of love?

*Bur.* Most royal majesty, I crave no more than what your highness offer'd, Nor will you tender less.

*Lear.* Right noble Burgundy, When she was dear to us, we did hold her so; But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands; If aught within that little seeming substance, Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced, And nothing more, may fitly like your grace, She's there, and she is yours.

*Bur.* I know no answer.

*Lear.* Will you, with those infirmities she owes,  
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our  
oath,

Take her, or leave her?

*Bur.* Pardon me, royal sir;  
Election makes not up on such conditions.

*Lear.* Then leave her, sir; for, by the power  
that made me,  
I tell you all her wealth. [To France.] For you,  
great king,

I would not from your love make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you  
To avert your liking a more worthier way  
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed  
Almost to acknowledge hers.

*Fra.* This is most strange,  
That she, who even but now was your best object,  
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,  
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection  
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
Should never plant in me.

*Cor.* I yet beseech your majesty,  
(If for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not; since what I well  
intend,

I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known  
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,  
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,  
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour;  
But even for want of that for which I am richer,  
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it  
Hath lost me in your liking.

*Lear.* Better thou  
Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me  
better.

*Fra.* Is it but this? a tardiness in nature  
Which often leaves the history unspoke  
That it intends to do?—My Lord of Burgundy,  
What say you to the lady? Love's not love  
When it is mingled with regards that stand  
Aloof from th' entire point. Will you have her?  
She is herself a dowry.

*Bur.* Royal Lear,  
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,  
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

*Lear.* Nothing. I have sworn; I am firm.

*Bur.* I am sorry then you have so lost a father  
That you must lose a husband.

*Cor.* Peace be with Burgundy!  
Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

*Fra.* Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being  
poor;

Most choice forsaken, and most loved despised,  
Thou and thy virtues here I seize upon.  
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold't at  
neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect.—  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my  
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:  
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy  
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.—  
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:  
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France. Let her be  
thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again.—Therefore be gone  
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—  
Come, noble Burgundy.

*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but France,  
Goneril, Regan and Cordelia.*

*Fra.* Bid farewell to your sisters.

*Cor.* Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes  
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;  
And, like a sister, am most loath to call  
Your faults as they are named. Love well our  
father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him;

But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,

I would prefer him to a better place.

So farewell to you both.

*Reg.* Prescribe not us our duties.

*Gon.*

Let your study  
Be to content your lord, who hath received you  
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,  
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plaited cunning  
hides:

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

Well may you prosper!

*Fra.* Come, my fair Cordelia.

*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

*Gon.* Sister, it is not a little I have to say of  
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think  
our father will hence to-night.

*Reg.* That's most certain, and with you; next  
month with us.

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is;  
the observation we have made of it hath not been  
little: he always loved our sister most; and with  
what poor judgment he hath now cast her off  
appears too grossly.

*Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath  
ever but slenderly known himself.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time hath  
been but rash; then must we look from his age  
to receive not alone the imperfections of long-  
ingrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly  
waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring  
with them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant starts are we like to have  
from him as this of Kent's banishment.

*Gon.* There is further compliment of leave-  
taking between France and him. Pray you, let's  
hit together: if our father carry authority with  
such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender  
of his will but offend us.

*Reg.* We shall further think of it.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i' the heat.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—The Earl of Gloucester's Castle.*

*Enter Edmund, with a letter.*

*Edm.* Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy  
law  
My services are bound. Wherefore should I

Stand in the plague of custom, and permit  
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-  
shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?  
When my dimensions are as well compact,  
My mind as generous and my shape as true,  
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us  
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?  
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take  
More composition and fierce quality  
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,  
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then,  
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:  
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund  
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!  
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,  
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:  
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler  
parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscribed his power!  
Confined to exhibition! All this done  
Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now! what news?

*Edm.* So please your lordship, none.

*Glo.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that  
letter?

*Edm.* I know no news, my lord.

*Glo.* What paper were you reading?

*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.

*Glo.* No? What needed then that terrible  
dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of  
nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's  
see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need  
spectacles.

*Edm.* I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a  
letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-  
read; and for so much as I have perused, I find  
it not fit for your o'er-looking.

*Glo.* Give me the letter, sir.

*Edm.* I shall offend, either to detain or give it.  
The contents, as in part I understand them, are  
to blame.

*Glo.* Let's see, let's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification,  
he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my  
virtue.

*Glo.* [*Reads.*] *This policy and reverence of age  
makes the world bitter to the best of our times;  
keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot  
relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond  
bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who  
sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered.  
Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If  
our father would sleep till I waked him, you  
should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live  
the beloved of your brother,* EDGAR.

*Hum—conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him,—  
you should enjoy half his revenue,—My son  
Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart  
and brain to breed it in?—When came this to  
you? who brought it?*

*Edm.* It was not brought me, my lord; there's  
the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the  
casement of my closet.

*Glo.* You know the character to be your  
brother's?

*Edm.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst  
swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would  
fain think it were not.

*Glo.* It is his.

*Edm.* It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his  
heart is not in the contents.

*Glo.* Hath he never heretofore 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.

*Glo.* O villain, villain! His very opinion is the  
letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested,  
brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah,  
seek him; I'll apprehend him; abominable vil-  
lain! 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 writ this to feel my  
affection to your honour, and to no further pre-  
sence of danger.

*Glo.* Think you so?

*Edm.* If your honour judge it meet, I will place  
you where you shall hear us confer of this, and  
by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction;  
and that without any further delay than this very  
evening.

*Glo.* He cannot be such a monster—

*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

*Glo.* To his father, that so tenderly and  
entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Ed-  
mund, seek him out: wind me into him, I pray  
you: frame the business after your own wisdom.  
I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

*Edm.* I will seek him, sir, presently; convey  
the business as I shall find means, and acquaint  
you withal.

*Glo.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon  
portend no good to us: though the wisdom of  
nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds  
itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools,  
friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mu-  
tinies; 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, hollow-  
ness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow  
us discreetly to our graves. Find out this villain,  
Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it care-  
fully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent  
banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange.

*Exit.*

*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the  
world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often  
the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty  
of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars:  
as if we were villains by necessity; fools by hea-  
venly compulsion; knaves, thieves and traitors,

by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master 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 major; 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.*

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *fa. sol. la. mi.*

*Edg.* How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

*Edm.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busy yourself 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 amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions 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.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together.

*Edm.* Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Edm.* Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*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 faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon?

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business.—

*Exit Edgar.*

A credulous father and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easy. I see the business.  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:  
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. *Erit.*

*Scene III.—The Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter Goneril, and Oswald, her steward.*

*Gon.* Did my father chide of his fool?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night he wou'd abuse me, every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:

His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us  
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,  
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:

If you come slack of former services,  
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

*Osw.* He's coming, madam; I hear him.

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please,  
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to ques-  
tion:

If he distaste it, let him to my sister,  
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  
abused.

Remember what I have said.

*Osw.* Well, madam.

*Gon.* And let his knights have colder looks  
among you;

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.—The Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter Kent, disguised.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow,  
That can my speech defuse, my good intent  
May carry through itself to that full issue  
For which I razed my likeness. Now, banished  
Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand con-  
demned,

So may it come, thy master, whom thou lovest,  
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 thou?

*Kent.* A man, sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? what wouldst thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Who wouldst thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty eight.

*Lear.* Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my Fool? Go you, and call my Fool hither. *Exit an Attendant.*

*Enter Oswald.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

*Osw.* So please you,— *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?

*Knt.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me when I called him.

*Knt.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not!

*Knt.* My lord, I know not what the matter is, but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha! sayest thou so?

*Knt.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

*Lear.* Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. But where's my Fool? I have not seen him this two days.

*Knt.* Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my Fool.

*Re-enter 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 whore-son dog! you slave! you cur!

*Osw.* I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

*Osw.* I'll not be stricken, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player.

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so.

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

*Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too.—Here's my coxcomb.

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, Fool?

*Fool.* Why? for taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'll 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.

*Fool.* Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me!

*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest,

Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest,

Ride more than thou goest,

Learn more than thou trowest,

Set less than thou throwest;

Leave thy drink and thy whore,

And keep in-a-door,

And thou shalt have more

Than thou tens to a score.

*Kent.* This is nothing, Fool.

*Fool.* Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't.—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Fool.* [*To Kent.*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a Fool.

*Lear.* A bitter Fool!

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet 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 titles thou hast given away;  
that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be smatching. Nuncle, give me an egg, 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 clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thy ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[*Singing.*]

Fools had ne'er less wit in a year,

For wise men are grown foppish;

They know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

*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 mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and puttest 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.

Prithce, 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 frown.

*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a Fool, thou art nothing. —Y'es, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Wearry of all, shall want some.

[*Pointing to Lear.*] That's a shealed peascod.

*Gen.* Not only, sir, this your ill-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 'scape 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 know, 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?

*Gen.* Come, sir,

I would you would make use of that good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away

These dispositions which 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.*

Does *Lear* walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings

Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

*Fool.* *Lear's* shadow.

*Lear.* I would learn that, for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters?

*Fool.* Which they will make an obedient father.

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentewoman?

*Gen.* This admiration, sir, is much o' th' sa-  
vour

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 disordered, 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 then desired

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,

A little to disquantity 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.

*Gen.* You strike my people, and your dis-

ordered rabble

Make servants of their betters.

*Enter Albany.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are you come?

Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—

F f

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 worships of their name.—O most small fault,  
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!  
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of  
nature

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,  
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,  
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, Nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!  
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
To make this creature fruitful;

Into her womb convey sterility;  
Dry up in her the organs of increase;  
And from her 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 snarled 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.* What's the matter, sir?

*Lear.* 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 thee!

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,  
Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,  
And cast you with the waters that you lose,  
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?

Let it be so: I have another daughter,  
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:  
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails  
She'll flay thy wolvish 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, Goneril,  
To the great love I bear you,—

*Gon.* Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!  
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

*Fool.* Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry; take  
the Fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,  
And such a daughter,  
Should sure to the slaughter,  
If my cap would buy a halter:

So the Fool follows after. *Exit.*

*Gon.* This man hath had good counsel!—A  
hundred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep  
At point a hundred knights. Yes, that, on every  
dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,  
He may enguard 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 showed the unfitness,—

*Re-enter Oswald.*

How now, Oswald!

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, and away to  
horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear,  
And thereto add such reasons of your own  
As may compact it more. Get you gone;  
And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No,  
no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours,  
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,  
You are much more at task for want of wisdom  
Than praised for harmful mildness.

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce I cannot  
tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*Gon.* Nay, then—

*Alb.* Well, well; the event. *Exit.*

*Scene V.—Court before the Duke of Albany's  
Palace.*

*Enter Lear, Kent and Fool.*

*Lear.* Go you before to Gloucester with these  
letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with  
anything 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  
delivered your letter. *Exit.*

*Fool.* If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't  
not in danger of kibes?

*Lear.* Ay, boy.

*Fool.* Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall  
not go slipshod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fool.* Shall 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.

*Lear.* What canst tell, boy?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this as a crab does  
to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands  
i' the middle on 's face?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong—

*Fool.* Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

*Lear.* Why?

*Fool.* Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature. So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

*Fool.* Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight?

*Fool.* Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good Fool.

*Lear.* To take 't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

*Fool.* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I 'ld have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Fool.* Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

*Lear.* O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!—

*Enter Gentleman.*

How now! are the horses ready?

*Gen.* Ready, my lord.

*Lear.* Come, boy.

*Fool.* She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,  
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *Exeunt.*

## Act II.

*Scene I.—The Earl of Gloucester's Castle.*

*Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.*

*Edm.* Save thee, Curan.

*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan, his duchess, will be here with him this night.

*Edm.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

*Edm.* Not I: pray you, what are they?

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *Exit.*

*Edm.* The duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act. Briskness and fortune, work!— Brother, a word; descend. Brother, I say!

*Enter Edgar.*

My father watches: O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night. Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, if the night, if 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.

Yield: come before my father.—Light, ho, here!— Fly, brother.—Torches, torches! So, farewell.

*Exit Edgar.*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion  
Wounds his arm.  
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!— Stop, stop!—No help?

*Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.*

*Glo.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand auspicious mistress,—

*Glo.* But where is he?

*Edm.* Look, sir; I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villain, Edmund?

*Edm.* Fled this way, sir, when by no means he could—

*Glo.* Pursue him, ho! Go after.—By no means what?

*Edm.* Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend; Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond The child was bound to th' father; sir, in fine, Seeing how loathly opposite I stood To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion, With his prepared sword, he charges home My unprovided body, lanced mine arm; But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits, Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to th' encounter, Or whether gasted by the noise I made, Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly far: Not in this land shall he remain uncaught; And found—dispatch. The noble duke, my master, My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night: By his authority I will proclaim it, That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks, Bringing the murderous coward to the stake; He that conceals him, death.

*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his intent, And found him pight to do it, with cursed speech I threaten'd to discover him: he replied, *Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think, If I would stand against thee, would the reposal Of any trust, virtue or worth in thee Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,—*

*As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce*

*My very character,—I'd turn it all  
To thy suggestion, plot and damned practice:  
And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
If they not thought the profits of my death  
Were very pregnant and potential spurs  
To make thee seek it.*

*Glo.* O strange and fasten'd villain!

Would he deny his letter? I never got him.

*Tucket within.*

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;  
The duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom  
May have due note of him; and of my land,  
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
To make thee capable.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend! since I came hither, Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

*Glo.* O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,—it's crack'd!

*Reg.* What, did my father's godson seek your life?

He whom my father named? your Edgar?

*Glo.* O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous knights

That tend upon my father?

*Glo.* I know not, madam.—'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 th' expense and waste of his revenues.  
I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well informed of them; and with such cau-  
tions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,  
I'll not be there.

*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father  
A child-like office.

*Edm.* 'Twas my duty, sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray his practice, and received  
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Corn.* 'Is he pursued?

*Glo.* 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, Ed-  
mund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:  
Natures of such deep-trust we shall much need;  
You we first seize on.

*Edm.* I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

*Glo.* For him I thank your grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit you?

*Reg.* Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed  
night:

Occasions, noble 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 comforts to your bosom; and bestow  
Your needful counsel to our business,  
Which craves the instant use.

*Glo.* I serve you, madam.—  
Your graces are right welcome.

*Flourish. Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Before Gloucester's Castle.*

*Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.*

*Osw.* Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

*Kent.* Ay.

*Osw.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I' the mire.

*Osw.* Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Osw.* Why then, I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

*Osw.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Osw.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave, a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel dog; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

*Osw.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor 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 sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

*Osw.* Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal. You come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks. Draw, you rascal; come your ways.

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike.

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter Edmund, with his rapier drawn.*

*Edm.* How now! What's the matter? Part.

*Kent.* With you, Goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, you young master.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester & Servants.*

*Glo.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives:  
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?  
*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.  
*Osw.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.  
*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?  
*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours o' th' trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?  
*Osw.* This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his grey beard,—

*Kent.* Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the walls of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!—  
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?  
*Kent.* Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?  
*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain  
Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel;  
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;  
Renege, affirm and turn their balcyon beaks  
With every gale and vary of their masters,  
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

A plague upon your epileptic visage!  
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?  
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

*Corn.* What, art thou mad, old fellow?  
*Glo.* How fell you out? say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy  
Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.  
*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:  
I have seen better faces in my time  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see  
Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow,  
Who, having been praised for bluntness, 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.  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

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 Phœbus' 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 th' offence you gave him?  
*Osw.* I never gave him any:

It pleased the king his master very late  
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;  
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,  
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, railed,  
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 reverend braggart,

We'll teach you—  
*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn:

Call not your stocks for me. I serve the king;  
On whose employment I was sent to you:  
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice  
Against the grace and person of my master,  
Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life  
and honour,  
There shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

*Kent.* Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,  
You should not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will.

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same colour  
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks!

*Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to do so:  
His fault is much, and the good king his master  
Will check him for't: your purposed low correction

Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches  
For pilferings and most common trespasses  
Are punished with: the king must take it ill,  
That he so slightly valued in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.  
*Reg.* My sister may receive it much more worse,  
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,  
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.  
Come, my good lord, away.

*Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent.*  
*Glo.* I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,  
Will not be rubbed nor stopped. I'll entreat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray, do not, sir. I have watched and travelled hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.  
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:  
Give you good morrow!

*Glo.* The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.  
*Exit.*

*Kent.* Good king, that must approve the common saw,  
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest  
To the warm sun!  
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,  
That by thy comfortable beams I may  
Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees miracles  
But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia,  
Who hath most fortunately been informed  
Of my obscured course, and shall find time  
From this enormous state, seeking to give  
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-  
watched,  
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 proclaimed;  
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 Turlygod! 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.* 'Tis strange that they should so depart  
from home,  
And not send back my messenger.  
*Gen.* As I learned,  
The night before there was no purpose in them  
Of this remove.

*Kent.* Hail to thee, noble master!

*Lear.* Ha! Ha!

Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

*Kent.* No, my lord.

*Fool.* Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses  
are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck,  
monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when  
a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden  
nether-stocks.

*Lear.* What's he that hath so much thy place  
mistook  
To set thee here?

*Kent.* It is both he and she;  
Your son and daughter.

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No, I say.

*Kent.* I say, yea.

*Lear.* No, no, they would not.

*Kent.* Yes, they have.

*Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear, no.

*Kent.* By Juno, I swear, ay.

*Lear.* They durst not do 't;  
They could not, would not do 't; 'tis worse than  
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:  
Resolve me with all modest haste which way  
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,  
Coming from us.

*Kent.* My lord, when at their home  
I did commend your highness' letters to them,  
Ere I was risen from the place that showed  
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,  
Stewed in his haste, half breathless, pausing forth  
From Goneril his mistress salutations;  
Delivered letters, spite of intermission,  
Which presently they read: on whose contents,  
They summoned up their meiny, straight took  
horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend  
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:  
And meeting here the other messenger,  
Whose welcome, I 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:  
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.  
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth  
The shame which here it suffers.

*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese  
fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind;

But fathers that bear bags

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours  
for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

*Lear.* O, how this mother swells up toward my  
heart!

*Hysterica passio,* down, thou climbing sorrow,  
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the earl, sir, here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not: stay here. *Exit.*

*Gen.* Made you no more offence but what you  
speak of?

*Kent.* None.—

How chance the king comes with so small a  
number?

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i' 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 i' the winter. All that  
follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind  
men, and there's not a nose among twenty but  
can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold  
when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break  
thy neck with following it: but the great one that  
goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When

a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a Fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,  
And follows but for form,  
Will pack when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in the storm.  
But I will tarry; the Fool will stay,  
And let the wise man fly:  
The knave turns fool that runs away;  
The Fool no knave, perdy.

*Kent.* Where learned you this, Fool?

*Fool.* Not i' the stocks, fool!

*Re-enter Lear, with Gloucester.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travelled all the night? Mere fetches;  
The images of revolt and flying off.  
Fetch me a better answer.

*Glo.* My dear lord,  
You know the fiery quality of the duke;  
How unremovable and fixed he is  
In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!  
*Fery? what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,*

I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* The king would speak with Cornwall;  
the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!  
*Fiery? the fiery duke!* Tell the hot duke that—  
No, but not yet: may be he is not well;

Infirmity doth still neglect all office  
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves  
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind  
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;  
And am fallen out with my more headier will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit  
For the sound man.—Death on my state! where-  
fore *Looking on Kent.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me  
That this removal of the duke and her  
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.  
Go tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,  
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,  
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum  
Till it cry sleep to death.

*Glo.* I would have all well betwixt you. *Exit.*

*Lear.* O me, my heart, my rising heart! But,  
down!

*Fool.* Cry to it, uncle, as the cockney did to  
the eels when she put 'em i' th' paste alive; she  
knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and  
cried *Down, wantons, down!* 'Twas her brotner  
that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his  
lay.

*Re-enter Gloucester, with Cornwall, Regan  
and Servants.*

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.

*Corn.* Hail to your grace!  
*Kent is set at liberty.*

*Reg.* I am glad to see your highness.

*Lear.* Regan, I think you are; I know what  
reason

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,  
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,  
Sepulchring an adulteress. [*To Kent.*] O, are you  
free?

Some other time for that.—Belovèd Regan,  
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied  
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:

*Points to his heart.*  
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe  
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

*Reg.* I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope  
You less know how to value her desert  
Than she to scant her duty.

*Lear.* Say, how is that?

*Reg.* I cannot think my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance  
She have restrained the riots of your followers,  
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,  
As clears her from all blame.

*Lear.* My curses on her!

*Reg.* O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine. You should be ruled and led  
By some discretion that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you  
That to our sister you do make return;  
Say you have wronged her, sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house:

*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;*

*Kneeling.*

*Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed and food.*

*Reg.* Good sir, no more; these are unsightly  
tricks:

Return you to my sister.

*Lear.* Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;  
Looked black upon me; struck me with her  
tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:  
All the stored vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,  
You taking airs, with lameness!

*Corn.* Fie, sir, fie!

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your blind-  
ing flames  
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,  
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,  
To fall and blast her pride!

*Reg.* O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,  
When the rash mood is on.

*Lear.* No, Regan, thou shalt never have my  
curse:

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce; but  
thine

Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,  
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;  
Thy half o' th' kingdom hast thou not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endowed.

Reg. Good sir, to th' 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 letter,

That she would soon be here.

*Enter Oswald.*

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrowed pride dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.

Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant?—Regan, I have good hope

Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here?

*Enter Goneril.*

O heavens,

If you do love old men, if your sweet away

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,

Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!

[*To Goneril.*] 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 offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds

And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough; Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders

Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.

If, till the expiration of your month,

You will return and sojourn with my sister,

Dismissing half your train, come then to me:

I am now from home, and out of that provision

Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dismissed?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To wage against the enmity o' th' air;

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—

Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her?

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought

To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg

To keep base life afoot. Return with her?

Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter

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'll not chide thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,

Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:

Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,

I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:

I looked 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 fol-

lowers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one

house,

Should many people, under two commands,

Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive

attendance

From those that she calls servants or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they 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 followed

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.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-

favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the

worst

Stands in some rank of praise. [*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?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest

beggars

Are in the poorest things 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 gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous

wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But for true

need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I

need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,

And let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things,—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;



No, I'll not weep: *Storm and tempest.*  
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!

*Ereunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent and Fool.*

*Corn.* Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

*Reg.* This house is little: the old man and his  
people

Cannot be well bestowed.

*Gen.* 'Tis 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.

*Gen.* So am I purposed.

Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

*Corn.* Followed the old man forth: he is re-  
turned.

*Re-enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* The king is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going?

*Glo.* He calls to horse; but will I know not  
whither.

*Corn.* 'Tis best to give him way; he leads  
himself.

*Gen.* My lord, entreat him by no means to  
stay.

*Glo.* Alack, the night comes on, and the high  
winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O, sir, to wilful men,

The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your  
doors;

He is attended with a desperate train;  
And what they may incense him to, being apt  
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild  
night:

My Regan counsels well. Come out o' th' storm.  
*Ereunt.*

### Act III.

#### Scene I.—A Heath.

*Storm still. Enter Kent and a Gentleman,  
severally.*

*Kent.* Who's there besides foul weather?

*Gen.* One minded like the weather, most un-  
quietly.

*Kent.* I know you. Where's the king?

*Gen.* Contending with the fretful element;  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,  
That things might change or cease; tears his  
white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;  
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn  
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would  
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?  
*Gen.* None but the Fool; who labours to out-  
jest

His heart-strook 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 covered  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-  
wall;

Who have—as who have not, that their great  
stars  
Throned and set high?—servants, who seem no  
less,

Which are to France the spies and speculations  
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,  
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,  
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne  
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,  
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;  
But, true it is, from France there comes a power  
Into this scattered kingdom; who already,  
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet  
In some of our best ports, and are at point  
To show their open banner. Now to you:  
If on my credit you dare build so far  
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find  
Some that will thank you, making just report  
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow  
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;  
And from some knowledge and assurance offer  
This office to you.

*Gen.* I will talk further with you.

*Kent.* No, do not.  
For confirmation that I am much more  
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take  
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—  
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;  
And she will tell you who your fellow is  
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!  
I will go seek the king.

*Gen.* Give me your hand:

Have you no more to say?

*Kent.* Few words, but, to effect, more than all  
yet;

That, when we have found the king,—in which  
your pain

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him  
Holla the other. *Ereunt severally.*

*Scene II.—Another part of the Heath. Storm  
still.*

*Enter Lear and Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!  
rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the  
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
Sings my white head! And thou, all-shaking  
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!  
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,  
That make ingrateful man!

*Fool.* O uncle, court holy-water in a dry house  
is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good

nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise man nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness; I never gave you kingdom, called you children, You owe me no subscription: then let fall Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man: But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters joined Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head So old and white as this. Oh, oh, '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.

*Kent.* Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, And make them keep their caves: since I was man, Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry

Th' affliction nor the fear.

*Lear.* Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes, Unwhipped of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;

Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming Hast practised on man's life. Close pent-up-guils,

Rive your concealing continents and cry These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man More sinned 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 harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised; Which even but now, demanding after you, Denied me to come in—return, and force Their scanted courtesy.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.— Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?

I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange, That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—

Poor Fool and knave, I have one part in my heart That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool.* He that has and a little tiny wit,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
Though the rain it raineth every day.

*Lear.* True, boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.  
*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*

*Fool.* This is a brave night to cool a courtesan. 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 burned, but wenches' suitors;  
When every case in law is right;  
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;  
When slanders do not live in tongues;  
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;  
When usurers tell their gold 't' th' 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.*

*Glo.* Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

*Edm.* Most savage and unnatural!

*Glo.* Go to; say you nothing. There is division betwixt the dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will look 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. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful.  
*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, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For nature to endure.  
*Storm still.*

*Lear.* Let me alone.  
*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.  
*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?  
*Kent.* I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.  
*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm  
 Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee; But where the greater malady is fixed, The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear; But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea, Thou 'dst meet the bear i' th' 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 it not as this mouth should tear this hand For lifting food to't? But I will punish home: No, I will weep no more. In such a night To shunt me out! Pour on; I will endure. In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril! Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—  
 Oh, that way madness lies; let me shun that; No more of that.  
*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.  
*Lear.* Prithce, go in thyself; seek thine own case:  
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in. In, boy; go first.—You houseless poverty,—  
 Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—  
*Fool goes in.*  
 Poor naked wretches, whose'er you are, That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm, How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides, Your looped and windowed raggedness defend you From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp; Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel. That thou mayst shake the superflux to them, And show the heavens more just.  
*Edg.* [Within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!  
*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*  
*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!  
*Kent.* Give me thy hand.—Who's there?  
*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.  
*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i' th' straw? Come forth.  
*Enter Edgar disguised as a madman.*  
*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me!  
*Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.*  
 Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.  
*Lear.* Didst thou give 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 halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a lay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, 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-blasting,

and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there.

*Storm still.*  
*Lear.* What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—  
 Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give them all?

*Fool.* Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

*Lear.* Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

*Edg.* *Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:*

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

*Edg.* Take heed o' th' 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 hair; wore gloves in my cap; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it; wine loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured 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 plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend!

*Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind:*  
 Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny.

Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by.

*Storm still.*  
*Lear.* 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.* Prithce, nuncle, 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.

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks at 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 carth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the old;  
He met the night-mare and her nine-fold;  
Bid her alight,  
And her troth plight,  
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!  
Kent. How fares your grace?

*Enter Gloucester, with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?  
Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?  
Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog,  
the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the  
water; that in the fury of his heart, when the  
foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swal-  
lows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the  
green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped  
from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished and  
imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back,  
six shirts to his body,

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;  
But mice and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.  
Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin! peace,  
thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman:  
Modo he's called, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood is grown so vile,  
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer  
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:  
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?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the  
house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned  
Theban.—

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill  
vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impertune him once more to go, my lord;  
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him? [*Storm still.*]  
His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good  
Kent!

He said it would be thus, poor banished man!  
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee,  
friend,

I am almost mad myself. I had a son,  
Now outlawed 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.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep  
thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;  
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take  
the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words! Hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,  
His word was still, *Fie, feh, and fum,*  
*I smell the blood of a British man.*

*Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—Gloucester's Castle.*

*Enter Cornwall and Edmund.*

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his  
house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that  
nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears  
me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether  
your brother's evil disposition made him seek his  
death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a  
reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I  
must repent to be just! This is the letter he  
spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party  
to the advantages of France. O heavens! that  
this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the 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 where 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  
persever in my course of loyalty, though the con-  
flict 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 Lear, Gloucester, Kent, Edgar and Fool.*

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 angler in the lake of darkness.—Pray, innocent,  
and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, uncle, tell me whether a mad-  
man 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 'em.—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of  
a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's  
oath.

*Lear.* It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer.—  
Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—Now, you she foxes!

*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

Why she dares not come over to thee.

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hoppedance 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.—

Thou robbed man of justice, take thy place;

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side.—You are o' the commission,

Sit you too.

*Edg.* Let us deal justly.

*Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*

*Thy sheep be in the corn;*

*And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,*

*Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Pur! the cat is grey.

*Lear.* Arraign her first; 'tis Generil. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress. Is your name Generil?

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

*Lear.* And here 's another, whose warped looks proclaim

What stores her heart is made on.—Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits!

*Kent.* O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,

They mar my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them.—  
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,

Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,

Tom will make them weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. 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?—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; 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.

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.

*Re-enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

*Kent.* Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

*Glo.* Good friend, I 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,

And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

*Kent.* Oppressed nature sleeps:  
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,

Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure. Come, help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind.

*Glo.*

Come, come, away.

*Exeunt Kent, Gloucester and the Fool bearing off the King.*

*Edg.* When we our betters see 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.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that which makes me bend makes the king

bow,

He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!

Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,

When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile 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, Generil, 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 festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall

be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my Lord of Gloucester.

*Enter Oswald.*

How now! where's the king?

*Osw.* My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,  
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;  
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,  
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they  
boast

To have well-armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistress.

*Gov.* Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

*Corn.* Edmund, farewell.

*Exeunt Governor, 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.* Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corky arms.

*Glo.* What means your graces? Good my  
friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

*Corn.* Bind him, I say.

*Reg.* Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

*Glo.* Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

*Corn.* To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou  
shalt find—

*Glo.* By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done  
To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor!

*Glo.* Naughty lady,  
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my  
chin,

Will quicken and accuse thee: I am your host:  
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours  
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come, sir, what letters had you late from  
France?

*Reg.* Be simple answered, for we know the  
truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacy have you with the  
traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

*Reg.* To whose hands have you sent the lunatic  
king?

Speak.

*Glo.* 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?

*Glo.* To Dover.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not  
charged at peril—

*Corn.* Wherefore to Dover? Let him first  
answer that.

*Glo.* I am tied to the stake, and I must stand  
the course.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover, sir?

*Glo.* Because I would not see thy cruel nails  
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister  
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In bell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,  
And quenched the stelled fires:

Yet, poor old heart, he hop'd the heavens to rain.  
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,  
Thou shouldst have said *Good porter, turn the key,*  
All cruels else subscribed. But I shall see  
The wing'd vengeance overtake such children.

*Corn.* See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold  
the chair.—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*Glo.* He that will think to live till he be old,

Give me some help!—O cruel! O you gods!

*Reg.* One side will mock another; the other too.

*Corn.* If you see vengeance,—

*1 Ser.* Hold your hand, my lord!

I have served you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dog!

*1 Ser.* 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.*

*1 Ser.* Nay, then, come on, and take the chance  
of anger.

*Reg.* Give me thy sword.—A peasant stand up  
thus!

*Takes a sword, and runs at him behind.*

*1 Ser.* O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one  
eye left

To see some mischief on him.—Oh! *Dies.*

*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vild  
jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

*Glo.* All dark and comfortless. Where's my  
son Edmund?—

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,

To quit this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he  
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;

Who is too good to pity thee.

*Glo.* O my follies! then Edgar was abused.

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

*3 Reg.* Go thrust him out at gates, and let him  
smell

His way to Dover. *Exit one with Gloucester.*

How is't, my lord? how look you?

*Corn.* I have received a hurt: follow me, lady.

Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.*

*2 Ser.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,  
If this man come to good.

*3 Ser.* If she live long,

And in the end meet the old course of death,

Women will all turn monsters.

*2 Ser.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the  
Bedlam

To lead him where he would: his roguish madness  
Allows itself to any thing.

*3 Ser.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites  
of eggs

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help  
him!

*Exeunt severally.*

## Act IV.

## Scene I.—The Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be condemn'd,

Than still condemn'd and flattered. To be worst, The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune, Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear: The lamentable change is from the best; The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then, Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace! The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

Enter Gloucester, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world! But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,

Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, These fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone: Thy comforts can do me no good at all; Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes; I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen, Our 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 'ld say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [Aside.] O gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not

So long as we can say *This is the worst*.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg. I th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw; Which made me think a man a worm. My son Came then into my mind; and yet my mind Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' 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!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, prithee, got thee gone. If, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'take us hence a mile or twain, I the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring some covering for this naked soul, Who I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure; Above the rest, begone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,

Come on't what will.

Exit.

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. [Aside.] I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been 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; Hobbidance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou 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 slaves your ordinance, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly; So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confin'd deep:

Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear With something rich about me: from that place I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:

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 husband

Not met us on the way.

Enter Oswald.

Now, where's your master?

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 treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son, When I informed him, then he call'd me *rot*, And told me I had turned 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 cowish terror of his spirit, That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;  
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:  
I must change arms at home and give the distaff  
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant  
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to  
hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,  
A mistress's command: Wear this; spare speech;  
*Giving a favour.*

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,  
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:  
Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.  
*Gon.* My most dear Gloucester!  
*Exit Edmund.*

O, the difference of man and man!  
To thee a woman's services are due:  
My fool usurps my body.

*Osw.* Madam, here comes my lord. *Exit.*

*Enter Albany.*

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.

*Alb.* O Generil!  
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 bordered certain in itself;  
She that herself will sliver and disbranch  
From her material sap, perforce must wither  
And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more; the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vilde seem  
vilde:  
Filths savour but themselves. What have you  
done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?  
A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear  
would lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you  
madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited!  
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
Send quickly down to tame these vilde offences,  
It will come,  
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs:  
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not  
know'st

Fools do those villains pity who are punished  
Ere they have done their mischief,—where's thy  
drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,  
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat;  
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!

*Alb.* Thou changed and self-covered thing, for  
shame,

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: howe'er thou art a fiend,  
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alb.* What news?

*Mes.* O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's  
dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out  
The other eye of Gloucester.

*Alb.* Gloucester's eyes!

*Mes.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with  
remorse,

Opposed against the act, bending his sword  
To his great master; who, therat 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?

*Mes.* 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.

*Exit.*

*Alb.* Where was his son when they did take his  
eyes?

*Mes.* Come with my lady hither.

*Alb.* He is not here.

*Mes.* No, my good lord; I met him back again.

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness?

*Mes.* Ay, my good lord; 'twas he informed  
against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-  
ment

Might have the freer course.

*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?

*Gen.* 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 re-  
quired and necessary.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him general?

*Gen.* The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queen to any  
demonstration of grief?

*Gen.* Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my  
presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down  
Her delicate cheek. It seemed she was a queen  
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be king o'er her.

*Kent.* O, then it moved her.



Gen. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow  
strove  
Who should express her goodliest. You have  
seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears  
Were like a better way: those happy smilets,  
That played on her ripe lip, seemed not to know  
What guests were in her eyes; which parted  
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief,  
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,  
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gen. '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, 's the storm?  
's the night?

Let pity not be believed! There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And clamour moistened: 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?

Gen. No.

Kent. Was this before the king returned?

Gen. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's  
's the town;

Who sometime in his better tune remembers  
What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gen. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his  
own unkindness,  
That stripped her from his benediction, turned  
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.

Gen. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you  
heard not?

Gen. 'Tis so, they are afoot.

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. *Ereunt.*

Scene IV.—The Heath. 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 vexed sea; singing aloud;  
Crowned with rank fumiter and furrrow-weeds,  
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;  
Search every acre in the high-grown field,

And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]

What can man's wisdom  
In the restoring his bereaved sense?  
He that helps him take all my outward worth,

Doc. 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 unpublished virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate  
In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him;  
Lest his ungoverned 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 ag'd father's right:  
Soon may I hear and see him! *Ereunt.*

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.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to  
him?

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 misery, to dispatch  
His nighted life; moreover, to descry  
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my  
letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay  
with us;

The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam:

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 hus-  
band;

I am sure of that, and at her late being here  
She gave strange ocellads and most speaking looks  
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know't:

Therefore I do advise you, take this note:  
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talked;  
And more convenient is he for my hand  
Than for your lady's: you may gather more.  
If you do find him, pray you, give him this:  
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.  
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,  
Preferment falls on him that outs him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

• *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?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks thy voice is altered; and thou speak'st  
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceived: in nothing am I changed

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place. Stand still. How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down

Hangs one that gathers sampire, 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

Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge. For all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, '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;

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do 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 fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff and loathed part of nature should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—

Now, fellow, fare thee well. *He falls forward.*

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?—

Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!—

Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives.—

What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die:

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,

feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,

'Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg; but thou dost

breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st;

art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:

Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'Twas 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

stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that

Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his

eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses.

Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridg'd sea:

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them

honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear

Affliction till it do ery out itself

Enough, enough, and die. That thing you

speak of,

I took it for a man; often 'twould say

The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But

who comes here?

*Enter Lear, fantastically dressed with 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!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do 't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog! and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say ay and no to every thing that I said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me 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.

*Glo.* The trick of that voice I do well remember:

Is't not the king?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king: When I do stare, see how the subject quakes. I pardon that man's life.—What was thy cause? Adultery?

Thou shalt not die; die for adultery! No: The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly Does lecher in my sight. Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son

Was kinder to his father than my daughters Got 'tween the lawful sheets. To 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers. Behold yond simpering dame, Whose face between her forks presages snow; That minces virtue, and does shake the head To hear of pleasure's name; The fitchew, nor the soild 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 sulphurous pit, Burring, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! nah, pah!—Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand!

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world

Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters sons, I could not see.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report; it is, And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What, with the case of eyes?

*Lear.* O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

*Glo.* Ay, sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whip'st her.—The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear; Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll allow 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now:

Pull off my boots; harder, harder: so.

*Edg.* O, matter and impertinency mix'd!

Reason in madness!

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is 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.

*Glo.* Alack, alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools. This's 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 stol'n upon these sons-in-law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

*Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*

*Gen.* O, here he is: lay hand upon him.—Sir, Your most dear daughter—

*Lear.* No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;

You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;

I am cut to the brains.

*Gen.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? What, all myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt,

To use his eyes for garden water-pots,

Ar, and laying autumn's dust.

*Gen.* Good sir,—

*Lear.* I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What!

I will be jovial. Come, come; I am a king,  
My masters, know you that.

Gen. 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.*

Gen. 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.

Gen. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle to-  
ward?

Gen. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears  
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,

How near's the other army?

Gen. Near and on speedy foot; the main  
descrie

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gen. Though that the queen on special cause  
is here,

Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. *Exit Genl.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath  
from me;

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again

To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to for-  
tune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,

I'll lead you to some bidding.

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. *Edgar interposes.*

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,

Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence!

Least that the infection of his fortune take

Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, sir, without further

'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let

poor folk pass. An chud ha' bin zwaggered out

of my life, 'twould not ha' bin so long as 'tis by a

vertnight. Nay, come not near th' old man;

keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your

costard or my ballow be the harder: chill be

plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, sir: come; no

matper vor your foins. *They fight.*

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take  
my purse:

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;

And give the letters which thou find'st about me

To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out

Upon the English party: O, untimely death!

Death! *Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress

As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.

Let's see these pockets: the letters that he

speaks of

May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry

He had no other deathsmans. Let us see:

Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:

To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] Let our reciprocal vows be remem-  
bered. 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 loathed warmth  
whereof deliver me, and supply the place for  
your labour.

Your—wife, so I would say—

Affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;

And the exchange my brother!—Here, in the

sands,

Thee I'll 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 'tis well

That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vild

sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling

Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:

So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs,

And woes by wrong imaginations lose

The knowledge of themselves. *Drum afar off.*

Edg. Give me your hand:

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:

Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene VII.—A Tent in the French Camp. Lear*

*on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Gentle-*

*man 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'er-

paid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;

Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:

These weeds are memories of those worse hours:

I prithee, 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't so, my good lord.—How does  
the king ?

*Doc.* Madam, sleeps still.

*Cor.* O you kind gods,  
Cure this great breach in his abusèd nature !  
Th' 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 govern'd by your knowledge, and  
proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he arrayed ?

*Gen.* 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.

*Doc.* Please you, draw near.—Louder the music  
there !

*Cor.* O my dear father ! Restoration hang  
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made !

*Kent.* Kind and dear princess !

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white  
flakes

Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face  
To be opposed against the warring winds ?  
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick, cross lightning ? to watch, poor perdu !  
With this thin helm ? Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that  
night

Against my fire, and wast thou fain, poor father,  
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack !  
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all.—He wakes ; speak to him.

*Doc.* Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal lord ? How fares  
your majesty ?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o' the  
grave :

Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald 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 abusèd. I should e'en die with pity,  
To see another thus. I know not what to say.  
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see ;  
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured  
Of my condition !

*Cor.* O, look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me :  
No, sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me :  
I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less ;  
And, to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you and know this man ;  
Yet I am doubtful : for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is ; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments ; nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me ;  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am ; I am.

*Lear.* Be your tears wet ? yes, 'faith. I pray,  
weep not :

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know you do not love me, for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :  
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France ?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Doc.* Be comforted, good madam : the great rage,  
You see, is kill'd in him : and yet 'tis danger  
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.  
Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more  
Till further settling.

*Cor.* Will't please your highness walk ?

*Lear.* You must bear with me : pray you now,  
forget and forgive : I am old and foolish.

*Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.*  
*Gen.* Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Corn-  
wall was so slain ?

*Kent.* Most certain, sir.

*Gen.* Who is conductor of his people ?

*Kent.* As 'tis said, 'the bastard son of Glou-  
cester.

*Gen.* They say Edgar, his banished son, is with  
the Earl of Kent in Germany.

*Kent.* Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look  
about ; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

*Gen.* The arbitrement is like to be bloody.  
Fare you well, sir.

*Kent.* My point and period will be throughly  
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 aught  
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 conjunct  
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Deat 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 sister  
Should loosen him and me.

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 reasoned?  
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;  
For these domestic and particular broils  
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine  
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.  
Gon. [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  
poor,  
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. Speak.

Ereunt 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 avouchèd there. If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. 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.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy  
paper. Exit Edgar.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your  
powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces  
By diligent discovery; 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 exeunt.

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.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! Exit Edgar.

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.

Glo. 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.

Glo. And that's true too. Ezeunt.

Scene III.—The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Ed-  
mund; 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 incurr'd the worst.  
For thee, oppressèd king, I am cast down;  
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.  
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to  
prison:

We two alone will sing like birds 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,  
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I  
caught thee?

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, flesh and fell,  
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve  
first.

Come. Ezeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.

*Edm.* Come hither, captain; hark.  
Take thou this note; 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  
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded  
Does not become a sword: thy great employment  
Will not bear question; either say thou 'lt do 't,  
Or thrive by other means.

*Cap.* I'll do 't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it; and write happy when th' hast done.

*Mark.*—I say, instantly; and carry it so  
As I have set it down.

*Cap.* 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 show'd to-day your valiant strain,

And fortune led you well: you have the captives  
That were the opposites of this day's strife:  
We do require them of you, so to use them  
As we shall find their merits and our safety  
May equally determine.

*Edm.* Sir, I thought it fit  
To send the old and miserable king  
To some retention and appointed guard;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title, more,  
To pluck the common bosom on his side,  
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes  
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To-morrow or at further space t' appear  
Where you shall hold your session. At this time  
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are 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.  
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,  
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;  
Bore the commission of my place and person;  
The which 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 compares the best.

*Gon.* That were the most, if he should husband you.

*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.* Half-blooded fellow, yes.  
*Reg.* [To *Edmund*.] Let the drum strike, and  
prove my title thine.

*Alb.* Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thine attain't,  
This gilded serpent [pointing to *Gon.*]. For your  
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife:  
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,  
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.  
If you will marry, make your loves to me,  
My lady is bespoken.

*Gon.* An interlude!

*Alb.* Thou art arm'd, Gloucester: let the  
trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy head  
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,  
There is my pledge [throwing down a glove]; I'll  
prove it on thy heart,  
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less  
Than I have here proclaimed 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, on you,—who not?—I will maintain  
My truth and honour firmly.

*Alb.* A herald, ho!

*Edm.* A herald, ho, a herald!

*Alb.* Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

*Reg.* My sickness grows upon me.

*Alb.* She is not well.—Convey her to my tent.

*Exit Regan, led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—  
And read out this.

*Cap.* Sound, trumpet! A trumpet sounds.

*Her.* [Reads.] If any man of quality or degree  
within the lists of the army will maintain upon  
*Edmund*, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is  
a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third  
sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.

*Edm.* Sound! First trumpet.

*Her.* Again! Second trumpet.

*Her.* Again! Third trumpet.

Trumpet answers within.

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-gnawn and canker-bit:  
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 honours,  
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—  
Maugre thy strength, youth, place and eminence,  
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;  
Conspirant 'gainst this high-illustrious prince;  
And, from the extremest upward of thy head  
To the descent and dust below thy foot,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou *No*,  
This sword, this arm and my best spirits are bent  
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
Thou liest.

*Edm.* In wisdom I should ask thy name;  
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,  
And that thy tongue some 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 cozened and beguiled.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame,  
Or with this paper shall I stop it.—Hold, sir;  
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:  
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

*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. *Exit.*

*Alb.* Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

*Edm.* What you have charged me with, that  
I have I done;

And more, much more; the time will bring it out:  
'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou  
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,  
I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity.  
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;  
If more, the more th' hast wronged 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.

*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;  
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

*Alb.* Methought thy very gait did prophesy  
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee:  
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I  
Did hate thee or thy father!

*Edg.* Worthy prince, I know't.

*Alb.* Where have you hid yourself?  
How have you known the miseries of your father?

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord. List a brief  
tale;

And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!  
The bloody proclamation to escape,  
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweet-  
ness!

That we the pain of death would hourly die  
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift  
Into a madman's rags; t' assume a semblance  
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit  
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,  
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;  
Never,—O fault!—revealed 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 our pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,  
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!  
'Twas two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
Burst smilingly.

*Edm.* This speech of yours hath moved me,  
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;  
You look as you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more, more woful, hold it in;  
For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this.

*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period  
To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
To amplify too much, would make much more,  
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour came there in a man,  
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,  
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding  
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms  
He fastened on my neck, and bellowed 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 tranced.

*Alb.* But who was this?

*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in  
disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service  
Improper for a slave.

*Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.*

*Gen.* Help, help, O, help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means that bloody knife?

*Gen.* 'Tis hot, it smokes;  
It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

*Alb.* Who dead? speak, man.

*Gen.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister  
By her is poisoned; she confesses it.

*Edm.* I was contracted to them both: all three  
Now marry in an instant.

*Edg.* Here comes Kent.

*Alb.* Produce their bodies, be they alive or  
dead:

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us  
tremble,

Touches us not with pity. *Exit Gentleman.*

*Enter Kent.*

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 aye good night:  
Is he not here?  
*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!  
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's  
Cordelia?  
See'st thou this object, Kent?  
*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are  
brought in.*

*Kent.* Alack, why thus?  
*Edm.* Yet Edmund was beloved:  
The one the other poisoned for my sake,  
And after slew herself.  
*Alb.* Even so.—Cover their faces.  
*Edm.* I pant for life: some good I mean to do,  
Despite of mine own nature.—Quickly send,  
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ  
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:  
Nay, send in time.

*Alb.* Run, run, O, run!  
*Edg.* To who, my lord?—Who has the office?  
send

Thy token of reprieve.  
*Edm.* Well thought on. Take my sword,  
Give it the captain.  
*Alb.* Haste thee, for thy life. *Erit Edgar.*  
*Edm.* He hath commission from thy wife and me  
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she fordid herself.

*Alb.* The gods defend her! Bear him hence  
awhile. *Edmund is borne off.*

*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 ever!

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;  
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promised end?  
*Edg.* Or image of that horror?  
*Alb.* Fall, and cease!  
*Lear.* This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,  
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O my good master!  
*Lear.* Prithce, 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 killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.

*Cap.* 'Tis 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 cross-eyes 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's a dull sight.—Are you not Kent?  
*Kent.* The same,  
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?  
*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;  
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead, and  
rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord; I am the very man,—  
*Lear.* I'll see that straight.

*Kent.* That from your first of difference and  
decay  
Have followed your sad steps.—

*Lear.* You are welcome hither.  
*Kent.* Nor no-man else. All's cheerless, dark,  
and deadly.

Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,  
And desperately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.  
*Alb.* He knows not what he says: and vain it is  
That we present us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootless.

*Enter a Captain.*

*Cap.* Edmund is dead, my lord.  
*Alb.* That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.  
What comfort to this great decay may come  
Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,  
During the life of this old majesty,  
To him our absolute power: [*To 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 life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,  
Never, never, never, never!  
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.  
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—  
Look there,—look there! *Dies.*

*Edg.* He faints.—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.

*Edg.* He is gone, indeed.  
*Kent.* The wonder is he hath endured so long;  
He but usurp'd his life.

*Alb.* 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.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must obey;  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

# OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

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## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a senator, father to Desdemona.

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian-State.

CASSIO, an honourable lieutenant.

IAGO, his ancient, a villain.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to Othello.

Sailor.

Messenger.

Herald.

DESDEMONA, wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BLANCA, a courtesan.

Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians and Attendants.

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The first quarto edition of this tragedy was printed in 1622, only a year before the publication of the first folio and six years after Shakespeare's death. The plot is from one of the novels of Giraldi Cinthio. The play was acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1603 at Harefield Place, in Middlesex, a house afterwards burnt. The costume of the piece should be that represented by Vecellio, the period being that of the sixteenth century. The scene is laid partly at Venice and partly at a seaport town in the island of Cyprus. Venice held Cyprus from 1471 to 1571, when it was taken by the Turks.

# OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

## Act I.

### Scene I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me: If ever I did dream of such a matter, Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant, Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man, I know my price, I am worth no worse a place: But he, as loving his own pride and purposes, Evades them, with a bombast circumstance Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;

And, in conclusion, 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 theoretic, Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice, Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election: And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd

By debtor and creditor: this counter-caster, He, in good time, must his lieutenant be, And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the course of service,

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.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him: We cannot all be masters, nor all masters Cannot be truly followed. 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, cashier'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 coats

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir, It is as sure as you are Roderigo, Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago: In 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 complement 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.

Rod. 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.

Rod. 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 spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves! Look to your house, your daughter and your bags! Thieves! thieves!

\* *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?

Bra. 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. Arise, arise; Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you: Arise, I say.

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits?

*Rod.* Most reverend Signior, do you know my voice?

*Bra.* Not I: what are you?

*Rod.* My name is Roderigo.

*Bra.* The 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 mad-

ness,

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 Venice;

My house is not a grange.

*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

*Iago.* 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are rufians.

*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.

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,

If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,

As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,

At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,

Transported, with no worse nor better guard

But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,

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 signify your-

self:

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 check,

Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,

Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have none,

To lead their business: in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,

Yet, for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love,

Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely

find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;

And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

*Exit.*

*Enter, below, Brabantio, and Servants with torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil: gone she is;

And what's to come of my despid time

Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,

Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!

With the Moor, say'st thou? Who should 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.

*Bra.* O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the blood!

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.

*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;

I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of night.

On, good Roderigo: I'll deserve your pains.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Another Street.*

*Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience

To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity

Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times

I had thought to have yerkd' him here under the ribs.

*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms

Against your honour

That, with the little godliness I have,

I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,

Are you fast married? Be assured of this,

That the Magnifico is much beloved,

And hath in his effect a voice potential

As double as the duke's. He will 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 signiory  
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  
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reached: for know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confusèd  
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights  
come yond?

*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  
call'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.* 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land  
carack:

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cas.* To 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, Roderigo, and Officers with  
torches and weapons.*

*Oth.* Holla! stand there!

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief!

*They draw on both sides.*

*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew  
will rust them.

Good Signior, you shall more command with years  
Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* 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 guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weaken motion: I'll have't disputed on;

'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world, a practisèd

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest:

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter. Whither will you that

I go

To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison, till fit time

Of law and course of direct session

Call thee to answer.

*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?

*I Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy Signior;

The duke's in council, and your noble self,

I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council!

In this time of the night! Bring him away:

Mine's not an idle cause. The duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,

Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;

For if such actions may have passage free,

Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

*Exeunt.*

*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.

*1 Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;

My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

*Duke.* And nine, a hundred and forty.

*2 Sen.*

And mine, two hundred:

But though they jump not on a just account,—

As in these cases, where the aim reports,

'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:

I do not so secure me in the error,

But the main article I do approve

In fearful sense.

*Sai.* [Within.] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!

*I Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Enter a Sailor.*

*Duke.* Now, what's the business?

*Sai.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes; So was I bid report here to the state By Signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change?

*1 Sen.* This cannot be, By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant, To keep us in false gaze. When we consider The importancy 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 dressed in: if we make thought of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful To leave that latest which concerns him first, Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain, To wake and wage a danger profitless.

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

*1 Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The Ottomanes, reverend and gracious, Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,

Have there inointed them with an after fleet.

*1 Sen.* Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

*Mes.* Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano, Your trusty and most valiant servitor, With his free duty recommends you thus, And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.

Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

*1 Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us to him; post-post-haste despatch.

*1 Sen.* Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo and Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[*To Brabantio.*] I did not see you; welcome, gentle Signior;

We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;

Neither my place nor ought I heard of business Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care

Take hold on me, for my particular grief

Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature

That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows

And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter! O, my daughter!

*Duke and Sen.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me;

She is abused, stol'n from me and corrupted

By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; For nature so preposterously to err, Being not deticient, blind, or lame of sense, Sans witchcraft could not.

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself And you of her, the bloody book of law You shall yourself read in the bitter letter After your own sense, yea, though our proper son Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace. Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems, Your special mandate for the state-affairs Hath hither brought.

*Duke and Sen.* We are very sorry for't. *Duke.* [*To Othello.*] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

*Bra.* 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 blessed 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 patience,

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver 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.

*Bra.* A maiden never bold; Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature, Of years, of country, credit, every thing,

To fall in love with what she feared to look on!

It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect That will confess perfection so could err

Against all rules of nature, and must be driven To find out practices of cunning hell,

Why this should be. I therefore vouch again That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,

Or with some dram 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.

*1 Sen.* But, Othello, speak: Did you by indirect and forc'd 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.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.  
*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you best know  
 the place. *Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
 I do confess the vices of my blood,  
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
 And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.  
*Oth.* Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
 Still questioned me the story of my life,  
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
 That I have passed.  
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it;  
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
 Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
 Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly  
 breach,  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe  
 And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence  
 And portance in my traveller's history;  
 Wherein of antars vast and deserts idle,  
 Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch  
 heaven,

It was my hint to speak. Such was the process;  
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
 The Anthropophagi and men whose heads  
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things  
 to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
 But still the house-affairs would draw her hence:  
 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 intently: I did consent,  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
 strange,

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
 That heaven had made her such a man: she  
 thanked 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 passed,  
 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  
 too.

Good Brabantio,  
 Take up this mangled matter at the best:  
 Men do their broken weapons rather use  
 Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak:  
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
 Destruction on my head, 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 hitherto your daughter: but here's my  
 husband,

And so much duty as my mother showed  
 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, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart  
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
 I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,  
 I am glad at soul I have no other child;  
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
 To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself, and lay a  
 sentence,

Which, as 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 de-  
 pended.

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.  
 The robb'd that smiles steals something from the  
 thief;

He robs himself that steals a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;  
 We lose it not so long as we can smile.  
 He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
 But the free comfort which from thence he bears,  
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,  
 That to pay grief 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 pierc'd through the  
 ears.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of  
 state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty prepara-  
 tion makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of  
 the place is best known to you; and though we  
 have here 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 slubber the gloss of your now fortunes  
 with this more stubborn and boisterous exp-  
 edition.

*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 bending to your state,  
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,  
 Due reference of place and exhibition,

With such accommodation and besort  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please,  
Be't at her father's.

*Bra.* I'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I; I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;  
And let me find a charter in your voice,  
To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and 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 free and bounteous to her mind:  
And heaven defend your good souls, that you  
think

I will your serious and great business scant  
When she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dulness  
My speculative and officed instruments,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet 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.

*I Sen.* You must away to-night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we'll meet  
again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall our commission bring to you;  
With such things else of quality and respect  
As doth import you.

*Oth.* So please your Grace, my Ancient;  
A man he is of honesty and trust:  
To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good Grace shall  
think

To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.

Good night to every one. [*To Brab.*] And, noble  
Signior,

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*I Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona  
well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to  
see:

She has deceived her father, and may thee.

*Exeunt Duke. Senators. Officers. &c.*

*Oth.* My life upon her faith! Honest 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, think'st thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.  
Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is silliness to live when to live is torment:  
and then have we a prescription to die  
when death is our physician.

*Iago.* O villainous! I have looked upon the  
world for four times seven years; and since I  
could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury,  
I never found man that knew how to love himself.  
Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the  
love of a guinea-hen, I would change my hu-  
manity with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess it is my  
shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to  
amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we  
are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens,  
to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we  
will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and  
weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of  
herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it  
sterile with idleness, or manured with industry,  
why, the power and corrigible authority of this  
lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had  
not one scale of reason to poise another of sen-  
suality, the blood and baseness of our natures  
would conduct us to most preposterous conclu-  
sions. But we have reason to cool our raging mo-  
tions, our carnal stings, or unbitted lusts, whereof  
I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood and a  
permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown  
thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have  
professed me thy friend and I confess me knit to  
thy deserving with cables of perdurable tough-  
ness; I could never better stead thee than now.  
Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars;  
defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say,  
put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Des-  
demona should long continue her love to the  
Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to  
her: it was a violent commencement in her,  
and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration:  
—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are  
changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with  
money:—the food that to him now is as luscious  
as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as  
coloquintida. She must change for youth: when  
she is sated with his body, she will find the  
error of her choice: she must have change, she  
must: therefore put money in thy purse. If  
thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more deli-  
cate way than drowning. Make all the money  
thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow be-  
twixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle



Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A plague 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; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse! go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*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 I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane, If I would time expend with such a snipe, But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor; And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets He has done my office: I know not if 't be true; But I, for mere suspicion in that kind, Will do as if for surety. He holds me well; The better shall my purpose work on him. Cassio's a proper man; let me see now: To get his place and to plume up my will In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:— After some time, to abuse Othello's ear That he is too familiar with his wife. He hath a person and a smooth dispose To be suspected, framed to make women false. The Moor is of a free and open nature, That thinks men honest that but seem to be so, And will as tenderly be led by the nose As asses are.

I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. *Exit.*

## Act II.

### Scene I.—A Sea-port in Cyprus.

*Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.*

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern at sea?

*I Gen.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main, Decey a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:

If it hath rufaned so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

*3 Gen.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet: For do but stand upon the foaming shore, The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds; The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear, And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole: I never did like molestation view On the enchafed flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd; It is impossible to bear it out.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

*3 Gen.* News, lads! our wars are done. The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks, That their designeth halts. A noble ship of Venice

Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How! is this true?

*3 Gen.* The ship is here put in, A Veronesa; Michael Cassio, Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello, Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea, And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

*3 Gen.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly, And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted With foul and violent tempest.

*Mon.* Pray heavens he be; For I have served him, and the man commands 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.

*3 Gen.* Come, let's do so;

For every minute is expectancy

Of more arrivance.

*Enter Cassio.*

*Cas.* Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,

That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens Give him defence against the elements, For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

*Mon.* Is he well shipp'd?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot Of very expert and approved allowance; Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, Stand in bold cure.

*A cry within: 'A sail, a sail, a sail!'*

*Enter a fourth Gentleman.*

*Cas.* What noise?

*4 Gen.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry *A sail!*

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governor.

*2 Gen.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy: Our friends at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth, And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

*2 Gen.* I shall. *Exit.*

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

G g

*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid

That paragons description and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener.

*Re-enter second Gentleman.*

How now! who has put in?

*2 Gen.* '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 speak of, our great captain's captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts  
A se'nnight'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.  
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round!

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Cas.* He is not yet 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.*

*2 Gen.* They give their greeting to the citadel:  
This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See for the news. *Exit Gentleman.*  
Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To Emilia.*]

Welcome, mistress:

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

*Kissing her.*

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of her  
lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas, she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith, too much;  
I find it still, when I have leave to sleep:  
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

*Emi.* You have little cause to say so.

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pictures out  
of doors,  
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in  
your beds.

*Des.* O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:  
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

*Emi.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.*

No, let me not.  
*Des.* What wouldst thou write of me, if thou  
shouldst praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't;  
For I am nothing, if not critical.

*Des.* Come on, assay. There's one gone to  
the harbour?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but indeed my invention  
comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;  
it plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,  
and thus she is delivered.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,  
The one's for use, the other useth it.

*Des.* Well praised! How if she be black and  
witty?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emi.* How if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair;  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old fond paradoxes to make  
fools laugh 'i' the alehouse. What miserable  
praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

*Iago.* There's none so foul and foolish there-  
unto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

*Des.* O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the  
worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow  
on a deserving woman indeed, one that, in the  
authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch  
of very malice itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,  
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,  
Fled from her wish and yet said *Now I may*,  
She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,  
She that in wisdom never was so frail  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,  
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following and not look behind,  
She was a wight, if ever such wights were,—

*Des.* To do what?

*Iago.* To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion!  
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy  
husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a  
most profane and liberal counsellor?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam: you may relish  
him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

*Iago.* [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay,  
well said, whisper. With as little 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  
courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if  
such tricks as these strip you out of your lieu-  
tenantry, it had been better you had not kissed

your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the air in. Very good; well kissed! and excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were 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!

*Des.* My dear Othello!

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content  
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have wakened death!  
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus-high and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The heavens forbid  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers!  
I cannot speak enough of this content;  
It stops me here; it is too much of joy;  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be

*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make!

*Iago.* [*Aside.*] O, you are well tuned now!  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,  
As honest as I am.

*Oth.* Come, let us to the castle.  
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are  
drowned.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?  
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;  
I have found great love amongst them. O my  
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers:  
Bring thou the master to the citadel;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,  
Once more, well met at Cyprus.

*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona and Attendants.*

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.  
Come hither. If thou be'st valiant, (as,  
they say, base men being in love have then a  
nobility in their natures more than is native to  
them,) list me. The lieutenant to-night watches  
on the court of guard.—First, I must tell thee  
this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

*Rod.* With him! why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be  
instructed. Mark me with what violence she  
first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling  
her 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  
dull with the act of sport, there should be, again  
to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite,  
loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners

and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in.  
Now, for want of these required conveniences,  
her delicate tenderness will find itself abused,  
begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the  
Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and  
compel her to some second choice. Now, sir,  
this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and un-  
forced position,) who stands so eminent in the  
degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave  
very voluble; no further conscionable 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 knave, a fluder  
of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counter-  
feit advantages, though true advantage never  
present itself; a devilish knave. Besides, the  
knave is handsome, young, and hath all those  
requisites in him that folly and green minds look  
after. A pestilent complete knave, and the woman  
hath found him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she'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 pud-  
ding! 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 prologue to the history of lust and foul  
thoughts. They met so near with their lips that  
their breaths embraced together. Villainous  
thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so  
marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master  
and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion,  
Fish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have  
brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night;  
for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio  
knows you not. I'll not be far from you. Do  
you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by  
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 displanting of  
Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to  
your desires by the means I shall then have to  
prefer them; and the impediment most profitably  
removed, without the which there was no expecta-  
tion of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will, do this, if I can bring it to any  
opportunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at  
the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore.  
Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu. *Exit.*

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;  
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:  
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,  
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,  
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona  
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;  
Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure  
I stand accountant for as great a sin,

But partly led to diet my revenge,  
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof  
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;  
And nothing can or shall content my soul  
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,  
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
At least into a jealousy so strong  
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,  
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace  
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,  
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,  
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,  
(For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too.)  
Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me,  
For making him egregiously an ass  
And practising upon his peace and quiet  
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:  
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. *Erit.*

*Scene II.—A Street.*

*Enter a Herald with a proclamation.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and  
valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now ar-  
rived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish  
fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to  
dance, some to make bonfires, each man to  
what sport and revels his addiction leads him:  
for, besides these beneficial news, it is the cele-  
bration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure  
should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and  
there is full liberty of feasting from this present  
hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven  
bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general  
Othello! *Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—A Hall in the Castle.*

*Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-  
night:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
Not to outspout discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do;  
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye  
Will I look to't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest  
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear  
love,

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;  
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.  
Good night.

*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona and Attendants.*

*Enter Iago.*

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet  
ten of the clock. Our general cast us thus early  
for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not  
therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton  
the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate  
creature.

*Iago.* What an eye she has! methinks it sounds  
a parley of provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye; and yet methinks right  
modest.

*Iago.* And when she speaks, is it not an alarum  
to love?

*Cas.* She is indeed perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets! Come,  
lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here with-  
out are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain  
have a measure to the health of black Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago: I have very  
poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could  
well wish courtesy would invent some other cus-  
tom 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, behold, what  
innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in  
the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with  
any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the  
gallants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

*Cas.* I'll do't; but it dislikes me. *Erit.*

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,  
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool

Roderigo,  
Whom love hath turned almost the wrong side  
out,

To Desdemona hath to-night caroused  
Potations pottle-deep: and he's to watch:  
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,  
That hold their honours in a wary distance,  
The very elements of this warlike isle,  
Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups,  
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of  
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
That may offend the isle.—But here they come:  
If consequence do but approve my dream,  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentle-  
men; 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!

[*Sings.*] *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 Heaven, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where, indeed,  
they are most potent in potting: your Dane,  
your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—  
Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so exquisite in his  
drinking?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you with facility your  
Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow  
your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit,  
ere the next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general!

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you justice.

*Iago.* O sweet England!

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he call'd the tailor town.*

*He was a wight of high renown,  
And thou art but of low degree:  
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;  
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear't again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* 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.

*Iago.* You see this fellow that is gone before; He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar  
And give direction: and do but see his vice;  
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.  
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

*Mon.* But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:  
He'll watch the horologe a double set,  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well

The general were put in mind of it.  
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,  
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

*Enter Roderigo.*

*Iago.* How now, Roderigo!

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

*Exit Roderigo.*

*Mon.* And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor  
Should hazard such a place as his own second  
With one of an ingraft infirmity;  
It were an honest action to say  
So to the Moor.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island:

I do love Cassio well, and would do much  
To cure him of this evil—But, hark! what noise?  
*A cry within: 'Help! help!'*

*Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.*

*Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!

*Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant?

*Cas.* A knave teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twygen bottle.

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue?

*Striking Roderigo.*

*Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant;

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

*Mon.* Come, come, you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk? *They fight.*

*Iago.* [*Aside to Roderigo.*] Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny. *Exit Roderigo.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed!

Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise. Fie, fie, lieutenant, hold!

You'll be ashamed for ever.

*Re-enter Othello and Attendants.*

*Oth.* What is the matter here?

*Mon.* I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.

He dies—

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives!

*Iago.* Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—

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 this?

Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,  
Speak, who began this? On thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know; friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed; and then, but now—

As if some planet had unwitted men—

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And would in action glorious I had lost

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 to 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-brawler? Give me answer to it.

*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—  
While I spare speech, which something now  
offends me,—  
Of all that I do know, nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night;  
Unless self-charity be 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 this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
And he that is approved in this offence,  
Though he had twin'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 persuaded myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for help;  
And Cassio following him with 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 returned the rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night  
I ne'er might say before. When I came back  
(For this was brief) I found them close together,  
At blow and thrust; even as again they were  
When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter cannot I report:  
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,  
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,  
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received  
From him that fled some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.* I know, Iago,  
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, dear?  
*Oth.* All's well now, sweeting; come away to  
bed.

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:  
Lead him off.

*To Montano, who is led off.*  
Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life  
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.  
*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I  
have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal  
part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My  
reputation, Iago, my reputation!

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you  
had received some bodily wound; there is more  
sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is  
an idle and most false imposition; oft got without  
merit, and lost without deserving. You have  
lost no reputation at all, unless you repute your  
self such a loser. What, man! there are ways to  
recover the general again: you are but now cast  
in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in  
malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless  
dog to affront an imperious lion. Sue to him  
again and he's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despised than to  
deceive so good a commander with so slight, so  
drunken and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and  
speak parrot? and squabble! swagger? swear?  
and discourse fustian with one's own shadow!  
O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no  
name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you followed with  
your sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is't possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing  
distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.  
O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths  
to steal away their brains! that we should, with  
joy, pleasure, revel and applause, transform our-  
selves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: how  
came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to  
give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness  
shows me another, to make me frankly despise  
myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moralist: as  
the time, the place and the condition of this  
country stands, I could heartily wish this had  
not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for  
your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again; he  
shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many  
mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop  
them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by  
a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every  
inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is  
a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar  
creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more  
against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you  
think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

*Iago.* You or any man living may be drunk at  
a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do.  
Our general's wife is now the general: I may say  
so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and  
given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and  
denotement of her parts and graces. Confess  
yourself freely to her; importune her help to put

you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter, and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely, and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. *Exit.*

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest, Probal to thinking and indeed the course To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor—were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, His soul is so unfettered to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will 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 bound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent, I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled, and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!

What would did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time. Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashiered Cassio:

Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe: Content thyself awhile. In troth, 'tis morning;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short. Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo.*] Two things are to be done:

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on; Myself the while to draw the Moor apart, And bring him jump when he may Cassio find Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way: Dull not device by coldness and delay. *Exit.*

### Act III.

*Scene I.—Before the Castle.*

*Enter Cassio, Musicians and Clown.*

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your pains; Something that's brief; and bid *Good morrow, general.* *Music.*

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

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.

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.

Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away!

*Re-enter Musicians.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your *honest friend*; I hear you.

Cas. 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. I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest. *Exit Iago.*

*Enter Emilia.*

*Emi.* 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.

*Emi.* Pray you, come in:  
I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter Othello, Iago and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;  
And by him do my duties to the senate:  
That done, I will be walking on the works;  
Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do 't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen, shall we  
see 't?

*Gen.* We'll wait upon your lordship. *Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—The Garden of the Castle.*

*Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emilia.*

*Des.* Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emi.* Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves  
my husband,  
As if the case were his.

*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt,  
Cassio,  
But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* I know 't; I thank you. You do love my  
lord:  
You have known him long, and be you well as-  
sured

He shall in strangeness stand no further off  
Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
That, I being absent and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia here  
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article. My lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;

For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away.

*Emi.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Des.* Why, stay, and hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Des.* Well, do your discretion. *Exit Cassio.*

*Enter Othello and Iago.*

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not  
what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot  
think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.

*Des.* How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is 't you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my  
lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation take;

For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,

I have no judgment in an honest face:

I prithee, call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled

That he hath left part of his grief with me,  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other  
time.

*Des.* But shall 't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall 't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner, then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday  
morn;

On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:

I prithee, name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days. In faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,  
(Save that, they say, the wars must make  
examples

Out of 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 mammering on. What! Michael  
Cassio,

That came a-wooing with you? and so many a  
time,

When I have spoke of you disparagingly,

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

*Oth.* Prithee, no more: let him come when he  
will;

I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.*

Why, this is not a boon;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,



Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,  
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit  
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing:  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*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;

Whate'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,  
Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when he 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!

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?

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!

Alas! thou echoest me

As if there were some monster in thy thought  
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?  
And when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst  
*Indeed!*

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,  
Shew me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost;

And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them  
breath,

Therefore these steps 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 delations, 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 thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of  
thoughts

Thy worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me:  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and  
false;

As where's that palace whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so  
pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets and law-days and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend,  
*Iago,*

If thou but think'st him wronged and mak'st his  
ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you—

Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,  
From one that so imperfectly conceits,  
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.  
It were not for your quiet nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name in man and woman, dear my  
lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls;  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,  
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-  
sands;

But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your  
hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* 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 damnèd 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 fineless is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why, why is this?  
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt  
Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufficate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me  
jealous

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;  
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And on the proof, there is no more but this,—  
Away at once with love or jealousy!

*Iago.* I am glad of it; for now I shall have  
reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;  
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to 't:  
I know our country disposition well;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best  
conscience

Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And when she 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 seal her father's eyes up close as oak—  
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to  
blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love. But I do see you'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'd not. Cassio's my worthy  
friend—

My lord, I see you're moved.

*Oth.* No, not much moved:

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so! and long live you to  
think so!

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point: as—to be bold  
with you—

Not to affect many proposed matches

Of her own clime, complexion and degree,  
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—  
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.  
But pardon me; I do not in position  
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear  
Her will, 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.* My lord, I take my leave.

*Oth.* Why did I marry? This honest creature  
doubtless

Sees and knows more, much more, than he un-  
folds.

*Iago.* My lord, I would I might entreat your  
honour

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 once more 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 whistle her off and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have, or for I am declined  
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much—  
She's gone. I am abused; and my relief  
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites! I had rather be a  
toad,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great  
ones;

Prerogative are they less than the base;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:  
Even 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.* Why, that's with watching; 'twill away  
again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little :  
*He puts the 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.*

*Emi.* 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 ?

*Emi.* Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

*Iago.* A thing for me ? it is a common thing—

*Emi.* Ha !

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emi.* O, is that all ? What will you give me now

For that same handkerchief ?

*Iago.* What handkerchief ?

*Emi.* What handkerchief !

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;

That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stol'n it from her ?

*Emi.* No, but she let it drop by negligence,

And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took 't up.

Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench. Give it me.

*Emi.* What will you with 't, that you have

been so earnest

To have me filch it ?

*Iago.* [Snatching it.] Why, what's that to you ?

*Emi.* 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 acknown on 't ; I have use for it.

Go, leave me.

*Exit Emilia.*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,

And let him find it. Trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong

As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poison :

Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,

But with a 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,

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,

Shall ever medicine 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.* Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on

the rack :

I swear 'tis better to be much abused

Than but to know 't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord !

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stol'n hours of

lust ?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harmed not me :

I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;  
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,

Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,

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 counterfeit,

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 ocular 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 it,

That the probation bear no hinge or loop

To hang a doubt on ; or woe upon thy life !

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her and torture me,

Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;

On horror's head horrors accumulate ;

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth 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 monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O

world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit ; and from hence

I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay : thou shouldst be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise, for honesty's a fool

And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,

I think my wife be honest and think she is not ;

I think that thou art just and think thou art

not.

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as

fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black

As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,

Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,

I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied !

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :

I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied ?

*Oth.* Would ! nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may : but, how ? how satisfied, my

lord ?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on—

Behold her topp'd ?

*Oth.* Death and damnation ! O !

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect: damn them  
then;

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster  
More than their own! What then? how then?  
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
It is impossible you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
If imputation and strong circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have '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 sleeps will mutter their affairs:  
One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say *Sweet Desdemona,*  
*Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;*  
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my  
hand,

Cry *O sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,  
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots  
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and 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 thiney.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing  
done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief  
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that: but such a handker-  
chief—

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that, or any that was hers,—

*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!  
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne  
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy  
fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

*Iago.* 'Tis of aspics'! Yet be content.

*Oth.* O, blood, blood, blood!

*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may  
change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow  
I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.  
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 com-  
mand,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody business ever.

*Oth.* I great thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance  
bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:  
Within these three days let me hear thee say  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead; 'tis done at your  
request:  
But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx!  
O, damn her! 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?

*Clow.* I dare not say he lies any where.

*Des.* Why, man?

*Clow.* He's a soldier, and for one to say a  
soldier lies, is stabbing.

*Des.* Go to: where lodges he?

*Clow.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you  
where I lie.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this?

*Clow.* 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?

*Clow.* 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.

*Clow.* To do this is within the compass of man's  
wit: and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

*Exit.*

*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief,  
Emilia?

*Emi.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my  
purse

Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

*Emi.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who, he? I think the sun where he was  
born  
Drew all such humours from him.  
*Emi.* Look, where he comes.  
*Des.* I will not leave him now till Cassio  
Be called to him.

*Enter Othello.*

How is't with you, my lord?  
*Oth.* Well, my good lady. [*Aside.*] O, hard-  
ness 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. 'Tis a good hand,  
A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;  
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.  
*Oth.* A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave  
hands;  
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.  
*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now, your  
promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck?  
*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with  
you.  
*Oth.* I have a salt and 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.  
*Oth.* That is a fault.

That handkerchief  
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;  
She was a charmer, and could almost read  
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she  
kept it,  
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father  
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it  
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should  
hunt  
After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;  
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,  
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't;  
Make it a darling like your precious eye;  
'To lose't or give't away were such perdition  
As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is't possible?  
*Oth.* 'Tis true: there's magic in the web  
of it:  
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world  
The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sewed the work;  
The worms were hallow'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.* Ha! wherefore?  
*Des.* Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?  
*Oth.* Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of  
the way?

*Des.* Bless us!  
*Oth.* Say you?  
*Des.* It is not lost; but what and 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  
misgives.

*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! *Exit.*  
*Emi.* 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.

*Emi.* 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;  
They eat us hungrily, and when they are full,  
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my hus-  
band!

*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 altered.  
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?  
*Emi.* He went hence but now,  
And certainly in strange inquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Puff'd his own brother. And can he be angry?  
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.*

Something, sure, of state,  
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice  
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,  
Hath puddled his clear spirit, and in such cases  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;  
For let our finger ache, and it indues  
Our other healthful members even to that sense  
Of pain: yea, we must think men are not gods,  
Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he's indicted falsely.

*Emi.* Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,  
And no conception nor no jealous toy  
Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

*Emi.* But jealous souls will not be answered so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous. It is a monster  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

*Emi.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

*Enter Bianca.*

*Bia.* Save you, friend Cassio!

*Cas.* What make you from home?  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?  
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bia.* 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 prest:  
But I shall, in a more continuant time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*  
Take me this work out.

*Bia.* 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 troth, Bianca.

*Bia.* Why, whose is it?

*Cas.* I know not, neither: I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well: ere it be demanded—  
As like enough it will—I 'ld have it copied:  
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.

*Bia.* Leave you! wherefore?

*Cas.* I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.

*Bia.* Why, I pray you?

*Cas.* Not that I love you not.

*Bia.* 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.

*Bia.* '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 unauthorised 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,  
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

*Iago.* So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

*Oth.* What then?

*Iago.* Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too:

May she give that?

*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that's not seen;  
They have it very oft that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,

Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.* That's not so good now.

*Iago.* What,

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab—

*Oth.* Hath he said any thing?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,

No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?

*Iago.* Why, that he did—I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus. Pish! Noses, ears and lips.—Is't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil! *Falls in a trance.*

*Iago.* Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,  
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord!  
My lord, I say! Othello!

*Enter Cassio.*

How now, Cassio!

*Cas.* What's the matter?

*Iago.* My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:  
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear;

The lethargy must have his quiet course:  
If not, he foams at mouth and by and by  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
He will recover straight: when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.

*Exit Cassio.*

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven.  
Would you would bear your fortune like a man.

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster and a beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast then in a populous  
city,

And many a civil monster.

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man;

Think every hearted fellow that's but yoked  
May draw with you. There's millions now alive  
That nightly lie in those unproper beds  
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is  
better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;  
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

*Oth.* O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart;

Continue 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 excuse upon your ecstasy,  
Rade him anon return and here speak with me;  
The which he promised. Do but enslave yourself,  
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,  
That dwell in every region of his face;  
For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife:  
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;  
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;  
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

*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 strumpet'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 worse that you give me the addition  
Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure  
on't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,  
How quickly should you speed!

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff!

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already!

*Iago.* I never knew woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue! I think, indeed, she  
loves me.

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him  
To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.

*Iago.* She gives it out that you shall marry her:  
Do you intend it?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

*Cas.* I marry her! what? a customer! Prithee,  
bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so  
unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.

*Iago.* Why, the cry goes that you shall marry  
her.

*Cas.* Prithee, say true.

*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 flattery, 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 haubie, and falls me thus about my  
neck—

*Oth.* Crying O dear Cassio! as it were: his  
gesture imports it.

*Cas.* So hang, and lolls, and weeps upon me;  
so haies, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Now he tells how she plucked him to my  
chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not  
that dog I shall throw it to.

*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?  
*Bia.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there! This is some mix's token, and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

*Oth.* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

*Bia.* If you'll come to supper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepared for. *Exit.*

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* I must; she'll rail in the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* Yes, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Prithce, come; will you?

*Iago.* Go to; say no more. *Exit Cassio.*

*Oth.* How shall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

*Oth.* O Iago!

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand, and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman, a fair woman, a sweet woman.

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle: an admirable musician: O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention:—

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so gentle a condition!

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

*Iago.* O, 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago, this night. I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprove my mind again. This night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

*Iago.* And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight.

*Oth.* Excellent good. What trumpet is that same?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico

Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter Lodovico, Desdemona and Attendants.*

*Lod.* Save you, worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

*Des.* *Opens the letter, and reads.*

And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, Signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that?

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* [*Reads.*] This fail you not to do, as you will—

*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.* Devil! *Striking her.*

*Des.* I have not deserved this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,

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.

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady:

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

*Oth.* Mistress!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?



*Oth.* Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:  
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;  
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,  
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.  
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—  
I am commanded home. Get you away;  
I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,  
And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt!

*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 senate  
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature  
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue  
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze nor pierce?

*Iago.* He is much changed.  
*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of  
brain?

*Iago.* He's that he is: I may not breathe my  
censure.

What he might be,—if what he might be is not—  
I would to heaven he were!

*Lod.* What, strike his wife!  
*Iago.* 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would  
I knew

That stroke would prove the worst!  
*Lod.* Is it his use?  
Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new-create his fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!  
It is not honesty in me to speak  
What I have seen and known. You shall observe  
him,

And his own courses will denote him so  
That I may save my speech: do but go after,  
And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceived in him.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter Othello and Emilia.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then?  
*Emi.* Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.  
*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she to-  
gether.

*Emi.* But then I saw no harm, and then I heard  
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What? did they never whisper?  
*Emi.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out of the way?  
*Emi.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor  
nothing?

*Emi.* Never, my lord.  
*Oth.* That's strange.

*Emi.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,  
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch hath put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy. The purest of their wives  
Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither: go.  
*Exit Emilia.*

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,  
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets:  
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her  
do't.

*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;

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'them, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch.  
*Exit Emilia.*

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech  
import?

I understand a fury in your words,  
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 them-  
selves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double  
damn'd:

Swear thou art honest.  
*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truly knows that thou art false as  
hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? how am  
I false?

*Oth.* Ah, 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 shames on my bare head,  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,  
I should have found in some 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 the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion

there,  
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—  
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

*Des.* I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.  
*Oth.* O, ay; as summer flies are in the sharn-  
bles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet  
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst  
ne'er been born!

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write *whore* upon? What committed!  
Committed! O thou public commoner!  
I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!  
Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,  
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets  
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it. What committed!  
Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian:  
If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
From any other foul unlawful touch  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be saved.

*Oth.* Is 't possible?

*Des.* O, heaven forgive us!

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then:  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice  
That married with Othello. [*Raising his voice.*]

You, mistress,  
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell!

*Re-enter Emilia.*

You, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your  
pains:

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel.

*Exit.*

*Emi.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?  
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

*Des.* 'Faith, half asleep.

*Emi.* Good madam, what's the matter with  
my lord?

*Des.* With who?

*Emi.* Why, with my lord, madam.

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emi.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;  
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,  
But what should go by water. Prithce, to-night  
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;  
And call thy husband hither.

*Emi.* Here's a change indeed! *Exit.*

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.  
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick  
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

*Re-enter Emilia with Iago.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How  
is 't with you?

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those that do teach young  
babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:  
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,  
I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Emi.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewor'd her,  
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,  
As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as she says my lord did say I was.

*Emi.* 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!

*Emi.* Hath she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father and her country and her friends,  
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?  
*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for 't!  
How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know.

*Emi.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd  
else.

*Iago.* Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

*Emi.* A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his  
bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her  
company?

What place? what time? what form? what like-  
lihood?

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.

*Emi.* O, fie upon them! Some such squire he  
was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Des.* O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?  
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of  
heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:  
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 divorcement) love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;  
And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love. I cannot say *whore*:  
It does abhor me now I speak the word;  
To do the act that might the addition earn  
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 'tis but his hu-  
mour:

The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 'twere no other,—

*Iago.* It is 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.

*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

*Enter Roderigo.*

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* I have heard too much, and 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 corrupted them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and 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, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that 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 enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true! why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no; he goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean, removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him 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 honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste. About it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. *Ezeunt.*

*Scene III.—Another Room in the Castle.*

*Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia and Attendants.*

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, si?

O.—Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord.

*Ezeunt Othello, Lodovico and Attendants.*

*Emi.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says he will return incontinent:

He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emi.* Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

*Emi.* 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, (Prithee, unpin me,) have grace and favour in them.

*Emi.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

*Des.* All's one. Good father, how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

*Emi.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara: She was in love, and he she loved proved mad And did forsake her: she had a song of willow; An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune, And she died singing it: that song to night Will not go from my mind; I have much to do, But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

*Emi.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

*Des.* No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emi.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* He speaks well.

*Emi.* 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 murmured  
her moans;  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the  
stones;—

Lay by these:—

[*Singing.*] Sing willow, willow, willow;

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—

[*Singing.*] Sing all a green willow must be my  
garland.

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that  
knocks?

Emi. It's the wind.

Des. [*Singing.*] I called my love false love; but  
what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow;

If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe  
men.—

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do  
itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Emi. '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?

Emi. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the  
world?

Emi. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emi. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

I might do 't as well 't the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the  
world?

Emi. The world's a huge thing: it is a great  
price

For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emi. 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. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong  
For the whole world.

Emi. Why, the wrong is but a wrong 't 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.

Emi. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage  
as would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults  
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite;  
Why, we have galls, and though we have some  
grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know  
Their wives have sense like them. They see and  
smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is: and doth affection breed it?

I think it doth. Is 't frailty that thus errs?

It is so too: and have 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.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such  
uses send,

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; I'll be at thy elbow:  
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,  
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy  
stand. *Retires.*

Rod. 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.

Iago. I have rebu'd this young quat almost to  
the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,  
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,

As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life

That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor  
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much  
peril:

No, he must die. But so: I hear him coming.

*Enter Cassio.*

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou  
diest!

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:  
I will make proof of thine.

*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*

Rod. O, I am slain!

Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the  
leg, and exit.

Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder!  
murder! *Falls.*

*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 charms, thine eyes, are  
 blotted;  
 Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be  
 spotted. *Exit.*

*Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.*

*Cas.* What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder!  
 murder!  
*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very  
 direful.  
*Cas.* O, help!  
*Lod.* Hark!  
*Rod.* O wretched villain!  
*Lod.* Two or three groan; it is a heavy night:  
 These may be counterfeits: 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!

*Re-enter Iago, with a light.*

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with light  
 and weapons.  
*Iago.* Who's 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!  
*Iago.* What's the matter?  
*Gra.* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.  
*Lod.* The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.  
*Iago.* What are you here that cry so grievously?  
*Cas.* Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!  
 Give me some help.  
*Iago.* O me, lieutenant! what villains have  
 done this?  
*Cas.* I think that one of them is hereabout,  
 And cannot make away.  
*Iago.* O treacherous villains!  
 What are you there? come in, and give some help.  
*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*  
*Rod.* O, help me here!  
*Cas.* That's one of them.  
*Iago.* O murderous slave! O villain!

*Stabs Roderigo.*

*Rod.* O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!  
*Iago.* Kill men i' 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.  
*Iago.* I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt  
 by villains.  
*Gra.* 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.*

*Bia.* What is the matter, ho? who is 't that  
 cried?

*Iago.* Who is 't that cried!  
*Bia.* O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!  
 O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!  
*Iago.* O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you  
 suspect  
 Who they should be that have thus mangled you?  
*Cas.* No.  
*Gra.* I am sorry to find you thus: I have been  
 to seek you.  
*Iago.* Lend me a garter. So.—O, for a chair,  
 To bear him easily hence!  
*Bia.* 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,  
 Cassio,  
 Was my dear friend: what malice was between  
 you?  
*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the  
 man.  
*Iago.* [*To Bianca.*] What, look you pale? O,  
 bear him out o' the air.  
*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*  
 Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mis-  
 tress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eyes?  
 Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.  
 Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:  
 Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will  
 speak,  
 Though tongues were out of use.

*Enter Emilia.*

*Emi.* Alas, what's the matter? what's the  
 matter, husband?  
*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark  
 By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped:  
 He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.  
*Emi.* 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?  
*Bia.* He supp'd at my house; but I therefore  
 shake not.  
*Iago.* O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.  
*Emi.* Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!  
*Bia.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest  
 As you that thus abuse me!  
*Emi.* As I! foh! fie upon thee!

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dressed.

Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.  
*Emilia*, run you to the citadel,  
 And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.  
 Will you go on? 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!—  
 It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
 Put out the light, and then put out the light:  
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
 I can again thy former light restore,  
 Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,  
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
 I know not where is that Promethean heat  
 That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd  
 the rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,  
 It must needs wither: I'll smell it on the tree.

*Kissing her.*

Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
 Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.  
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
 And love thee after. One more, and this the last;  
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
 But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;  
 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

*Des.* Who's there? Othello?

*Oth.* I, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord?

*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime

Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,  
 Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:  
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
 No; heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.

*Des.* Then heaven

Have mercy on me!

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart!

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Hum!

*Des.* And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then  
 When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I  
 know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They are loves I bear to you.

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest.

*Des.* That death's unnatural that kills for  
 loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,  
 They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still!

*Des.* I will so. What's the matter?

*Oth.* That handkerchief which I so loved and  
 gave thee

Thou gavest to Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul!  
 Send for the man, and ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath

Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Then Lord have mercy on me!

*Oth.* I say, amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too! I never did

Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio

But with such general warranty of heaven

As I might love; I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's

hand.

O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,

And makest me call what I intend to do

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:

I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then;

I never gave it him. Send for him hither;

Let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He hath confess'd.

*Des.* What, my lord?

*Oth.* That he hath used thee.

*Des.* How? unlawfully?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Des.* He will not say so.

*Oth.* No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

*Des.* 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.

*Oth.* Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to

my face?

*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.

*Smothers her.*

*Emilia at the door.*

*Emi.* My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord,  
 my lord!

*Oth.* What noise is this? Not dead? not yet  
 quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain:

So, so.

*Emi.* What, ho! my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emi.* 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. Ha! 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.

*Emi.* 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?

*Emi.* O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders  
done!

*Oth.* What, now?

*Emi.* But now, my lord.

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon;  
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad.

*Emi.* Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young  
Venetian  
Call'd Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

*Emi.* 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!

*Emi.* Alas, what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?

*Emi.* 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.

*Emi.* O, who hath done this deed?

*Des.* Nobody; I myself. Farewell!

Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell!  
*Dies.*

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?

*Emi.* Alas, who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was not I.

*Emi.* She said so: I must needs report the  
truth.

*Oth.* She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:  
'Twas I that kill'd her.

*Emi.* O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

*Emi.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a  
devil.

*Oth.* She was as false as water.

*Emi.* Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

*Oth.* Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

*Emi.* My husband!

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emi.* That she was false to wedlock?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,  
If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emi.* My husband!

*Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first:  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emi.* My husband!

*Oth.* What needs this iteration, woman? I say  
thy husband.

*Emi.* O mistress, villainy hath made mocks  
with love!

My husband say that she was false!

*Oth.* He, woman;  
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?  
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

*Emi.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Emi.* Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven  
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace, you were best.

*Emi.* Thou hast not half that power to do  
me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho!

help!  
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder!  
murder!

*Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago and others.*

*Mon.* What is the matter? How now, general!

*Emi.* O, are you come, Iago? you have done  
well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Emi.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:  
He says thou told'st him that his wife was  
false:

I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him, what I thought, and told no  
more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emi.* But did you ever tell him she was false?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emi.* You told a lie; an odious, damn'd lie;  
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm  
your tongue.

*Emi.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound  
to speak:

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

*All.* O heavens forbend!

*Emi.* And your reports have set the murder on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act!

*Emi.* Villainy, villainy, villainy!

I think upon't, I think: I smell't: O villainy!

I thought so then:—I'll kill myself for grief:—  
O villainy, villainy!

*Iago.* What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

*Emi.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now. Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O! *He falls on the bed.*

*Emi.* Nay, lay thee down and roar; For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* [Rising.] O, she was foul! I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece, Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.  
*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now, This sight would make him do a desperate turn, Yea, curse his better angel from his side, And fall to reprobation.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows That she with *Cassio* hath the act of shame A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confess'd it: And she did gratify his amorous works With that recognizance and pledge of love Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand: It was a handkerchief, an antique token My father gave my mother.

*Emi.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emi.* '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.

*Emi.* I will not.  
*Iago offers to stab Emilia.* Fie!

*Gra.* Your sword upon a woman?  
*Emi.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband; For often, with a solemn earnestness, More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle, He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Villainous whore!  
*Emi.* She give it *Cassio*! no, alas! I found it, And I did give 't my husband.

*Iago.* Filth, thou liest!  
*Emi.* By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen. O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool Do with so good a wife?

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!  
*He runs at Iago: Iago, from behind, stabs Emilia, and exit.*

*Gra.* The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

*Emi.* Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side.  
*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor: Come, guard the door without; let him not pass, But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain, For 'tis a damned slave.

*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither, But every puny whipster gets my sword: But why should honour outlive honesty? Let it go all.

*Emi.* 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.*

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber; It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:—O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* [Within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.  
*Oth.* Look in upon me then and speak 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 rush against *Othello's* breast, And he retires. Where should *Othello* go? Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt, This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven, And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl! Even like thy chastity. O curs'd 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 fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. *Wounds Iago.*

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.

*Iago.* I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.  
*Oth.* I am not sorry neither: I 'ld 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 damn'd slave, What shall be said to thee?

*Oth.* Why, any thing: An honourable murderer, if you will; For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.



*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy :

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil

Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body ?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing : what you know, you know :

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lod.* What, not to pray ?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;

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 damn'd villain ;

But that belike Iago in the interim

Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O the pernicious caitiff !

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief

That was my wife's ?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber :

And he himself confess'd but even now

That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose

Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool ! fool ! fool !

*Cas.* There is besides in Roderigo's letter,

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him

Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came

That I was cast : and even but now he spake,

After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,

Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with us :

Your power and your command is taken off, And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,

If there be any cunning cruelty

That can torment him much and hold him long,

It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,

Till that the nature of your fault be known

To the Venetian state. Come, bring away.

*Oth.* Soft you ; a word or two before you go.

I have done the state some service, and they know 't.

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,

Nor set down ought in malice ; then must you speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well ;

Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought

Perplexed in the extreme ; of one whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose shuddered eyes,

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 turbaned 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 marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee : no way but this ;

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

*Falls on the bed, and dies.*

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;

For he was great of heart.

*Lod.* *[To Iago.]* O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !

Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;

This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;

Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;

The time, the place, the torture : O, enforce it !

Myself will straight aboard ; and to the state

This heavy act with heavy heart relate. *Exeunt.*

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

MARK ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS;	} triumvirs.
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.	
DOMITIUS ENOBABBUS, VENTIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO,	} friends to Antony.
MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS,	} friends to Cæsar.
MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS,	} friends to Pompey.
TAURUS,	lieutenant-general to Cæsar.
CANDIUS,	lieutenant-general to Antony.
SILIUS,	an officer in Ventidius's army.
EUPHONIUS,	an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, a eunuch, SELEUCUS, DIOMEDES,	} attendants on Cleopatra.
A Soothsayer.	
A Clown.	
CLEOPATRA,	queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA,	sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.
CHARMIAN, IRAS,	} attendants on Cleopatra.
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers and other Attendants.	

This tragedy first appeared in the folio of 1623, where it is on the whole very accurately printed. It is not, however, divided into Acts and Scenes, but the stage directions are unusually full. Shakespeare has adopted the story as told in Plutarch. Some of the scenery is in Egypt and some in other parts of the Eastern Empire of Rome. Of late years abundant authorities have been brought to light for the Egyptian costume of the time of Cleopatra. The queen herself wore a Greek costume at Alexandria, and the architecture would be of the same character.

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## Act I.

Scene I.—*Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter Demetrius and Philo.*

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes, That o'er the files and musters of the war Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn, The office and devotion of their view Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart, Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper, 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 transformed Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cle.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

*Cle.* I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heavens, new earth.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* Grates me: the sum.

*Cle.* Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows If the scarce-bearded Cæsar 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!

*Cle.* Perchance! nay, and most like:

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony. Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen, Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine Is Cæsar's homager: 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 dunce earth alike Feeds least 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 weep We stand up peerless.

*Cle.* 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 stirred 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?

*Cle.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fine, 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

The qualities of people. Come, my queen; Last night you did desire it: speak not to us.

*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.*

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony, He comes too short of that great property Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I am full sorry That he approves the common liar, who Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Cleopatra's Palace. Another Room.*

*Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas and a Soothsayer.*

*Cha.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

*Ale.* Soothsayer!

*Sooth.* Your will?

*Cha.* Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy A little I can read.

*Ale.* Show him your hand.

*Enter Enobarbus.*

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Cha.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Cha.* Pray, then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Cha.* He means in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Cha.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Ale.* Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

*Cha.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more beloved than beloved.

*Cha.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

*Ale.* Nay, hear him.

*Cha.* 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 Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Cha.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*Sooth.* You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

*Cha.* Then belike my children shall have no names: prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.

*Cha.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

*Ale.* You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

*Cha.* Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers.

*Ale.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Evo.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Cha.* E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Cha.* 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 how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Cha.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Cha.* Our worses thoughts heavens mend! *Alexas*,—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good *Isis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear *Isis*, keep decorum, and fortunes him accordingly!

*Cha.* Amen.

*Ale.* Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't!

*Evo.* Hush! here comes *Antony*.

*Cha.* Not he; the queen.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

*Cle.* Saw you my lord?

*Evo.* No, lady.

*Cle.* Was he not here?

*Cha.* No, madam.

*Cle.* He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. *Enobarbus!*

*Evo.* Madam?

*Cle.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's *Alexas*?

*Ale.* Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

*Cle.* We will not look upon him: go with us. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Mes.* *Fulvia* thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother *Lucius*?

*Mes.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst *Cæsar*;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, Upon the first encounter, drave them.

*Ant.* Well, what worst?

*Mes.* 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.

*Mes.* *Labienuus*—

This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force, Extended Asia from *Euphrates*;

His conquering banner shook from *Syria*

To *Lydia* and to *Ionia*;

Whilst—

*Ant.* *Antony*, thou wouldst say,—

*Mes.* O, my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:

Name *Cleopatra* as she is call'd in *Rome*;

Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phrase; and taunt my faults

With such full license as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,

When our quick minds lie still: and our ills told us

Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

*Mes.* At your noble pleasure. *Exit.*

*Ant.* From *Sicyon*, ho, the news! Speak there!

1 *Att.* The man from *Sicyon*,—is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Or lose myself in dotage.

*Enter another Messenger.*

What are you?

*Mes.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

*Mes.* In *Sicyon*:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious Importeth thee to know, this bears.

*Gives a letter.*

*Ant.* Forbear me.  
*Exit Messenger.*  
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:  
What our 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 shov'd her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break off:  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

*Re-enter Enobarbus.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?  
*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.  
*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.  
*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.  
*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and water sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* Would I had never seen her!  
*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.  
*Eno.* Sir?  
*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.  
*Eno.* Fulvia!  
*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state  
Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers have notice what we purpose. I shall break the cause of our expedience to the queen, and get her leave to part. For not alone the death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome

Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people, Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past, begin to throw Pompey the Great and all his dignities Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier; whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger: much is

breeding,  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do't. *Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—Cleopatra's Palace. Another Room.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.*

*Cle.* Where is he?  
*Cha.* I did not see him since.  
*Cle.* See where he is, who's with him, what he does:

I did not send you: if you find him sad,  
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

*Exit Alexas.*  
*Cha.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cle.* What should I do, I do not?  
*Cha.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cle.* Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.

*Cha.* Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:  
In time we hate that which we often fear.  
But here comes Antony.

*Enter Antony.*

*Cle.* I am sick and sullen.  
*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

*Cle.* Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:  
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—  
*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 betrayed! yet at the first  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra.—  
*Cle.* Why should I think you can be mine and true,  
Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous mad-  
ness,

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 our lips and eyes,  
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*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  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestic powers  
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 thrived  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change: my more particular,  
And that which most with you should safe my  
going,

Is Fulvia's death.

*Cle.* Though age from folly could not give me  
freedom,

It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read  
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:  
See when and where she died.

*Cle.* 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.

*Cle.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come;  
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,

So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

*Cle.* 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 dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood: no more.

*Cle.* You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cle.* And target. Still he mends;  
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Char-  
mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cle.* 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.

*Cle.* 'Tis sweating labour  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you: your 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 strewed before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;  
Our separation so abides, and flies,  
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.  
Away! *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Rome. Cæsar's House.*

*Enter Octavius Cæsar, reading a letter, Lepidus,  
and their Train.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth  
know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
Our great competitor: from Alexandria  
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike  
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall  
find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think there are  
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:  
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it  
is not

Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;  
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes  
him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must  
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear  
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,

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.  
*Mes.* Thy biddings have been done; and every  
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
And it appears he is beloved of those  
That only have feared Cæsar: to the ports  
The discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less.  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he which is us wish'd until he were;  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth  
love,  
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common  
body,

Like to a vacabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Mes.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and  
wound

With keels of every kind: many hot inroads  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:  
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more  
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did  
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the Alps  
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on: and all this—  
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—  
Was born so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* 'Tis pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves 't the field; and to that end  
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able  
To front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell.

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord: what you shall know  
meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir;  
I know it for my hand

*Scene V.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Mardian.*

*Cle.* Charmian!

*Cha.* Madam?

*Cle.* Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

*Cha.*

Why, madam?

*Cle.* That I might sleep out this great gap of  
time

My Antony is away.

*Cha.*

You think of him too much.

*Cle.* O, 'tis treason!

*Cha.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cle.* Thou, eunuch Mardian!

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cle.* Not now to hear thee sing; I take no  
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affec-  
tions?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cle.* Indeed!

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing  
But what indeed is honest to be done:  
Yet have I fierce affections, and think  
What Venus did with Mars.

*Cle.*

O Charmian,  
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or  
sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!  
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou  
movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*  
For so he calls me: now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison. Think on me,  
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey  
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;  
There would he anchor his aspect and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter Alexas.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cle.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—  
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cle.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.*

*Good friend,* quoth he,  
*Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends*  
*This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,*  
*To mend the petty present, I will piece*

*Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,*  
*Say thou, shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have  
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

*Als.* Like to the time o' the year between the extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

*Cle.* O well-divided disposition! Note him, Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those That make their looks by his; he was not merry, Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay In Egypt with his joy; but between both: O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry, The violence of either thee becomes, So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

*Als.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers: Why do you send so thick?

*Cle.* Who's born that day When I forget to send to Antony, Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian. Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian, Ever love Cæsar so?

*Cha.* O that brave Cæsar!

*Cle.* Be choked with such another emphasis! Say, the brave Antony.

*Cha.* The valiant Cæsar!

*Cle.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, If thou with Cæsar paragon again My man of men.

*Cha.* By your most gracious pardon, I sing but after you.

*Cle.* 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 unpeople Egypt. *Exeunt.*

## Act II.

*Scene I.—Messina. Pompey's House.*

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates and Menas, in warlike manner.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist

The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey, That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are sniters to their throne, decays

The thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves, Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers Deny us for our good; so find we profit By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well: The people love me, and the sea is mine; My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where

He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both, Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves, Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

*Men.*

From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,

Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour

Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

*Enter Varrius.*

How now, Varrius!

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis A space for further travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter A better ear. Menas, I did not think This amorous surfeiter would have 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-lust-wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope

Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:

His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;

His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,

Not moved by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.

Were't not that we stand up against them all, 'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;

For they have entertain'd 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 Cæsar move him,

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head

And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,

Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,

I would not shave 't to-day.

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time

For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes



*Enter Antony and Ventidius.*

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

*Enter Cæsar, Mecænas and Agrippa.*

*Ant.* If we compose well here, to Parthia:  
Hark, Ventidius.

*Cæs.* I do not know,  
Mecænas; 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. *Flourish.*

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir.

*Cæs.* Nay, then.

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill which are  
not so,

Or being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laughed at,  
If, or for nothing or a little, I

Should say myself offended, and with you  
Chiefly i' the world; more laughed at, that I  
should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your  
name

It not concerned me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
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 practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd?

*Cæs.* You may be pleased to catch at mine  
intent

By what did here befall 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  
never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;  
And have my learning from some true reports,  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not  
rather

Discredit my authority with yours;  
And make the 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 patched up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,

Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars  
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o' the world is yours; which with a  
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Eno.* Would we had all such wives, that the  
men might go to wars with the women!

*Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils,  
Cæsar,

Made out of her impatience, which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving graunt  
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 gibe my missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir,

He fell upon me ere admitted: then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day  
I told him of myself; which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this follow  
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.

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar!

*Ant.* No,

Lepidus, let him speak:  
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath.

*Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid when I required  
them;

The which you both denied.

*Ant.* Neglected, rather;  
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis noble spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mecænas.  
*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for  
the instant, you may, when you hear no more  
words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have  
time to wrangle in when you have nothing else  
to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.  
*Eno.* That truth should be silent I had almost  
forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence; therefore speak  
no more.

*Eno.* Go to, then; your considerate stone.  
*Cæs.* 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

H h

What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge  
O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar,—  
*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admired Octavia : great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa :  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserved of rashness.

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife ; whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men ;  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their  
dangers,

Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both  
Would, each to other and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak ?

*Cæs.* 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 ?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and  
His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment ! Let me have thy hand :  
Further this act of grace ; and from this hour  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves  
And sway our great designs !

*Cæs.* 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 out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he ?

*Cæs.* About the mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What is his strength by land ?

*Cæs.* 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.

*Cæs.* 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.* *Eeunt Cæsar, Ant. and Lepid.*

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecæ-  
nas ! My honourable friend, Agrippa !

*Agr.* Good Enocharbus !

*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  
worthily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report  
be square to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she  
pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed ; or my re-  
porter devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;  
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd that  
The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars  
were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and  
made

The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description : she did lie  
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork 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.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony !

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her ' the eyes,  
And made their bends adorings : at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers : the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,  
Enthroned ' the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too  
And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian !

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper : she replied,  
It should be better he became her guest ;  
Which she entreated : our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of *No woman* heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,  
And for his ordinary pays his heart  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed :  
He plough'd her, and she crop'd'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street;  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
The appetites they feed: but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things  
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.  
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you. *Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—Messina. Cæsar's House.*

*Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them,  
and Attendants.*

*Ant.* The world and my great office will some-  
times  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Oct.* All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir. My Octavia,  
Read not my 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.

*Cæs.* Good night. *Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?  
*Sooth.* Would I had never come from thence,  
nor you

Thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in  
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet  
Hie you to Egypt again.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?  
*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel  
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.  
*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but when  
to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre  
thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;  
But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Got thee gone:  
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:

*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,  
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;  
And in our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
I' the east my pleasure lies.

*Enter Ventidius.*

O, come, Ventidius,  
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;  
Follow me, and receive 't. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Messina. A Street.*

*Enter Lepidus, Mecænas and Agrippa.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,  
hasten  
Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's  
dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at 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. Agr.* Sir, good success!  
*Lep.* Farewell. *Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.*

*Cle.* Give me some music; music, moody food  
Of that that trade in love.

*Attend.* The music, ho!

*Enter Mardian the Eunuch.*

*Cle.* Let it alone; let's to billiards: come,  
Charmian.

*Cha.* My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.  
*Cle.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd  
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me,  
sir?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cle.* And when good will is show'd, though 't  
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon! I'll none now:  
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-fin'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.

*Cha.* 'Twas 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.

*Cle.* That time.—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan.

*Enter a Messenger.*

O, from Italy!  
 Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
 That long time have been barren.

*Mes.* Madam, madam,—  
*Cle.* 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 blinest veins to kiss; a hand that kings  
 Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mes.* First, madam, he is well.  
*Cle.* 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.

*Mes.* Good madam, hear me.  
*Cle.* 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  
 snakes,

Not like a formal man.  
*Mes.* Will't please you hear me?

*Cle.* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou  
 speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
 Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
 I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
 Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mes.* Madam, he's well.  
*Cle.* Well said.

*Mes.* And friends with Cæsar,  
*Cle.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mes.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.  
*Cle.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mes.* But yet, madam,—  
*Cle.* I do not like *But yet*, it does allay  
 The good precedence; fie upon *But yet*!

*But yet* is as a gaoler to bring forth  
 Some monstrous malefactor. Prithoe, friend,  
 Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
 The good and bad together: he's friends with  
 Cæsar;

In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.  
*Mes.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report:  
 He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cle.* For what good turn?  
*Mes.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cle.* I am pale, Charmian.  
*Mes.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cle.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!  
*Strikes him down.*

*Mes.* Good madam, patience.  
*Cle.* What say you? Hence,  
*Strikes him again.*

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
 Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

*She hales him up and down.*  
 Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stewed in  
 brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.  
*Mes.* Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.  
*Cle.* Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
 And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou  
 hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;

And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
 Thy modesty can beg.

*Mes.* He's married, madam.  
*Cle.* Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

*Mes.* Nay, then I'll run:  
 What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

*Exit.*  
*Cha.* Good madam, keep yourself within your-  
 self:

The man is innocent.  
*Cle.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
 Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:  
 Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.

*Cha.* He is afraid to come.  
*Cle.* I will not hurt him.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
 A meener than myself; since I myself  
 Have given myself the cause.

*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.

*Mes.* I have done my duty.  
*Cle.* Is he married?  
 I cannot hate thee worse than I do,  
 If thou again say Yes.

*Mes.* He's married, madam.  
*Cle.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold  
 there still?

*Mes.* Should I lie, madam?  
*Cle.* O, I would thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerged 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?

*Mes.* I crave your highness' pardon.  
*Cle.* He is married?

*Mes.* 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.

*Cle.* 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.*  
*Cha.* Good your highness, patience.  
*Cle.* In praising Antony, I have dispraised  
 Cæsar.

*Cha.* Many times, madam.  
*Cle.* I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;  
 I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter.  
 Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him  
 Report the feature of Octavia, her years,  
 Her inclination, let him not leave out  
 The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.

*Exit Alexas.*  
 Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,  
 Though he 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, Char-  
 man,  
 But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.  
   *Ereunt.*

*Scene VI.—Near Misenum.*

*Flourish.* Enter Pompey and Menas at one  
 door, with drum and trumpet: at another,  
 Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Mæcenas,  
 with Soldiers marching.

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine;  
 And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* Most meet  
 That first we come to words; and therefore have we  
 Our written purposes before us sent;  
 Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
 If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,  
 And carry back to Sicily much tall youth  
 That else must perish here.

*Pom.* To you all three,  
 The senators alone of this great world,  
 Chief factors for the gods, I do not know  
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
 Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
 Who at Philippi 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 free-  
 dom,

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  
 To scourge the ingratulate that desp'iteful Rome  
 Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.  
*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy  
 sails;

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou  
 know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.  
*Pom.* At land, indeed,  
 Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:  
 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
 Remain in 't as thou mayst.

*Lep.* Be pleased to tell us—  
 For this is from the present—how you take  
 The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.  
*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
 What it is worth embraced.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
 To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
 Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
 Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,  
 To part with unback'd edges, and bear back  
 Our targes undinted.

*Cæs. 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 impenitence: though I lose  
 The praise of it by telling, you must know,

When Cæsar 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.

*Ant.* The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks  
 to you,  
 That called me timelier than my purpose hither;  
 For I have gain'd by 't.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
 There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
 What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;  
 But in my bosom shall she never come,  
 To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.

*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:  
 I crave our composition may be written,  
 And sealed between us.

*Cæs.* That's the next to do.

*Pom.* We'll feast each other ere we part; and  
 let's

Draw lots who shall begin.

*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  
 Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard:  
 And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that: he did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you?

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.  
*Pom.* I know thee now: how farest thou,  
 soldier?

*Eno.* Well;  
 And well am like to do; for, I perceive,  
 Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand;  
 I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,  
 When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,  
 I never 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.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* Show us the way, sir.

*Pom.* Come.

*Ereunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*  
*Menas.* [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would  
 ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have  
 known, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Menas.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Menas.* And you by land.

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me;  
 though it cannot be denied what I have done by  
 land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whate'er their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

*Men.* You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray ye, sir?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

*Scene VII.—On board Pompey's Galley, off Misenum.*

*Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.*

*1 Ser.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

*2 Ser.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

*1 Ser.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

*2 Ser.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out *No more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

*1 Ser.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

*2 Ser.* 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 heave.

*1 Ser.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.*

*Ant.* [To Cæsar.] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman 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 crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly 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 its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [Aside to Men.] Go háng, sir, háng! 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 hear me, 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.

What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quick-sands, Lepidus,  
Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it,

And, though thou think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly 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 com-  
petitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst have done,

And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villainy;

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'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done;

But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* [*Aside.*] For this,

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus!

*Ant.* Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him,

Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas!

*Men.* Eno-barbus, 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?

*Eno.* A' bears the third part of the world, man;  
see'st not?

*Men.* The third part, then, is drunk: would it  
were all,

That it might go on wheels!

*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 Cæsar!

*Cæs.* 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.

*Cæs.* 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. Eno-barbus places them  
hand in hand.*

### THE SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumply Bacchus with pink eyne!  
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:  
Cup us, till the world go round,  
Cup us, till the world go round!*

*Cæs.* What would you more? Pompey, good  
night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business

Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;

You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Eno-  
barb

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue

Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath  
almost

Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good  
night.

Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir: give's your hand.

*Pom.* O Antony,

You have my father's house,—But, what? we are  
friends.

Come, down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.

*Execute all but Eno-barbus and Menas.*

Menas, I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd,  
sound out!

*Sound a flourish, with drums.*

*Eno.* Ho! says a'. There's my cap.

*Men.* Ho! Noble captain, come. *Execute.*

### Act III.

#### Scene I.—A Plain in Syria.

*Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead  
body of Pacorus borne before him; Silius, and  
other Romans, Officers and Soldiers.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;  
and now

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death

Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body

Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,

Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is  
warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through  
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither

The routed fly: so thy 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 him we serve's  
away.

Cæsar 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 it the wars more than his captain can  
Becomes 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,  
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to  
Antony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected;  
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?  
*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither, with  
what haste  
The weight we must convey with's will permit,  
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass  
along! *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Rome. An Ante-chamber in  
Cæsar's House.*

*Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus  
at another.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?  
*Eno.* They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is  
gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome; Cæsar 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 Cæsar!  
*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark  
Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.  
*Agr.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How! the non-  
pareil!

*Agr.* O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!  
*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say *Cæsar*: go  
no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent  
praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves  
Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,  
poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!  
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle.  
[*Trumpets within.*] So;  
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.  
*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier; and fare-  
well.

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus and Octavia.*

*Ant.* No further, sir.  
*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself;  
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest  
band

Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set  
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,  
'To keep it builded, be the ram to batter  
The fortress of it; for better might we  
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended  
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* 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.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee  
well:

The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

*Oct.* My noble brother!  
*Ant.* The April's in her eyes: it is love's  
spring,

And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.  
*Oct.* Sir, look well to my husband's house;  
and—

*Cæs.* 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 Cæsar weep?  
*Agr.* [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in's  
face.

*Eno.* [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for  
that, were he a horse;  
So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,  
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to 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.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love;  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy!



*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way!

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell! *Kisses Octavia.*

*Ant.* Farewell!  
*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.*

*Cle.* Where is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afeard to come?

*Cle.* Go to, go to.

*Enter the Messenger as before.*

Come hither, sir.

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you  
But when you are well pleased.

*Cle.* That Herod's head  
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it? Come  
thou near.

*Mes.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cle.* Didst thou behold Octavia?

*Mes.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cle.* Where?

*Mes.* Madam, in Rome;

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cle.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mes.* She is not, madam.

*Cle.* Didst hear herspeak? is she shrill-tongued

or low?

*Mes.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-

voiced.

*Cle.* That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

*Cha.* Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

*Cle.* I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and

dwarfish!

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mes.* She creeps:

Her motion and her station are as one;

She shows a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

*Cle.* Is this certain?

*Mes.* Or I have no observance.

*Cha.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cle.* He's very knowing;

I do perceive't: there's nothing in her yet:

The fellow has good judgment.

*Cha.* Excellent.

*Cle.* Guess at her years, I prithee.

*Mes.* Madam,

She was a widow,—

*Cle.* Widow! Charmian, hark.

*Mes.* And I do think she's thirty.

*Cle.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long

or round?

*Mes.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cle.* For the most part, too, they are foolish

that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

*Mes.* Brown, madam; and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

*Cle.* There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:

I will employ thee back again; I find thee  
Most fit for business: go make thee ready;  
Our letters are prepared. *Exit Messenger.*

*Cha.* A proper man.

*Cle.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much  
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,  
This creature's no such thing.

*Cha.* Nothing, madam.

*Cle.* The man hath seen some majesty, and  
should know.

*Cha.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,  
And serving you so long!

*Cle.* I have one thing more to ask him yet,  
good Charmian:

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

*Cha.* 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  
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and  
read it

To public ear:  
Spoke scantily of me: when performance he could not  
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:  
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,  
Or did it from his teeth.

*Oct.* O my good lord,

Believe not all; or, if you must believe,  
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 hus-*  
*band!*

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 's: the mean time, lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest

haste;

So your desires are yours.

*Oct.* Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most  
weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults

Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your

going;

Choose your own company, and command what  
cost

Your heart has mind to. *Exeunt.*

*Scene V.—Another Room in Antony's House.**Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.**Eno.* How now, friend Eros!*Eros.* There 's strange news come, sir.*Eno.* What, man?*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.*Eno.* This is old: what is the success?*Eros.* Cæsar, 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 confine.*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast, They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?

*Eros.* He 's walking in the garden—thus; and spurnsThe 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 Cæsar. More, Domitius; My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.*Eno.*

'Twill be naught:

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir.*Exeunt.**Scene VI.—Rome. Cæsar's House.**Enter Cæsar, Agrippa and Mecænas.**Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,

In Alexandria: here 's the manner of 't: I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son, And all the unlawful issue that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her He gave the establishment of Egypt; made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the public eye?*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings: Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia, He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assigned Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she In the habiliments of the goddess Isis

That day appeared; and oft before gave audience,

As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus

informed.

*Agrippa.* Who, queasy with his insolence Already, will their good thoughts call from him.*Cæs.* The people know it; and have now received

His accusations.

*Agrippa.* Who does he accuse?*Cæs.* Cæsar; 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 unrestored; lastly, he frets That Lepidus of the triumvirate Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain All his revenue.*Agrippa.* Sir, this should be answered.*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone. I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel; That he his high authority abused, And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia, And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I Demand the like.

*Mec.* He 'll never yield to that.*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.*Enter Octavia with her train.**Oct.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee castaway!*Oct.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony Should have an army for an usher, and The neighs of horse to tell of her approach Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way Should have borne men; and expectation fainted, 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 begged His pardon for return.*Cæs.* Which soon he granted, Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.*Oct.* Do not say so, my lord.*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him, And his affairs come to me on the wind. Where is he now?*Oct.* My lord, in Athens.*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire Up to a whore; who now are levying The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled—

Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus, Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas; King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont; Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas, The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, With a more larger list of sceptres.

*Oct.* Ay me, most wretched, That have my heart parted betwix two friends That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* 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 high gods,  
To do you justice, make them ministers  
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort ;  
And ever welcome to us.

*Agg.* Welcome, lady.  
*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.  
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off ;  
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

*Oct.* Is it so, sir ?  
*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,  
Be ever known to patience : my dear'st sister !

*Ezeunt.*

*Scene VII.—Near Actium. Antony's Camp.*

*Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.*

*Cle.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.  
*Eno.* But why, why, why ?  
*Cle.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,  
And say'st it is not fit.  
*Eno.* Well, is it, is it ?  
*Cle.* If not denounced against us, why should  
not we

Be there in person ?  
*Eno.* [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply :  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely lost ; the mares would  
bear  
A soldier and his horse.

*Cle.* 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  
Truduced for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome  
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids  
Manage this war.

*Cle.* Sink Rome, and their tongues rot  
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the  
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;  
I will not stay behind.

*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 Torone ? You have heard on 't, sweet ?

*Cle.* 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.

*Cle.* By sea ? what else ?  
*Can.* Why will my lord do so ?

*Ant.* For that he dares us to 't.  
*Eno.* So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : but these  
offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off ;  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd ;  
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress ; in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought ;  
Their ships are yare ; yours, heavy : no disgrace  
Shall fail 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 renown'd 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.  
*Cle.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.  
*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of  
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,  
We then can do 't at land.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy business ?

*Mes.* The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;  
Cæsar has taken Torone.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person ? 'tis 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.*

How now, worthy soldier !

*Sol.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;  
Trust not to rotten planks : do you misdoubt  
This sword and these my wounds ? Let the  
Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking : we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well ; away !  
*Ereunt Antony, Cleopatra and Enobarbus.*

*Sol.* By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.  
*Can.* Soldier, thou art : but his whole action  
grows

Not in the power on 't : so our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sol.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justinius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries beyond belief.

*Sol.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions as  
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sol. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth,  
Each minute, some. *Exeunt.*

*Scene VIII.—A Plain near Actium.*

*Enter Cæsar with his army, marching, and Taurus.*

Cæs. Taurus!

Tau. My lord?

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole; provoke not battle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed  
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies  
Upon this jump. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IX.—Another part of the Plain.*

*Enter Antony and Enobarbus.*

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. *Exeunt.*

*Scene X.—Another part of the Plain.*

*Canidius marcheth with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:  
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter Scarus.*

Scæ. Gods and goddesses,  
All the whole synd of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scæ. The greater cantle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scæ. On our side like the token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of  
Egypt,—

Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,  
The bresse 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.

Scæ. She once being loof'd,  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a dotting 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 Canidius.*

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:  
O, he has given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own!

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?  
Why, then, good night indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scæ. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend  
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render  
My legions and my horse: six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. *Exeunt.*

*Scene 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 Cæsar.

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  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.

Leave me, I pray; a little: pray you now:  
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.

*Sits down.*

*Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras;*

*Eros following.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Cha. Do! why? what else?

Cle. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Cha. Madam!

Iras. Madam, O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck

The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I  
That the mad Brutus ended; he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.

*Cle.* Ah, stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him:

He is unqualified with very shame.

*Cle.* 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 unnobble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O, whether hast thou led me, Egypt? See,  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
Ey looking back what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cle.* 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 should'st tow me after: o'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*Cle.* O, my pardon!

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, 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.

*Cle.* Pardon, pardon!

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;  
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;  
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.  
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune  
knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene XII.—Egypt. Caesar's Camp.*

*Enter Caesar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.*

*Cæs.* 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 Euphronius, ambassador from Antony.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Eup.* Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
I was of late as petty to his ends  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be't so: declare thine office.

*Eup.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,  
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues

To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens: this for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;  
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgracèd friend,  
Or take his life there: this if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Eup.* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.

*Exit Euphronius.*

[*To Thyreus.*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis  
time: dispatch;

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,  
And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
From thine invention, offers: women are not  
In their best fortunes strong; but want will  
perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thy-  
reus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thy.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thy.* Cæsar, I shall. *Exeunt.*

*Scene XIII.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian and Iras.*

*Cle.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?

*Eno.* Think, and die.

*Cle.* 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 meerèd question: 'twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cle.* Prithee, peace.

*Enter Antony with Euphronius, the ambassador.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Eup.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so she  
Will yield us up.

*Eup.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cle.* That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again: tell him he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him; from which the world should  
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar: 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 Euphronius.*

Eno. [*Aside.*] Yes, like enough, high-battled  
Caesar will.

Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,  
Against a sworder! 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 a Servant.*

Ser. A messenger from Caesar.

Cle. 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 Servant.*

Eno. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to  
square.

The loyalty well held to fools does make  
Our faith mere folly: 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.*

Cle. Caesar's will?

Thy. Hear it apart.

Cle. None but friends: say boldly.

Thy. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has;  
Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know  
Whose he is we are, and that is, Caesar's.

Thy. So.

Thus then, thou most renowned: Caesar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Caesar.

Cle. Go on: right royal.

Thy. He knows that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cle. O!

Thy. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserved.

Cle. 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.

Thy. 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 shroud,  
The universal landlord.

Cle. What's your name?

Thy. My name is Thyreus.

Cle. Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Caesar this: in denotation  
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.

Thy. 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

Cle. Your Caesar's father off,

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?

Thy. One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*Aside.*] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now,  
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried  
Ho!

Like hoys unto a muss, kings would start forth,  
And cry *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am  
Antony yet.

*Enter Servants.*

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's  
whelp  
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-  
taries

That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her  
name,

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

Thy. Mark Antony!

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again: this Jack of Caesar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.

*Exeunt Servants with Thyreus.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abused  
By one that looks on feeders?

Cle. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—  
O misery on't!—the wise gods seal our eyes;  
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us  
Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut  
To our confusion.

Cle. O, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon  
Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a frag-  
ment

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.

Cle. Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards  
And say *God quit you!* be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal  
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Busan, 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 yare about him.

*Re-enter Servants with Thyreus.*

Is he whipp'd?

*I Ser.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begged a' pardon?

*I Ser.* 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 Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him:  
henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment; look, thou say  
He makes me angry with him; for he seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do '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 enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:  
Hence with thy stripes, begone! *Exit Thyreus.*

*Cle.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrere moon  
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony!

*Cle.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points?

*Cle.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cle.* Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source; and the first stone  
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so  
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!  
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discarding of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too  
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most  
sealike.

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou  
hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:  
There's hope in 't yet.

*Cle.* 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.

*Cle.* 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.

*Cle.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night  
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars. Come on,  
my 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 scythe.

*Ereunt all but Enobarbus.*

*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be  
furious,

Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge; 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.

### Scene I.—Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa and Mecænas, with his  
Army; Cæsar reading a letter.*

*Cæs.* 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,

Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know  
I have many other ways to die; meantime  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* Cæsar 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.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight: within our files there are,  
Of those that 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!  
*Ereunt.*

### Scene II.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.

*Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,  
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.

*Eno.*

No.

*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier, By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live, Or bathe my dying honour in the blood Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

*Eno.* I'll strike, and cry *Take all.*

*Ant.* Well said; come on. Call forth my household servants: let's to-night Be bounteous at our meal.

*Enter three or four Servitors.*

Give me thy hand, Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;— Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have served me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

*Cle.* [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?

*Eno.* [*Aside to Cle.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots

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:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me As when mine empire was your fellow too, And suffer'd my command.

*Cle.* [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

*Eno.* [*Aside to Cle.*] To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night; May be it is the period of your duty: Haply you shall not see me more; or if, A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow You'll serve another master. I look on you As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends, I turn you not away; but, like a master Married to your good service, stay till death: Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more, And the gods yield you for't!

*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 meant 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.—Alexandria. Before the Palace.*

*Enter a company of Soldiers.*

1 *Sol.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sol.* It will determine one way: fare you well. Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sol.* Nothing. What news?

2 *Sol.* Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

1 *Sol.* Well, sir, good night.

*They meet other Soldiers.*

2 *Sol.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 *Sol.* And you. Good night, good night.

*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*

4 *Sol.* Here we; and if to-morrow Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sol.* 'Tis a brave army, And full of purpose.

*Music of the hautboys is under the stage.*

4 *Sol.* Peace! what noise?

1 *Sol.* List, list!

2 *Sol.* Hark!

1 *Sol.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sol.* Under the earth.

4 *Sol.* It signs well, does it not?

3 *Sol.* No.

1 *Sol.* Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

2 *Sol.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved, Now leaves him.

1 *Sol.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen Do hear what we do?

*They advance to another post.*  
2 *Sol.* How now, masters!

*All.* [*Speaking together.*] How now!

How now! do you hear this?

1 *Sol.* Ay; is't not strange?

3 *Sol.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sol.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

Let's see how it will give off.

*All.* Content. 'Tis strange. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian and others attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

*Cle.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

*Enter Eros with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her: come.

*Cle.* Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.

*Cle.* Sooth, la, 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.

*Cle.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

A workman in't.



*Enter an armed Soldier.*

Good morrow to thee; welcome:  
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:  
To business that we love we rise betime,  
And go to 't with delight.

*Sol.* 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.*

*Cap.* The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads:

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.  
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.  
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:  
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable *Kisses her.*  
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,  
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

*Ereunt Ant., Eros, Captains and Soldiers.*

*Cha.* Please you, retire to your chamber.

*Cle.*

*Lead me.*

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. *Ereunt.*

*Scene V.—Alexandria. Antony's Camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.*

*Sol.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

*Ant.* Would thou and those thy scars had once  
prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

*Sol.* Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Sol.* Who!

One ever near thee: call for Eno'barbus,

He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp

Say I am none of thine.

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

*Sol.* Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sol.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;

Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—

I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;

Say that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master. O, my fortunes have

Corrupted honest men! Dispatch.—Eno'barbus!

*Ereunt.*

*Scene VI.—Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp.*

*Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Eno'barbus and others.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

Our will is Antony be took alive;

Make it so known.

*Ag.* Cæsar, I shall.

*Ereunt.*

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd  
world

Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Antony

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. *Ereunt all but Eno'barbus.*

*Eno.* 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. Canidius and the rest  
That fell away have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill;  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.*

*Sol.* Eno'barbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus: the messenger  
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sol.* Mock not, Eno'barbus.

I tell you true: best you safed the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. *Ereunt.*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,

And feel I am so most. O Antony,

Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my  
heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't,  
I feel.

I fight against thee! No; I will go seek  
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life. *Ereunt.*

*Scene VII.—Field of Battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa and others.*

*Ag.* Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:  
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected. *Ereunt.*

*Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.*

*Sc.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!  
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home  
With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Sc.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Sc.* 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  
serves  
For a fair victory.

*Sc.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Sc.* I'll halt after. *Exeunt.*

*Scene VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter Antony again, in a march;  
Scarus, with others.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp: run one  
before,

And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought  
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all  
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus.*] Give  
me thy hand;

*Enter Cleopatra, attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee. [*To Cle.*] O thou  
day o' the world,  
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!  
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncanght?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!  
though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown,  
yet ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;  
Commend 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.

*Cle.* 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 Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together,  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds  
together,

Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IX.—Cæsar's Camp.*

*Enter a Sentinel and his Company, Enobarbus  
following.*

*1 Sol.* 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 i' the morn.

*2 Sol.* This last day was  
A shrewd one to 's.

*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—  
*3 Sol.* What man is this?

*2 Sol.* 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!

*1 Sol.* Enobarbus!  
*3 Sol.* Peace!

Hark further.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night dispoinge upon me.  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to  
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver and a fugitive:  
O Antony! O Antony! *Dies.*

*2 Sol.* Let's speak  
to him.

*1 Sol.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

*3 Sol.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.  
*1 Sol.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his  
Was never yet for sleep.

*2 Sol.* Go we to him.

*3 Sol.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

*2 Sol.* Hear you, sir?

*1 Sol.* 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.

*3 Sol.* Come on, then;  
He may recover yet. *Exeunt with the body.*

*Scene X.—Between the two Camps.*

*Enter Antony and Scarus, with their Army.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

*Sc.* For both, my lord.  
*Ant.* I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the  
air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall 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.—Between the two Camps.*

*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.—Hills adjoining to Alexandria.*

*Enter Antony and Scarus.*

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd : where yond pine  
does stand,  
I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go. *Exit.*

*Sc.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers  
Say they know not, they cannot tell ; look grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

*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  
thou

Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly ;  
For when I am revenged upon my charm,  
I have done all. Bid them all fly ; begone.

*Exit Scarus.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :  
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here  
Do we shake hands. All come to this ? The  
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming 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 gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.  
What, Eros, Eros !

*Enter Cleopatra.*

Ah, thou spell ! Avannt !

*Cle.* 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  
Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, for doits ; and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. *Exit Cleopatra.*

'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live : but better 'twere  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho !  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me : teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns of the moon ;  
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest  
club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die :  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and  
I fall  
Under this plot ; she dies for 't. Eros, ho ! *Exit.*

*Scene XIII.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Mardian.*

*Cle.* Help me, my women ! O, be is more dead  
Than Telamon for his shield ; the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so emboss'd.

*Cha.* To the monument !  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are  
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting  
Than greatness going off.

*Cle.* To the monument !  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;  
Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*,  
And word it, prithee, piteously : hence, Mardian,  
And bring me how he takes my death. To the  
monument ! *Ereunt.*

*Scene XIV.—Cleopatra's Palace. Another  
Room.*

*Enter Antony and Eros.*

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.  
*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that's dra-  
gonish ;

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these  
signs ;  
They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a  
thought  
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,  
As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body : here I am Antony ;  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt ; and the queen,—  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,  
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto 't  
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my  
glory

Unto an enemy's triumph.  
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Enter Mardian.*

O, thy vile lady !

She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony ;

My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace !  
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once,  
And that she has discharged : what thou wouldst do  
Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake  
Was *Antony ! most noble Antony !*  
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony : it was divided  
Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead, then?  
*Mar.* Dead.  
*Ant.* Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,  
 And we must sleep. [To *Mar.*] That thou de-  
 part'st hence safe,  
 Does pay thy labour richly; go. *Exit Mardian.*  
 Off, pluck off:  
 The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!  
 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 stray no farther: now all labour  
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
 Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.  
 Eros!—I come, my queen—Eros!—Stay for me:  
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in  
 hand,  
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts  
 gaze:  
 Dido and her Æneas 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 Cæsar 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 strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.  
*Eros.* The gods withhold me!  
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,  
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?  
*Ant.* Eros,  
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see  
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending  
 down  
 His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
 To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat  
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
 His baseness that ensued?  
*Eros.* I would not see 't.  
*Ant.* Come, then; for with a wound I must be  
 cured.  
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
 Most useful for thy country.  
*Eros.* O, sir, pardon me!  
*Ant.* When I did make thee free, sworest thou  
 not then  
 To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;  
 Or thy precedent services are all  
 But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me, then, that noble coun-  
 tenance,  
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.  
*Ant.* Lo thee!  
*Eros.* My sword is drawn.  
*Ant.* Then let it do at once  
 The thing why thou hast drawn it.  
*Eros.* My dear master,  
 My captain, and my emperor, let me say,  
 Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.  
*Ant.* 'Tis said, man; and farewell.  
*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?  
*Ant.* Now, Eros.  
*Eros.* Why, there then: thus I do escape the  
 sorrow  
 Of Antony's death. *Kills himself.*  
*Ant.* Thrice-nobler than myself!  
 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  
*Falling on his sword.*  
 I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?  
 The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

*Enter Dercetas and Guard.*

*1 Guard.* What's the noise?  
*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends: O,  
 make an end  
 Of what I have begun.  
*2 Guard.* The star is fall'n.  
*1 Guard.* And time is at his period.  
*All.* Alas, and woe!  
*Ant.* Let him that loves me strike me dead.  
*1 Guard.* Not I.  
*2 Guard.* Nor I.  
*3 Guard.* Nor any one. *Exeunt Guard.*  
*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.  
 This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
 Shall enter me with him.

*Enter Diomedes.*

*Dio.* Where's Antony?  
*Der.* There, Diomed, there.  
*Dio.* Lives he?  
 Wilt thou not answer, man? *Exit 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  
 prophesying fear  
 Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—  
 Which never shall be found—you did suspect  
 She had disposed with Cæsar, 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 prithee.

*Dio.* What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!  
Come, your lord calls!

*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.  
*1 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 Palace. A Monument.*

*Enter Cleopatra and her Maids aloft, with Charmian and Iras.*

*Cle.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*Cha.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cle.* 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.*

How now! is he dead?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead. Look out o' the other side your monument; His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.*

*Cle.* O sun, Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand

The varying shore o' the world. O Antony, Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;

Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace! Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony, But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cle.* So it should be, that none but Antony Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only I here importune death awhile, until Of many thousand kisses the poor last I lay upon thy lips.

*Cle.* I dare not, dear,—Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not, Lest I be taken: not the imperious show Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am affe: Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes . And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour Demuring 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.

*Cle.* Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness, That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power, The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up, And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;

*They heave 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.

*Cle.* No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel, Provoked by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen: Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

*Cle.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me: None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

*Cle.* My resolution and my hands I'll trust; None about Cæsar.

*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 vanquished. Now my spirit is going; I can no more.

*Cle.* Noblest of men, woo't die? Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide In this dull world, which in thy absence is No better than a sty? O, see, my women,

*Antony dies.*  
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord! O, wither'd is the garland of the war, 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.*

*Cha.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Cha.* Lady!

*Iras.* Madam!

*Cha.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Iras.* Royal Egypt,

Empress!

*Cha.* Peace, peace, Iras!

*Cle.* No more, but e'en a woman, and com-

manded  
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, Charmian!

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women, look, Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good sirs, take heart:

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:  
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end.  
*Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.*

Act V.

*Scene I.—Alexandria. Caesar's Camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenas, Gallus, Proculeius and others, his council of war.*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. *Exit.*

*Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou  
that darest

Appear thus to us?

*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas;  
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy  
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,  
He was my master; and I wore my life  
To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is 't thou say'st?

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should  
make

A greater crack: the round world  
Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;  
Not by public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;  
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stained  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

*Agr.* And strange it is,  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
Waged equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men.—Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before  
him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony!  
I have followed thee to this; but we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce

Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine; we could not stall together  
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our  
stars,  
Unreconcilable, should divide  
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

*Enter an Egyptian.*

The business of this man looks out of him;  
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

*Egy.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my  
mistress,

Confined in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction,  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart:  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Egy.* So the gods preserve thee! *Exit.*

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,  
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require,  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph.—Go,  
And with your speediest bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. *Exit.*  
*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*]

Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius?

*All.* Dolabella!  
*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employed: he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see  
How 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.*

*Cle.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will: and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, Proculeius, Gallus and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of  
Egypt;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cle.* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cle.* 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.

*Cle.* Pray you, tell him I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him The greatness he has got. I hourly learn A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady. Have comfort, for I know your pride is pitied Of him that caused it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpris'd: 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 unbar and open the gates.

[To Proculeius and the Guard.] Guard her till Caesar come. *Exit.*

*Iras.* Royal queen!

*Cha.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

*Cle.* Quick, quick, good hands.

*Pro.* Drawing a dagger. Hold, worthy lady, hold: Seizes and disarms her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this Relieved, but not betrayed.

*Cle.* What, of death too, That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.* Cleopatra, Do not abuse my master's bounty by The undoing of yourself: let the world see His nobleness well acted, which your death Will never let come forth.

*Cle.* Where art thou, death? Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.* O, temperance, lady! *Cle.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir; If idle talk will once be necessary, I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin, Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I Will not wait pinioned at your master's court; Nor once be chastised with the sober eye Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up And show me to the shouting varletry Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilos' mud Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies Blow me into abhorring! rather make My country's high pyramids my gibbet, And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend These thoughts of horror farther than you shall Find cause in Caesar.

*Enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* Proculeius, What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows, And he hath sent for thee: for the queen, I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella, It shall content me best: be gentle to her. [To *Cle.*] To Caesar I will speak what you shall please, If you'll employ me to him.

*Cle.* Say, I would die. *Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

*Cle.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly you know me.

*Cle.* 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.

*Cle.* 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,—

*Cle.* His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted

The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—

*Cle.* His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm Crested the world: his voice was property'd As all the tun'd 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 lively Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands were As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* Cleopatra!

*Cle.* Think you there was, or might be, such a man As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cle.* 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 O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel, By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites My very heart at root.

*Cle.* I thank you, sir.

Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cle.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cle.* He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will; I know't.

*Flourish, and shout within, 'Make way there: Cæsar!'*

*Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecænas, Seleucus, and others of his Train.*

*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of Egypt?

*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam.

*Cleopatra kneels.*

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cle.* Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

*Cæs.* 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.

*Cle.* 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.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,  
We will extenuate rather than enforce;

If you apply yourself to our intents,  
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find  
A benefit in this change; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cle.* And may, through all the world: 'tis  
yours; and we,  
Your souchcons and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good  
lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

*Cle.* 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.

*Cle.* This is my treasurer: let him speak, my  
lord,

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.

*Cle.* What have I kept back?  
*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made  
known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cle.* See, Cæsar! 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?

thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain,

dog!

O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cle.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness

To one so meek, that mine own servant should

Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,

That I some lady trifles have reserved,

Inmoment toys, things of such dignity

As we greet modern friends withal; and say,

Some nobler token I have kept apart

For Livia and Octavia, to induce

Their mediation; must I be unfolded

With one that I have bred? The gods! it

smites me

Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus.*] Prithee,

go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits

Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a

man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus.

*Erit Seleucus.*

*Cle.* Be it known, that we, the greatest, are  
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,

We answer others' merits in our name,

Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved, nor what acknow-

ledged,

Put we in the roll of conquest: still be't yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,

Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you

Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be

cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear

queen;

For we intend so to dispose you as

Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:

Our care and pity is so much upon you,

That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

*Cle.* My master, and my lord!

*Cæs.* Not so. Adieu.

*Cle.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I

should not

Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

*Whispers Charmian.*

*Iras.* Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,

And we are for the dark.

*Cle.* Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;

Go put it to the haste.

*Cha.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen?

*Cha.* Behold, sir. *Erit.*

*Cle.* Dolabella!

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-

mand,

Which my love makes religion to obey,

I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria

Intends his journey; and within three days

You with your children will be send before:

Make your best use of this: I have perform'd

Your pleasure and my promise.

*Cle.* Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.



*Dol.* I your servant.  
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.  
*Cle.* Farewell, and thanks. *Exit Dolabella.*

Now, 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 breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forced to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid!  
*Cle.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors  
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald  
rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: 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!  
*Cle.* Nay, that's certain.  
*Iras.* I'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my nails  
Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cle.* Why, that's the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most absurd intents.

*Re-enter Charmian.*

Now, Charmian!  
Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch  
My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;  
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give  
thee leave

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.  
Wherefore's this noise? *A noise within.*  
*Exit Iras.*

*Enter a Guardsman.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow  
That will not be denied your highness' presence:  
He brings you figs.

*Cle.* 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.  
*Cle.* Avoid, and leave him. *Exit Guardsman.*  
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

*Clown.* Truly, I have him: but I would not be  
the party that should desire you to touch him,  
for his biting his immortal; those that do die of  
it do seldom or never recover.

*Cle.* Rememberest thou any that have died  
on 't?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I  
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday:  
a very honest woman, but something given to  
lie: as a woman should not do, but in the way of  
honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what  
pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report

o' the worm; but 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.

*Cle.* Get thee hence; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Setting down his basket.*

*Cle.* Farewell.

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the  
worm will do his kind.

*Cle.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted  
but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed,  
there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cle.* Take thou no care: it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good. Give it nothing, I pray  
you, for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cle.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple but  
I know the devil himself will not eat a woman:  
I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if  
the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same  
whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their  
women; for in every ten that they make, the  
devils mar five.

*Cle.* Well, get thee gone; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the  
worm. *Exit.*

*Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, &c.*

*Cle.* 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 Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath; husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life. So; have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking.

*Cha.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I  
may say,

The gods themselves do weep!

*Cle.* This proves me base:  
If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal  
wretch,

*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsecate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass  
Unpoliced!

*Cha.* O eastern star!

*Cle.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Cha.* O, break! O, break!

*Cle.* 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— *Dies.*

*Cha.* In this vile world? So, fare thee well.  
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play.—

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

*1 Guard.* Where is the queen?

*Cha.* Speak softly, wake her not.

*1 Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Cha.* Too slow a messenger.

*Applies an asp.*  
O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

*1 Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well:  
Cæsar's beguiled.

*2 Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;  
call him.

*1 Guard.* What work is here! Charmian, is  
this well done?

*Cha.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.  
*Dies.*

*Re-enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

*2 Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, 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 Cæsar!'*

*Re-enter Cæsar and all his train, marching.*

*Dol.* O sir, you are too sure an augurer;  
That you did fear is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last,

She level'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them?

*1 Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought  
her figs:

This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poisoned, then.

*1 Guard.* O Cæsar,  
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, 'twould appear  
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood and something blown:  
The like is on her arm.

*1 Guard.* This is an asp's trail: and these  
fig-leaves  
Have slime 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 as these  
Strike those that make them; and their story is  
No less in pity than his glory which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall  
In solemn show attend this funeral;  
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. *Ereunt.*

# CYMBELINE.

## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

- CYMBELINE, king of Britain.  
CLOTEN, 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  
ARVIRAGUS, } Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.  
PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.  
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }  
CAIUS 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.  
Apparitions. Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a  
Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers,  
Messengers and other attendants.

This play appeared first in the folio of 1623. The plot is taken from Holinshed, but some thing like it also occurs in Boccaccio's *Decameron*. The scene is laid partly in ancient Britain and partly in Rome, and Roman costume would probably be the most appropriate. But *Cymbeline* is rather suited for reading than for acting, and undoubtedly contains some of Shakespeare's finest verses. The theme even inspired Collins, whose elegy over Fidele is famous. The tragedy belongs apparently to Shakespeare's latest period.

# CYMBELINE.

## Act I.

Scene I.—*Britain. The Garden of Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 Gen. You do not meet a man but frowns:  
our bloods  
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers  
Still seem as does the king.

2 Gen. But what's the matter?

1 Gen. 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.

2 Gen. None but the king?

1 Gen. 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.

2 Gen. And why so?

1 Gen. He that hath miss'd the princess is a  
thing

Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—  
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!  
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare. I do not think  
So fair an outward and such stuff within  
Endows a man but he.

2 Gen. You speak him far.

1 Gen. I do extend him, sir, within himself,  
Crush him together rather than unfold  
His measure duly.

2 Gen. What's his name and birth?

1 Gen. I cannot delve him to the root: his  
father

Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour  
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,  
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,  
Breeds 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 'twas 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 dotards; to his mistress,  
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price  
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;  
By her election may be truly read  
What kind of man he is.

2 Gen. I honour him  
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,  
Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gen. 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 know-  
ledge

Which way they went.

2 Gen. How long is this ago?

1 Gen. Some twenty years.

2 Gen. That a king's children should be so  
convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,  
That could not trace them!

1 Gen. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gen. I do well believe you.

1 Gen. We must forbear: here comes the gen-  
tleman,  
The queen, and princess. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Queen, Posthumus and Imogen.*

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me,  
daughter,  
After the slander of most stepmothers,  
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 'twere good  
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.

Pos. Please your highness,  
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.  
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king  
Hath charged you should not speak together.

Imo. *Exit.*  
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.

*Pos.* My queen! my mistress! O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man. I will remain The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth: My residence in Rome at one Philario's, Who to my father was a friend, to me Known but by letter: thither write, my queen, And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter Queen.*

*Queen.* Be brief, I pray you: If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet I'll move him

To walk this way: I never do him wrong, But he does buy my injuries, to be friends; Pays dear for my offences. *Exit.*

*Pos.* Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live, The loathness to depart would grow. *Adieu!*

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little: Were you but riding forth to air yourself, Such parting were too petty. Look here, love; This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart; But keep it till you woo another wife, When Imogen is dead.

*Pos.* How, how! another? You gentle gods, give me but this I have, And seal 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 trifles I still win of you: for my sake wear this; It is a manacle of love; I'll place it Upon this fairest prisoner.

*Imo.* *Putting a bracelet upon her arm.* O the gods! When shall we see again?

*Enter Cymbeline and Lords.*

*Pos.* 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.

*Pos.* The gods protect you! And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone. *Exit.*

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death More sharp than this is.

*Cym.* O disloyal thing, That should'st repair my youth, thou 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 queen!

*Imo.* O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,

And did avoid a puttock.

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one!

*Imo.* Sir,

It is your fault that I have 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 were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus

Our neighbour shepherd's son!

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!

*Re-enter Queen.*

They were again together: you have done Not after our command.—Away with her, And pen her up.

*Queen.* Beseech your patience. Peace, Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,

Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some

comfort

Out of your best advice.

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,

Die of this folly! *Exit Cymbeline and Lords.*

*Queen.* Fie! you must give way.

*Enter Pisanio.*

Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news!

*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my master.

*Queen.* Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

*Pis.* There might have been,

But that my master rather play'd than fought

And had no help of anger: they were parted

By gentlemen at hand.

*Queen.* I am very glad on't.

*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend; he takes

his part.

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!

I would they were in Africa both together;

Myself by with a needle, that I might prick

The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

*Pis.* On his command: he would not suffer me

To bring him to the haven; left these notes

Of what commands I should be subject to,

When't pleased you to employ me.

*Queen.* This hath been

Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour

He will remain so.

*Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Queen.* Pray, walk awhile.

*Imo.* About some half-hour hence,  
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least  
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Britain. A Public Place.*

*Enter Cloten and two Lords.*

*1 Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

*Cloten.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] No, 'faith; not so much as his patience.

*1 Lord.* Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

*Cloten.* The villain would not stand me.

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

*1 Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

*Cloten.* I would they had not come between us.

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

*Cloten.* And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

*1 Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

*Cloten.* Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

*Cloten.* You'll go with us?

*1 Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

*Cloten.* Nay, come, let's go together.

*2 Lord.* Well, my lord. *Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter Imogen and Pisanio.*

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,  
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,  
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* It was his queen, his queen!

*Imo.* Then waved his handkerchief?

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen! happier therein than I!  
And that was all?

*Pis.* No, madam; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
Still waving, as the fits and starts of 's mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou shouldst have made him  
As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings;  
crack'd them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,  
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then  
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good  
Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assured, madam,  
With his next vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him  
How I would think on him at certain hours  
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him  
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest and his honour, or have charged  
him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
To encounter 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.

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them  
dispatched.

I will attend the queen.

*Pis.* Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Rome. Philario's House.*

*Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman and a Spaniard.*

*Iac.* Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tumbled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

*Phi.* You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

*French.* I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

*Iac.* 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.

*Iac.* Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery

might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

*Phi.* His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

*Enter Posthumus.*

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*Pos.* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Pos.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

*French.* 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

*Iac.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

*French.* Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*Iac.* That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

*Pos.* She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

*Iac.* You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

*Pos.* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

*Iac.* As fair and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

*Pos.* I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

*Iac.* What do you esteem it at?

*Pos.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iac.* Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

*Pos.* 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.

*Iac.* Which the gods have given you?

*Pos.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iac.* You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations; the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Pos.* Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*Pos.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

*Iac.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

*Pos.* No, no.

*Iac.* 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.

*Pos.* 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.

*Iac.* What's that?

*Pos.* A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

*Phi.* Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Iac.* Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

*Pos.* What lady would you choose to assail?

*Iac.* Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

*Pos.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

*Iac.* You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you bury ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Pos.* This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a greater purpose, I hope.

*Iac.* I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

*Pos.* Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

*Phi.* I will have it no lay.

*Iac.* By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no

sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours: provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

*Pos.* I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

*Iac.* Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful council, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

*Pos.* Agreed.

*Ezeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

*Phi.* Signior Iachimo will not from it.—Pray, let us follow 'em. *Ezeunt.*

*Scene V.—Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter Queen, Ladies and Cornelius.*

*Queen.* Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;  
Make haste: who has the note of them?

*Lady.* I, madam.

*Queen.* Dispatch. *Ezeunt Ladies.*  
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—  
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have  
Commanded of me these most poisonous com-  
pounds,

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 confectiōns? Having thus far proceeded,  
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is 't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgment in  
Other conclusions? I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,  
To try the vigour of them and apply  
Allayments to their act, and by them gather  
Their several virtues and effects.

*Cor.* Your highness  
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:  
Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectiōus.

*Queen.* O, content thee.

*Enter Pisanio.*

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon  
him

Will I first work: he's for his master,  
An enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!  
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;  
Take your own way.

*Cor.* [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam;  
But you shall do no harm.

*Queen.* [*To Pisanio.*] Hark thee, a word.

*Cor.* [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth  
think she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has  
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and  
dogs,

Then afterward up higher: but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.

*Queen.* No further service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost  
thou think in time

She will not quench and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,  
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then  
As great as is thy master, greater, for  
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name  
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is: to shift his being  
Is to exchange one misery with another,  
And every day that comes comes to decay  
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,  
To be depend on a thing that leans,  
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,  
So much as butto prophim? [*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 chance thou changest on, but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king  
To any shape of thy preferment such  
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,  
That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
To load thy merit richly.—Call my women:—  
Think on my words. *Exit Pisanio.*

A sly and constant knave,  
Not to be shaken; the agent for his master  
And the remembrancer of her to hold  
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of 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 choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.  
*Exit.*

*Scene VI.—Britain. 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 banished;—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: blest be those,  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? *Fie!*

*Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.*

*Pis.* Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,  
Comes from my lord with letters.

*Iac.* Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety  
And greets your highness dearly.

*Imo.* Thanks, good sir:  
You're kindly welcome.

*Iac.* [*Aside.*] All of her that is out of door  
most rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
Rather, directly fly.

*Imo.* [*Reads.*] *He is one of the noblest note, 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 warmed 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.

*Iac.* 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 twinn'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?

*Iac.* It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys

'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and  
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgment,

For idiots in this case of favour would  
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;  
Sluttish to such neat excellence opposed  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allured to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iac.* The cloyed will,  
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub  
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,  
Longs after for the garbage.

*Imo.* What, dear sir,  
Thus raps you? Are you well?

*Iac.* Thanks, madam; well. [*To Pisanio.*]  
Beseech you, sir, desire  
My man's abode where I did leave him: he  
Is strange and peevish.

*Pis.* I was going, sir,  
To give him welcome. *Exit.*

*Imo.* Continues well my lord? His health,  
beseech you?

*Iac.* Well, madam.

*Imo.* Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.  
*Iac.* Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there  
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd  
The Briton reveller.

*Imo.* When he was here,  
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

*Iac.* I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—  
Your lord, I mean—laughs from's free lungs,  
cries O,

*Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows  
By history, report, or his own proof,  
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
But must be, will his free hours languish for  
Assur'd bondage?*

*Imo.* Will my lord say so?

*Iac.* Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with  
laughter:

It is a recreation to be by  
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens  
know,

Some men are much to blame.

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.

*Iac.* 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.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?

*Iac.* Two creatures heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir?

You look on me: what wreck discern you in me  
Deserves your pity?

*Iac.* Lamentable! What,  
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace  
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,  
Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

*Iac.* That others do—  
I was about to say—enjoy your—But  
It is an office of the gods to vengeance,  
Not mine to speak on't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray  
you,—

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do; for certainties

Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,  
The remedy then born—discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.

*Iac.* Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here; should I, 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-peeping in an eye  
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light  
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My lord, I fear,  
Has forgot Britain.

*Iac.* And himself. Not I,  
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce  
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces  
That from my muteest conscience to my tongue  
Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iac.* 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,  
Would make the great'st king double,—to be  
partner'd

With tomboys hired with that self exhibition  
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased  
ventures

That play with all infirmities for gold  
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd  
stuff

As well might poison poison! Be revenged;  
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo.* Revenged!  
How should I be revenged? If this be true,—  
As I have such a heart that both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,  
How should I be revenged?

*Iac.* Should he make me  
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,  
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,  
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,  
More noble than that renegade to your bed,  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close as sure.

*Imo.* What, ho, Pisanio!

*Iac.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* 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 here a lady that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho, Pisanio!  
The king my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,  
A saucy stranger in his court to mart  
As in a Romish stew and to expound  
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court

He little cares for and a daughter who  
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!

*Iac.* O happy Leonatus! I may say:  
The credit that thy lady hath of thee  
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect good-  
ness

Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!  
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever  
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only  
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.  
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance  
Were deeply rooted; and shall make you lord,  
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one  
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch  
That he enchants societies into him;  
Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iac.* He sits 'mongst men like a descended God:  
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured  
To try your taking of a false report; which hath  
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment  
In the election of a sir so rare,  
Which you know cannot err: the love I bear  
him

Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,  
Unlike all others, chaffins. Pray, your pardon.

*Imo.* All's well, sir: take my power i' the  
court for yours.

*Iac.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
To entreat your grace but in a small request,  
And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
Your lord; myself and other noble friends,  
Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray, what is't?

*Iac.* Some dozen Romans of us and your lord  
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums  
To buy a present for the emperor;  
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels  
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;  
And I am something curious, being strange,  
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you  
To take them in protection?

*Imo.* Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since  
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
In my bedchamber.

*Iac.* They are in a trunk,  
Attended by my men: I will make bold  
To send them to you, only for this night;  
I must aboard to-morrow.

*Imo.* O! no, no.

*Iac.* 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.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains:  
But not away to-morrow!

*Iac.* O, I must, madam:  
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:  
I have outstod my time; which is material  
To the tender of our present.

*Imo.* I will write.

Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you.—You're very welcome.

*Ezeunt.*

## 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 up-cast to be bit away! I had a hundred pound on 't; and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. [Aside.] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; [Aside.] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. [Aside.] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a plague on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. [Aside.] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

2 Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't!

2 Lord. [Aside.] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in 't?

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. [Aside.] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Ereunt Cloten and First Lord.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass! a woman that Bears all down with her brain; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest, Betwixt a father by thy step-dame governed,

A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm

The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaked That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand, To enjoy thy banished lord and this great land!

Exit.

Scene II.—Imogen's Bedchamber in Cymbeline's Palace: in one part of it a large trunk.

Imogen in bed, reading; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed: Take not away the taper, leave it burning; And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock, I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods. From fairies and the tempters of the night Guard me, beseech ye.

Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.

Iac. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd 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 they do 't! 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper Bows toward her, and would under-peek her lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied Under these windows, white and azure laced

With blue of heaven's own tinct. 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 meaner moveables Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her! And be her sense but as a monument,

Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:

Taking off her bracelet.

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard! 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the conscience does within, To the madding of her lord. On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,

Stronger than ever law could make: this secret Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and

ta'en The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted, Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading

late The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down

Where Philomel gave up. I have enough;  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that  
dawning

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three: time, time!

*Goes into the trunk.*

*Scene III.—An Ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartments.*

*Enter Cloten and Lords.*

*I Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man  
in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.  
*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

*I 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?

*I Lord.* Day, my lord.

*Clo.* I would this music would come: I am  
advised to give her music o' mornings; they say  
it will penetrate.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with  
your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if  
none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give  
o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing;  
after, a 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 Phœbus' gins arise,*

*His steeds to water at those springs*

*On chaliced flowers that lies;*

*And wrinking 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 unpawed eunuch to  
boot, can never amend. *Exeunt Musicians.*

*2 Lord.* Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad I was up so late; for that's  
the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose  
but take this service I have done fatherly.

*Enter Cymbeline and Queen.*

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious  
mother.

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern  
daughter?

Will she not forth?

*Clo.* I have assailed her with music, but she  
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 dismissal tends,  
And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.*

Senseless! not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;  
The one is Caius Lucius.

*Cym.*

A worthy fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;  
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him  
According to the honour of his sender;  
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,  
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your  
mistress,

Attend the queen and us; we shall have need  
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our  
queen. *Exeunt all but Cloten.*

*Clo.* If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho!

*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her: what  
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and  
makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis  
gold

Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the  
thief;

Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man:  
what

Can it not do and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me, for  
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  
pleasure?

*Clo.* Your lady's person: is she ready?

*Lady.* Ay,

To keep her chamber.

*Clo.* 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.*

*Imo.* Good morrow, sir. You lay out too  
much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give  
is telling you that I am poor of thanks  
And scarce can spare them.

*Clo.* Still, I swear I love you.  
*Imo.* If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:

If you swear still, your recompense is still That I regard it not.

*Clo.* This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say I yield being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith, I shall unfold equal discourtesy To your best kindness: one of your great knowing Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:

I will not.

*Imo.* Fools are not mad folks.

*Clo.* Do you call me fool?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad; That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir, You put me to forget a lady's manners, By being so verbal: and learn now, for all, That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce, By the very truth of it, I care not for you, And am so near the lack of charity— To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather You felt than make 't my boast.

*Clo.* You sin against Obedience, which you owe your father. For The contract you pretend with that base wretch, One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes, With scraps of 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 of the crown, and must not soil The precious note of it with a base slave, A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth, A pantler, not so eminent.

*Imo.* Profane fellow! Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more But what thou art besides, thou wert too base To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough, Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made Comparative for your virtues, to be styled The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.* The south-fog rot him!

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance than come

To be but named of thee. His meanest garment, That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer In my respect than all the hairs above thee, Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio!

*Enter Pisanio.*

*Clo.* His garment! Now the devil—

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hee thee presently—

*Clo.* His garment!

*Imo.* I am sprited with a fool, Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman Search for a jewel that too casually Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,

If I would lose it for a revenge Of any king's in Europe. I do think

I saw 't this morning: confident I am Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it: I hope it be not gone to tell my lord That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.

*Imo.* I hope so: go and search. *Exit Pisanio.*

*Clo.* You have abused me:

His meanest garment!

*Imo.* Ay, I said so, sir:

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

*Clo.* I will inform your father.

*Imo.* Your mother too:

She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. *Exit.*

*Clo.* I'll be revenged:

His meanest garment!—Well. *Exit.*

*Scene IV.—Rome. Philario's House.*

*Enter Posthumus and Philario.*

*Pos.* Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure To win the king as I am bold her honour Will remain hers.

*Phi.* What means do you make to him?

*Pos.* Not any, but abide the change of time, Quake in the present winter's state and wish That warmer days would come: in these sear'd hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing, I must die much your debtor.

*Phi.* Your very goodness and your company O'erpay all I can do. By this, your king Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius Will do 's commission throughly: and I think He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearsages, Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance Is yet fresh in their grief.

*Pos.* I do believe, Statist though I am none, nor like to be, That this will prove a war; and you shall hear The legions now in Gallia sooner landed In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage

Worthy his frowning at: their discipline, Now mingled with their courages, will make known

To their approvers they are people such That mend upon the world.

*Enter Iachimo.*

*Phi.* See! Iachimo!

*Pos.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land;

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails, To make your vessel nimble.

*Phi.* Welcome, sir.

*Pos.* I hope the briefness of your answer made The speediness of your return.

*Iac.* Your lady

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

*Pos.* And therewithal the best; or let her beauty Look through a casement to allure false hearts And be false with them.

*Iac.* Here are letters for you.

*Pos.* Their tenour good, I trust.  
*Iac.* 'Tis very like.  
*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court  
 When you were there?  
*Iac.* He was expected then,  
 But not approach'd.  
*Pos.* All is well yet.  
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not  
 Too dull for your good wearing?  
*Iac.* If I had lost it,  
 I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
 I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy  
 A second night of such sweet shortness which  
 Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.  
*Pos.* The stone's too hard to come by.  
*Iac.* Not a whit,  
 Your lady being so easy.  
*Pos.* Make not, sir,  
 Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we  
 Must not continue friends.  
*Iac.* Good sir, we must,  
 If you keep covenant. Had I not brought  
 The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
 We were to question further: but I now  
 Profess myself the winner of her honour,  
 Together with your ring; and not the wronger  
 Of her or you, having proceeded but  
 By both your wills.  
*Pos.* If you can make 't apparell  
 That you have tasted her in bed, my hand  
 And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion  
 You had of her pure honour gains or loses  
 Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both  
 To who shall find them.  
*Iac.* 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.  
*Pos.* Proceed.  
*Iac.* First, her bedchamber,  
 (Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess  
 Had that was well worth watching,) it was hang'd  
 With tapestry of silk and silver; the story  
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
 The press of boats or pride: a piece of work  
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
 In workmanship and value; which I wondered  
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
 Since the true life on 't was—  
*Pos.* This is true;  
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
 Or by some other.  
*Iac.* More particulars  
 Must justify my knowledge.  
*Pos.* So they must,  
 Or do your honour injury.  
*Iac.* The chimney  
 Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece  
 Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures  
 So likely to report themselves: the cutter  
 Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,  
 Motion and breath left out.  
*Pos.* This is a thing  
 Which you might from relation likewise reap,  
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.  
*Iac.* 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.

*Pos.* 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.

*Iac.* 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.

*Pos.* Jove!  
 Once more let me behold it: is it that  
 Which I left with her?

*Iac.* 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.

*Pos.* May be she pluck'd it off  
 To send it me.

*Iac.* She writes so to you, doth she?  
*Pos.* O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this  
 too; Gives the ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
 Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour  
 Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;  
 love,

Where there's another man: the vows of women  
 Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
 Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.  
 O, above measure false!

*Phi.* Have patience, sir,  
 And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:  
 It may be probable she lost it; or  
 Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,  
 Hath stol'n it from her?

*Pos.* Very true;  
 And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring:  
 Render to me some corporal sign about her,  
 More evident than this; for this was stolen.

*Iac.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.  
*Pos.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he  
 swears.

'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am  
 sure  
 She would not lose it: her attendants are  
 All sworn and honourable:—they induced to steal  
 it!

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!

*Phi.* Sir, be patient:  
 This is not strong enough to be believed  
 Of one persuaded well of—

*Pos.* Never talk on 't;  
 She hath been colted by him.

*Iac.* If you seek  
 For further satisfying, under her breast—  
 Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud  
 Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,  
 I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger

To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her?

*Pos.* Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

*Iac.* Will you hear more?  
*Pos.* Spare your arithmetic: never count the  
turns;

Once, and a million!

*Iac.* I'll be sworn—  
*Pos.* No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;  
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou'st made me cuckold.

*Iac.* I'll deny nothing.  
*Pos.* 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.*

*Phi.* Quite besides  
The government of patience! You have won:  
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath  
He hath against himself.

*Iac.* With all my heart. *Ereunt.*

*Scene V.—Another Room in Philario's House.*

*Enter Posthumus.*

*Pos.* Is there no way for men to be but  
women

Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;  
And that most venerable man which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd  
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with  
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on 't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I  
thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!  
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—  
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,  
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 woman's part in me! For there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,  
hers;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell  
knows,

Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;  
For even to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against  
them,

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 Cæsar  
with us?

*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance  
yet

Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues  
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain  
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,  
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less  
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him  
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,  
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee  
lately

Is left untender'd.

*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel,  
Shall be so ever.

*Clo.* There be many Cæsars,  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our own noses.

*Queen.* That opportunity  
Which then they had to take from '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 unscalable and roaring waters,  
With sands that will not bear your enemies'  
boats,

But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of  
conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag  
Of *Came* and *saw* and *overcame*: with shame—  
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried  
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his  
shipping—

Poor ignorant baubles!—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 giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,  
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright  
And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:  
our kingdom is stronger than it was at that  
time; and, as I said, there is no moe such  
Cæsars: 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 Cassibelan: I do not say I am one;  
but I have a hand. Why tribute? why should  
we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from  
us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket,  
we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no  
more tribute, pray you now.

*Cym.* You must know,

Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's  
ambition,

Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch  
The sides o' the world, against all colour here  
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be.

*Clot. and Lords.* We do.

*Cym.* Say, then, to Cæsar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which  
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar  
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and  
franchise

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed;  
Though Rome be therefore angry: Mulmutius  
made our laws.

Who was the first of Britain which did put  
His brows within a golden crown and call'd  
Himself a king.

*Luc.* I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar  
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than  
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:  
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion  
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,  
I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;  
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect  
That the Paunonians and Dalmatians for  
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent  
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:  
So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.

*Clot.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make  
pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you  
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find  
us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out  
of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure,  
our crowns shall fare the better for you; and  
there's an end.

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure and he  
mine:  
All the remain is *Welcome!* *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—Another Room in the Palace.\**

*Enter Pisanio, with a letter.*

*Pis.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write  
you not

What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!  
O master! what a strange infection  
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,  
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:  
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would take in some virtue. O my master!  
Thy mind to her is now as low as were  
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?  
Upon the love and truth and vows which I  
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?  
If it be so to do good service, never  
Let me be counted servicable. How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity.  
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading.*] *Do't:*

*the letter*

*That I have sent her, by her own command  
Shall give thee opportunity. O damn'd paper!  
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless  
bauble,  
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st  
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.  
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*

*Enter Imogen.*

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio!

*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord,  
Leonatus!

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer  
That knew the stars as I his characters;  
He 'ld lay the future open. You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,  
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not  
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:  
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of  
them,

For it doth physic love: of his content,  
All but in that! Good wæx, thy leave. Blest be  
You bees that make these locks of counsel!  
Lovers!

And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news,  
gods!

[*Reads.*] *Justice, and your father's wrath,  
should he take me in his dominion, could not  
be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of  
creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.  
Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-  
Haven: what your own love will out of this  
advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happi-  
ness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,  
increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou Pisanio?  
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me  
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—  
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who  
long'st,—

O, let me 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 smothering 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 from hence, and for the gap  
That we shall make in time, from our hence-  
going

And our return, to excuse: but first, how get  
hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?  
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithce, speak,  
How many score of miles may we well ride  
'Twixt hour and hour?

*Pis.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,  
Madam, 's enough for you: [*Aside.*] and too  
much too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,



Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands That run i' the 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. *Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*

*Enter, from the cave, Belarius; Guiderius and Arviragus following.*

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you

To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through And keep their impious turbans on, without Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven! We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouder livers do.

*Gwi.* Hail, heaven!

*Arv.* Hail, heaven!

*Bel.* Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill;

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow, That it is place which lessens and sets off: And you may then revolve what tales I have told you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war: This service is not service, so being done, But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus, Draws us a profit from all things we see; And often, to our comfort, shall we find The sharded beetle in a safer hold Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life Is nobler than attending for a check, Richer than doing nothing for a bauble, Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk: Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine, Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

*Gwi.* Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not

What air's from home. Haply this life is best, If quiet life be best; sweeter to you That have a sharper known; well corresponding With your stiff age: but unto us it is A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed; A prison for a debtor, that not dares To stride a limit.

*Arv.* What should we speak of When we are old as you? when we shall hear The rain and wind beat dark December, how,

In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing; We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey, Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat; Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird, And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak! Did you but know the city's usuries And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court, As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb Is certain falling, or so slippery that The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war, A pain that only seems to seek out danger I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph As record of fair act; nay, many times, Doth 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 marked 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 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,

A storm or robbery, call it what you will, Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves, And left me bare to weather.

*Gwi.* Uncertain favour!

*Bel.* My fault being nothing—as I have told you oft—

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline I was confederate with the Romans: so Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years This rock and these demesnes have been my world;

Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid More pious debts to heaven than in all The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains!

This is no hunters' language; he that strikes The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast; To him the other two shall minister; And we will fear no poison, which attends In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys. *Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.* How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature! These boys know little they are sons to the king; Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. They think they are mine; and though train'd up thus meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them In simple and low things to prance 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's neck; even then The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats, Strains his young nerves and, puts himself in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother, Cudwal,

Once Arrivagus, in as like a figure,  
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more  
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is roused!—  
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows  
Thou did'st unjustly banish me: whereon,  
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;  
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their  
mother,

And every day do honour to her grave:  
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
They take for natural father.—The game is up.  
*Exit.*

*Scene IV.—Country near Milford-Haven.*

*Enter Pisanio and Imogen.*

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from  
horse, the place

Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so  
To see me first, as I have now. 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 havour of less fear, ere wildness  
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?  
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
A look untender? If't be summer news,  
Smile to't before; if wintery, 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.* Please you, read;  
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune.

*Imo.* [*Reads.*] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath  
played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies  
whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of  
weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my  
grief and as certain as I expect my revenge.  
That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy  
faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let  
thine own hands take away her life: I shall give  
thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath  
my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to  
strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art  
the pandar to her dishonour and equally to me  
dishonour'd.*

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the  
<sup>paper</sup>  
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose  
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie  
All corners of the world: kings, queens and states,  
Maids, matrons, nays, the secrets of the grave  
This viperous slander enters. What cheer,  
madam?

*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it to be false?

To lie in watch there and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge  
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him  
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?  
*Pis.* Alas, good lady!

*Imo.* I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'd'st like a villain; now methinks  
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd  
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good  
seeing,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villainy; not born where't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.  
*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false  
*Æneas,*

Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's  
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity  
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Post-  
humus,

Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men;  
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured  
From thy great fall. Come, fellow, be thou  
honest:

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.

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument!  
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine\*  
That cravens my weak hand.—Come, here's my  
heart.

Something's afore'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! you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers: though those that are be-  
tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but

A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself  
To think, when thou shalt be disced by her  
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:

The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady,  
Since I received command to do this business  
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do 't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

*Imo.* 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 perturd' court,  
For my being absent? whereunto I never  
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,  
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
The elected deer before thee?

*Pis.* But to win time  
To lose so bad employment; in the which  
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,  
Hear me with patience.

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary; speak:  
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,  
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

*Pis.* Then, madam,  
I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* 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 curs'd injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtesan.

*Pis.* No, on my life.  
I'll give but notice you are dead and send him  
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,  
And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.* Why, good fellow,  
What shall I do the while? where bide? 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 bide.

*Imo.* Where then?  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,  
Are they not but in Britain? 'T' 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 livers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I am most glad  
You think of other place. The ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise  
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be  
But by self-danger, you should tread a course  
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near  
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least  
That though his actions were not visible, yet

Report should render him hourly to your ear  
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* O, for such means!  
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,  
I would adventure.

*Pis.* Well, then, here's the point:  
You must forget to be a woman; change  
Command into obedience: fear and niceness  
(The handmaids 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 heel!  
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget  
Your laboursome and dainty trims, 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  
Wherein you're happy,—which you'll make him  
know,

If that his head have ear in music.—doubtless  
With joy he will embrace you, for he's honour-  
able,  
And doubling that, most holy. Your means  
abroad,  
You have me, rich; and I will never fail  
Beginning nor supplyment.

*Imo.* Thou art all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:  
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even  
All that good time will give us: this attempt  
I am soldier to, and will abide it with  
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short fare-  
well,

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 am right sorry that I must report ye  
My master's enemy.

*Cym.* Our subjects, sir,  
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.* So, sir: I desire of you

A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.  
Madam, all joy befall your grace!

*Queen.* 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 Severn. Happiness!

*Exit Lucius and Lords.*  
*Queen.* He goes hence frowning; but it honours us  
That we have given him cause.

*Clo.* 'Tis all the better;  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.  
*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor  
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:  
The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
His war for Britain.

*Queen.* 'Tis not sleepy business;  
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.  
*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day: she looks us like  
A thing more made of malice than of duty:  
We have noted it. Call her before us; for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

*Exit an Attendant.*  
*Queen.* Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady  
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes  
And strokes death to her.

*Re-enter Attendant.*  
*Cym.* Where is she, sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

*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,  
When constrained by her infirmity,  
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this  
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court  
Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd?  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear  
Prove false!

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.  
*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.* Go, look after. *Exit Cloten.*  
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!  
He hath a drug of mine: I pray his absence  
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! *Exit.*  
*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 choked; and in that  
point

I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be revenged upon her. For when fools  
Shall—

*Enter Pisanio.*  
Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?  
Come hither: ah, you precious pandar! Villain,  
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else  
Thou art straightway with the 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 dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas, my lord,  
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?  
He is in Rome.

*Clo.* Where is she, sir?—Come nearer;  
No further halting: satisfy me home  
What is become of her.

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!  
*Clo.* All-worthy villain!  
Discover where thy mistress is at once,  
At the next word: no more of worthy lord!  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.* Then, sir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight. *Presenting a letter.*

*Clo.* Let's see 't. I will pursue her  
Even to Augustus' throne.

*Pis.* [Aside.] Or this, or perish.  
She's far enough; and what he learns by this  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

*Clo.* Hum!  
*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 wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment.

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine: wilt thou serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

*Pis.* I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

*Clo.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

*Pis.* I shall, my lord.

*Exit.*

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and 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.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. *Exit.*

*Pis.* Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow,

flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed

Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

*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 show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, Where they should be relieved. Two beggars

told me

I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness

Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord! Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,

My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for food. But what is this? Here is a path to'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 Arviragus.*

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match: The sweat of industry would dry and die, But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs Will make what's homely savoury: weariness Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here, Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

*Gui.*

I am thoroughly weary.

*Arv.* I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that.

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

*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'd here, I call'd; and thought To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth, I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found. Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:

I would have left it on the board so soon

As I had made my meal, and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

*Gut.* Money, youth?

*Arr.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!  
And 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Imo.* I see you're angry:  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whither bound?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven.

*Bel.* What's your name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who  
Is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford;  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am fall'n in this offence.

*Bel.* Prithee, fair youth,  
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!  
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.  
Boys, bid him welcome.

*Gut.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,  
I bid for you as I'd buy.

*Arr.* I'll make't my comfort  
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him  
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends,  
If brothers. [*Aside.*] Would it had been so,  
that they

Had been my father's sons! then had my prize  
Been less, and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthumus.

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.

*Gut.* Would I could free't!

*Arr.* Or I, whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

*Bel.* Hark, boys.  
*Whispering.*

*Imo.* Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by  
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,  
gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus's false.

*Bel.* It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come  
in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gut.* Pray, draw near.

*Arr.* The night to the owl and morn to the  
lark less welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arr.* I pray, draw near. *Exeunt.*

*Scene VII.—Rome. A Public Place.*

*Enter two Senators and Tribunes.*

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's  
writ:

That since the common men are now in action

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite  
The gentry to this business. He creates  
Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commends  
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

1 Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen. *Ay,*

1 Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers and the time  
Of their dispatch.

1 Tri. We will discharge our duty.

*Exeunt.*

*Act IV.*

*Scene I.—Wales: near the Cave of Belarius.*

*Enter Cloten.*

*Clot.* 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 for-  
tunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time,  
above him in birth, alike conversant in general  
services, and more remarkable in single opposi-  
tions; 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 en-  
forced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy  
face: and all this done, spurn her home to her  
father; who may haply be a little angry for my so  
rough usage; but my mother, having power of  
his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations.  
My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and  
to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my  
hand! This is the very description of their meet-  
ing-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

*Exit.*

*Scene II.—Before the Cave of Belarius.*

*Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius,  
Arviragus and Imogen.*

*Bel.* [*To Imogen.*] You are not well: remain  
here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arr.* [*To Imogen.*] Brother, stay here:  
Are we not brothers?

*Imo.* So man and man should be;  
But clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

*Gut.* Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

*Imo.* So sick I am not, yet I am not well;

But not so citizen a wanton as  
To seem to die ere sick : so please you, leave me ;  
Stick to 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 !  
*Art.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me  
In my good brother's fault : I know not why  
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason 's without reason : the bier at door,  
And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say  
*My father, not this youth.*

*Bel.* [Aside.] O noble strain !  
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !  
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base :  
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.  
I'm not their father ; yet who this should be,  
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.  
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

*Art.* Brother, farewell.  
*Ino.* I wish ye sport.

*Art.* You health. So please you, sir,  
*Ino.* [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.

*Art.* 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.

*Art.* We'll not be long away.  
*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,  
For you must be our housewife.

*Ino.* Well or ill,  
I am bound to you.

*Bel.* And shalt be ever.  
*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath  
had

Good ancestors.

*Art.* 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 her dieter.

*Art.* Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;  
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
From so divine a temple, to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

*Gui.* I do note  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.

*Art.* Grow, patience !  
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root with the increasing vine !

*Bel.* It is great morning.—Come, away !—  
Who's there ?

*Enter Cloten.*

*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.

*Exit Belarius and Arviragus.*  
*Clo.* Soft ! What are you  
That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineers ?  
I have heard of such. What slave art thou ?

*Gui.* A thing  
More slavish did I ne'er than answering  
A slave without a knock.

*Clo.* Thou art a robber,  
A law-breaker, a villain : yield thee, thief.

*Gui.* To 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.

*Gui.* Hence, then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;  
I am loath to beat thee.

*Clo.* Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

*Gui.* What's thy name ?  
*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it : were it Toad, or Adder,  
Spider,

'Twould move me sooner.  
*Clo.* To thy further fear,  
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I am son to the queen.

*Gui.* I am sorry for it ; not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

*Clo.* Art not afraid ?  
*Gui.* Those that I reverence those I fear, the  
wise :

At fools I laugh, not fear them.  
*Clo.* Die the death :  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads :  
Yield, rustic mountaineer. *Exit, fighting.*

*Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* No companies abroad ?  
*Art.* None in the world : you did mistake him,  
sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell : long is it since I saw him, But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice, And burst of speaking, were as his : I am absolute 'Twas very Cloten.

*Arr.* In this place we left them : I wish my brother make good time with him, You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made up, I mean, to man, he had not apprehension Of roaring terrors ; for the effect of judgment Is off the cause of fear.—But, see, thy brother.

*Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.*

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse ; There was no money in 't : not Hercules Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none : Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne My head as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done ?

*Gui.* I am perfect what : cut off one Cloten's head,

Son to the queen, after his own report ; Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore With his own single hand he 'ld take us in, Displace our heads where—thank the gods!— they grow,

And set them on Lud's-town.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose, But that he swore to take, our lives ? The law Protects not us : then why should we be tender To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us, Play judge and executioner all himself, For we do fear the law ? What company Discover you abroad ?

*Bel.* No single soul Can we set eye on ; but in all safe reason 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 raved To bring him here alone ; although perhaps It may be heard at court that such as we Came here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time May make some stronger head ; the which he hearing

(As it is like him) might break out, and swear He '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.

*Arr.* Let ordinance Come as the gods foresay it : howsoever, My brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no mind To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness Did make my way long forth.

*Gui.* With his own sword, Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en

His head from him : I 'll throw 't 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. *Erit.*

*Bel.* I fear 'twill be revenged ;

Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't ! though valour

Becomes thee well enough.

*Arr.* Would I had done 't, So the revenge alone pursued me ! Polydore, I love thee brotherly, but envy much Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would revenges,

That possible strength might meet, would seek us through

And put us to our answer.

*Bel.* Well, 'tis done : We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock ; You and Fidele play the cooks : I 'll stay Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him To dinner presently.

*Arr.* Poor sick Fidele ! I 'll willingly to him : to gain his colour I 'ld let a parish of such Cloten's blood,

And praise myself for charity. *Erit.*

*Bel.* O thou goddess, Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle As zephyrs blowing below the violet, Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough, Their royal blood enchafed, 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 portends, Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter Guiderius.*

*Gui.* Where's my brother ? I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream, In embassy to his mother : his body's hostage For his return. *Solemn music.*

*Bel.* My ingenious instrument ! Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark !

*Gui.* Is he at home ?

*Bel.* He went hence even now. *Gui.* What does he mean ? since death of my dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ? Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys Is jollity for apes and grief for boys. Is Cadwal mad ?

*Bel.* Look, here he comes, And brings the dire occasion in his arms Of what we blame him for.

*Re-enter Arrivagus, with Imogen, as dead, bearing her in his arms.*

*Arr.* The bird is dead That we have made so much on. I had rather Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty, To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, Than have seen this.

*Gui.* O sweetest, fairest lily ! My brother wears thee not the one half so well As when thou grew'st thyself.

*Bel.* O melancholy !



Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish errand  
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made;  
but I,

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.  
How found you him?

*Arv.* Stark, as you see:  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right  
cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.* Where?

*Arv.* O' the floor;  
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and  
put  
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose  
rudeness  
Answer'd my steps too loud.

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps:  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers  
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor  
The azure harebell, like thy veins, no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,  
With charitable bill, (O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are  
none,

To winter-ground thy corpse.

*Gui.* Prithce, have done;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt. To the grave!

*Arv.* Say, where shall's lay him?  
*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.* 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 Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,  
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;  
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Arv.* We'll speak it, then.  
*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for  
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;  
And though he came our enemy, remember  
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty,  
rotting

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 as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',  
When neither are alive.

*Arv.* 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  
father;

My father hath a reason for't.

*Arv.* 'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

*Arv.* So.—Begin.

## SONG.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv.* Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak;  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

*Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
*Arv.* Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
*Gui.* Fear not slander, censure rash;  
*Arv.* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
*Both.* All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*Gui.* No exorciser harm thee!  
*Arv.* Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
*Gui.* Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
*Arv.* 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.

*Bel.* Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight,  
more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night  
Are strewings fit't for graves. Upon their faces.  
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so  
These herblets 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.

*Ezect Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus.*  
*Imo.* [Awaking.] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;  
which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far  
thither?

'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't. I hope I dream;  
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,  
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;  
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,  
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes  
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good  
faith,

I tremble still with fear: but if there be  
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!  
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is  
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.  
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!  
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;  
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;  
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—  
Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone. Pisanio,  
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
Conspired with that irregular devil, Cloten,  
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read  
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio  
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—  
From this most bravest vessel of the world  
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas,  
Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me!  
where 's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
And left this head on. How should this be?  
Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them  
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-  
nant!

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 Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's? O!  
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
That we the horrid may seem to those  
Which chance to find us.—O, my lord, my lord!  
*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 pur-  
pose?

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a  
vision

(I fast and pray'd for their intelligence) thus:  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
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 's 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 one,

Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems  
Thou 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 accident, 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 do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
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  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd  
his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;  
And leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth;  
And rather father thee than master thee.

My friends,  
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us  
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is prefer'd  
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd  
As soldiers can.—Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:  
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

*Ezeunt.*

*Scene III.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word how 'tis with  
her. *Exit an Attendant.*

A fever with the absence of her son,  
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Hea-  
vens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,  
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen  
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time

When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,  
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past  
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure and  
Doth seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours;  
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,  
Nor when she purposes return.—Beseech your  
highness,  
Hold me your loyal servant.

*1 Lord.* Good my liege,  
The day that she was missing he was here:  
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,  
There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will, no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome.  
[To *Pisanio*.] We'll slip you for a season; but  
our jealousy  
Does yet depend.

*1 Lord.* So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast, with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son and queen!  
I am amazed with matter.

*1 Lord.* Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront 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 Pisanio.*

*Pis.* I heard no letter from my master since  
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:  
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
To yield me often tidings; neither know I  
What is betid to Cloten; but remain  
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.  
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be  
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,  
Even to the note 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.*

*Guis.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to  
lock it

From action and adventure?

*Guis.* Nay, what hope  
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans  
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us  
For barbarous and unnatural revolts  
During their use, and slay us after.

*Bel.* Sons,  
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.  
To the king's party there's no going; newness

Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not  
muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render  
Where we have lived, and so extort from's that  
Which we have done, whose answer would be  
death

Drawn on with torture.

*Guis.* This is, sir, a doubt  
In such a time nothing becoming you,  
Nor satisfying us.

*Arv.* It is not likely

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O, I am known

Of many in the army: many years,  
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore  
him

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 tanlings and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

*Guis.* Than be so  
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:  
I and my brother are not known; yourself  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,  
Cannot be question'd.

*Arv.* By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never  
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!  
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel  
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

*Guis.* By heavens, I'll go:  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me by  
The hands of Romans!

*Arv.* So say I: amen.

*Bel.* No reason I, since of your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,  
boys!

If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:  
Lead, lead. [*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, alone, with a bloody handkerchief.*

*Pos.* Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I  
wish'd

Thou shouldst be coloured 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 Pisanio!

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 had you saved The noble Imogen to repent, and struck Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,

To have them fall no more: you some permit To second ills with ills, each elder worse, And make them dread it, to the doers 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,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me Of these Italian weeds and suit myself As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight Against the part I come with; so I'll die For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown, Pity'd 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.

*Exit.*

*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; Leonatus Posthumus following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.*

*Iac.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady, The princess of this country, and the air on't Revengingly enfeeble me; or could this carl, A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. If that thy gentry, Britain, go before This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds Is that we scarce are men and you are gods.

*Exit.*

*The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken: then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground:

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but The villainy of our fears.

*Gui. Arc.*

Stand, stand, and fight!

*Re-enter 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 hoodwink'd.

*Iac.* 'Tis their fresh supplies. *Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes Let's re-inforce, or fly. *Ezeunt.*

*Scene III.—Another part of the Field.*

*Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.*

*Lord.* Camest thou from where they made the stand?

*Pos.* I did: Though you, it seems, come from the fiers.

*Lord.* I did.

*Pos.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost, But that the heavens fought: the king himself Of his wings destitute, the army broken, And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted, Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damn'd

With dead men hurt behind, and towards living To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord.* Where was this lane? *Pos.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, An honest one, I warrant, who deserved So long a breeding as his white beard came to, In doing this for's country: athwart the lane, He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run The country base than to commit such slaughter; With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,) Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,

*Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men: To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards.*

*Stand!* Or we are Romans and will give you that Like beasts which you skun beastly, and may save,

But to look back in frown; stand, stand. These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many— For three performers are the file when all' The rest do nothing—with this word *Stand,*

*stand,* Accommodated by the place, more charming With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd

A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks, Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward

But by example. (O, a sin in war. Damn'd in the first beginners!) gan to look The way that they did, and to grin like lions Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly

Chickens, thé way which they stoop'd eagles;  
slaves,  
The strides they victors made: and now our  
cowards,  
Like fragments in hard voyages, became  
The life o' the need: having found the back-door  
open  
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they  
wound!  
Some slain before; some dying; some their  
friends

O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chased by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:  
Those that would die or ere resist are grown  
The mortal bugs o' the field.

*Lord.* This was strange chance:  
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

*Pos.* Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made  
Rather to wonder at the things you hear  
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,  
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:  
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.  
*Pos.* Lack, to what end?  
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;  
For if he'll do as he is made to do,  
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
You have put me into rhyme.

*Lord.* Farewell; you're angry.  
*Pos.* Still going? [*Exit Lord.*] This is a lord!  
O noble misery,

To be i' the field, and ask *what news?* of me!  
To-day how many would have given their honours  
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,  
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,  
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly  
monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will  
find him:

For being now a favourer to the Briton,  
No more a Briton, I have resumed again  
The part I came in: fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Here made by the Romans; great the answer be  
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;  
On either side I come to spend my breath;  
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,  
But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.*

*1 Cap.* Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is  
taken.

'Tis thought the old man and his sons were  
angels.

*2 Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
That gave the affront with them.

*1 Cap.* So 'tis reported:  
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who's  
there?

*Pos.* A Roman,  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answer'd him.

*2 Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here. He brags  
his service  
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Soldiers, Attendants and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: then exeunt omnes.*

*Scene IV.—A British Prison.*

*Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers.*

*1 Gaol.* You shall not now be stol'n, you have  
locks upon you;  
So graze as you find pasture.

*2 Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.

*Exeunt Gaolers.*

*Pos.* 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  
fettered

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;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,  
Desired more than constrained: to satisfy,  
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
On their abatement: that's not my desire:

For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though  
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:  
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;  
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:  
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great

powers,  
If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
I'll speak to thee in silence. *Sleeps.*

*Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.*

*Sic.* No more, thou thunder-master, show  
Thy spite on mortal flies:  
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
That thy adulteries  
Rates and revenges.  
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
Whose face I never saw?  
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd  
Attending nature's law:

Whose father then, as men report  
Thou orphans' father art,  
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him  
From this earth-vezing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,  
But took me in my throes;  
That from me was Posthumus ript,  
Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
A thing of pity!

Sic. Great nature, like his ancestry,  
Moulded the stuff so fair,  
That he deserved the praise o' the world,  
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,  
In Britain where was he  
That could stand up his parallel;  
Or fruitful object be  
In eye of Imogen, that best  
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,  
To be exiled, and thrown  
From Leonati's seat, and cast  
From her his dearest one,  
Sweet Imogen?

Sic. Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy;  
And to become the geck and scorn  
O' th' other's villainy?

2 Bro. For this from stiller seats we came,  
Our parents and us twain,  
That striking in our country's cause  
Fell bravely and were slain,  
Our fealty and Tenant's right  
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
To Cymbeline performed:  
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
Why hast thou thus adjourned  
The graces for his merits due,  
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sic. Thy crystal window ope; look out;  
No longer exercise  
Upon a valiant race thy harsh  
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
Take off his miseries.

Sic. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;  
Or we poor ghosts will cry  
To the shining synod of the rest  
Against thy deity.

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter: or we appeal,  
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning,  
sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-  
bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. 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 never-withering 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: no further with your din  
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.  
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

*Ascends.*  
Sic. He came in thunder; his celestial breath  
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle  
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is  
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird  
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,  
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!  
Sic. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd  
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,  
Let us with care perform his great behest.

*The Ghosts vanish.*  
Pos. [Waking.] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-  
sire, and begot

A father to me; and thou hast created  
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!  
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were  
born:

And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,  
Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:  
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
And yet are 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 one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects  
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
As good as promise.

[Reads.] When as a lion's whelp shall, to  
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be  
embraced by a piece of tender air; and when  
from a stately cedar shall be 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.

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;  
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter Gaiolers.*

1 Gaiol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?  
Pos. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.  
1 Gaiol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be  
ready for that, you are well cooked.

Pos. So, if I prove a good repast to the spec-  
tators, the dish pays the shot.

*I Gaol.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the acquaintance follows.

*Pos.* I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

*I 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.

*Pos.* Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

*I Gaol.* Your death hath 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 to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

*Pos.* 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.

*I Gaol.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

*Pos.* Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

*I Gaol.* I'll be hang'd then.

*Pos.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

*Exeunt all but the First Gaoler.*

*I 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 desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowes! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. *Exit.*

*Scene V.—Cymbeline's Tent.*

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,  
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,

Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast

Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing;  
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought  
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him?

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead  
and living,  
But no trace of him.

*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 prolonged, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life,  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd  
I will report, so please you: these her women  
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks  
Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Prithee, 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;  
Abhor'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this;

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand  
to love

With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,  
But that her fight 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'ercome 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 absence,  
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite  
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so  
Despairing died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women?  
I *Lady.* We did, so please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes  
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming; it had been  
vicious

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!  
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,  
And prove it in thy feeling.—Heaven mend all!

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer and other  
Roman Prisoners, guarded; Posthumus be-  
hind, and Imogen.*

Thou comest not, Cains, now for tribule; that  
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit  
That their good souls may be appeased with  
slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:  
So think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day  
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool, have  
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: sufficeth  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:  
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much  
For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,  
Let him be ransom'd: never master had  
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
So tender over his occasions, true,  
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join  
With my request, which I'll make bold your  
highness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,  
And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him:  
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,  
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,  
To say live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:  
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;  
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.  
*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;  
And yet I know thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no: a lack,  
There's other work in hand: I see a thing  
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,  
Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The boy disdains me,  
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.  
Why stands he so perplex'd?

*Cym.* What wouldst thou, boy?  
I love thee more and more: think more and more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st  
on? speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

*Imo.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me  
Than I to your highness; who, being born your  
vassal,

Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore eyest him so?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?  
*Imo.* Fidele. sir.

*Cym.* Thou'rt my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master: walk with me.—Speak freely.

*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*

*Bel.* Is not this boy revived from death?

*Arv.* One said another  
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad  
Who died, and was Fidele. 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 we saw him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent; let's see further.

*Pis.* [*Aside.*] It is my mistress:  
Since she is living, let the time run on  
To good or bad.

*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side;  
Make thy demand aloud. [*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  
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to  
him.

*Imo.* My boon is, that this gentleman may  
render  
Of whom he had this ring.

*Pos.* [*Aside.*] What's that to him?

*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say

How came it yours?

*Iac.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

*Cym.* How! me?

*Iac.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that  
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy  
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;  
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may  
grieve thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived  
'Twixt sky and ground.—Wilt thou hear more,  
my lord?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iac.* 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 hear more: strive, man, and speak.

*Iac.* Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accursed  
The mansion where!—'twas at a feast, (O, would  
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least



Those which I heaved to head!) the good Posthumus—

What should I say? he was too good to be  
Where ill men were; and was the best of all  
Amongst the rarest of good ones,—sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak, for feature, laming  
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,  
Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,  
A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,  
Fairness which strikes the eye—

*Cym.* I stand on fire:  
Come to the matter.

*Iac.* All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,

Most like a noble lord in love and one  
That had a royal lover, took his hurt;  
And, not dispraising whom we praised,—therein  
He was as calm as virtue—he began  
His mistresses' picture; which by his tongue being  
made,

And then a mind put in 't, either our brags  
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description  
Proved us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to the purpose.  
*Iac.* Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,  
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,  
Made scruple of his praise; and waver'd with him  
Pieces of gold 'gainst 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 lessor of her honour confidant

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;  
And would so, had it been a carbuncle  
Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had it  
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain  
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,  
Remember me at court; where I was taught  
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus  
quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
'Gan 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 wounding his belief in her renown  
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes  
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,  
(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks  
Of secret on her person, that he could not  
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—  
Methinks, I see him now—

*Pos.* [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. I am Posthumus,

That kill'd thy daughter: (villain-like, I lie)  
That caused a lesser villain than myself,  
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't: the temple  
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.  
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain  
Be called Posthumus Leonatus; and  
Be villainy less than 'twas! O Imogen!  
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
Imogen, Imogen!

*Imo.* Peace, my lord; hear, hear—  
*Pos.* Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful  
page,

There lie thy part. *Striking her: she falls.*  
*Pos.* O, gentlemen, help!

Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!  
You ne'er killed Imogen till now. Help, help!  
Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym.* Does the world go round?  
*Pos.* How come these staggerers on me?

*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!  
*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  
To death with mortal joy.

*Pis.* How fares my mistress?  
*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight;

Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
Breathe not where princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of Imogen!  
*Pis.* Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
That box I gave you was not thought by me  
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

*Cym.* New matter still?  
*Imo.* It poison'd me.

*Cor.* O gods!  
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,  
Which must approve thee honest: *If Pisano*  
*Have, said she, given his mistress that confection*  
*Which I gave him for cordial, she is served*  
*As I would serve a rat.*

*Cym.* What's this, Cornelius?  
*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft importuned me

To temper poisons for her, still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge only  
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,  
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
The present power of life, but in short time  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?  
*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.

*Bel.* My boys,  
There was our error.

*Gwi.* This is, sure, Fidele.  
*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady  
from you?

Think that you are upon a rock; and now  
Throw me again. *Embracing him.*

*Pos.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
Till the tree die!

*Cym.* How now, my flesh, my child!  
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?  
*Imo.* [Kneeling.] Your blessing, sir.

*Bel.* [To *Gidderus* and *Arrivagus*.] Though  
you did love this youth, I blame ye not;

You had a motive for 't.  
*Cym.* My tears that fall

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,  
Thy mother's dead.

*Imo.* I am sorry for 't, my lord.

*Cym.* O, she was naught; and long of her it was  
That we meet here so strangely: but her son  
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

*Pis.* My lord,  
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord  
Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth,  
and swore

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death. By accident,  
I had a feigned letter of my master's  
Then in my pocket; which directed him  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
Which he enforced from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate  
My lady's honour: what became of him  
I further know not.

*Gui.* Let me end the story:  
I slew him there.

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forfend!  
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a hard sentence; prithee, valiant youth,  
Deny't again.

*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a prince.

*Gui.* A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me  
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me  
With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;  
And am right glad he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I am sorry for thee:  
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and  
must  
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

*Imo.* That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.

*Cym.* Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, sir king:  
This man is better than the man he slew,  
As well descended as thyself; and hath  
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for. [To the Guard.] Let his arms  
alone;

They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why, old soldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
As good as we?

*Arv.* In that he spake too far.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for 't.

*Bel.* We will die all three:  
But I will prove that two on 's are as good  
As I have given out him. My sons, I must,  
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

*Arv.* Your danger's ours.

*Gui.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then, by leave.  
Thou hadst great king, a subject who  
Was call'd Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him? he is  
A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.* He it is that hath  
Assumed this age; indeed a banish'd man;  
I know not how a traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence:  
The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot:  
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;  
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 loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How! my issue!

*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old  
Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-  
ment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—  
For such and so they are—these twenty years  
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I  
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
Whom for the theft I 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 'twas 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 benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st.  
The service that you three have done is more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.* Be pleased awhile.  
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:  
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,  
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  
Of his queen mother, which for more probation  
I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he;  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O, what, am I  
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother  
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,  
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,  
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord;

I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers, Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother, When I was but your sister; I you brothers, When you were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?

*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gwi.* And at first meeting loved; Continued so, until we thought he died.

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct! When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive? How parted with your brothers? how first met them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,

And your three motives to the battle, with I know not how much more, should be demanded; And all the other by-dependencies, From chance to chance; but nor the time nor place

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See, Posthumus anchors upon Imogen, And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting Each object with a joy: the counterchange Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground, And smoke the temple with our sacrifices. [To *Belarius*.] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold these ever.

*Imo.* You are my father too, and did relieve me, To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd, Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too, For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.* My good master, I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you!

*Cym.* The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought, He would have well become this place, and graced

The thankings of a king.

*Pos.* I am, sir, The soldier that did company these three In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might Have made you finish.

*Iac.* [Kneeling.] I am down again: But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you, Which I so often owe: but your ring first; And here the bracelet of the truest princess That ever swore her faith.

*Pos.* Kneel not to me: The power that I have on you is to spare you; The malice towards you to forgive you: live, And deal with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd! We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law; Pardon's the word to all.

*Arv.* You help us, sir, As you did mean indeed to be our brother; Joy'd are we that you are.

*Pos.* Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd, Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found This label on my bosom; whose containing Is so from sense in hardness, that I can Make no collection of it: let him show His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus!

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [Reads.] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp; The fit and apt construction of thy name, Being Leo-natus, doth import so much. [To *Cymbeline*.] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer* We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine Is this most constant wife; who, even now, Answering the letter of the oracle, Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about With this most tender air.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline, Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point Thy two sons forth; who, by *Belarius* 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 Cæsar, And to the Roman empire; promising To pay our wanted 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 Cæsar, 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.

*Etcumj.*

# SONNETS.

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF  
THESE INSUNG 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 ripper 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 buduriest thy content  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

## II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held;  
Then being ask'd where all the beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,  
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.  
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
If thou couldst answer—*This fair child of mine  
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,*  
Proving his beauty by succession thine!  
This were to be new-made when thou art old,  
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it  
cold.

## III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest;  
Now is the time that face should form another;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.  
For where is she so fair, whose 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 posterity?  
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:  
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.  
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
Upon thy self 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 unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with  
thee,  
Which, us'd, lives thy executor to be.

## V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
And that unfair which fairly doth 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'ersnow'd and bareness everywhere:  
Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was; [meet,  
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter  
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 refigur'd thee:  
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity?  
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine  
heir.

## VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;  
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;  
But when from high-most pitch, with weary  
car,  
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
From his low tract, and look another way:  
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?  
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not  
gladly,  
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
They do but 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 shalt hap to die,  
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;  
The world will be thy widow, and still weep  
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
When every private widow well may keep,  
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend  
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
And kept unsold, the buyer 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 belov'd of many,  
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
O, change thy thought, that I may change my  
mind!  
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?  
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;  
Make thee another self, for love of me,  
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;  
And that fresh blood which youngly thou be-  
stowest [convertest.  
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth  
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;  
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay;  
If all were minded so, the times should cease  
And threescore years would make the world away.  
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:  
Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;  
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty  
cherish;  
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
Thou shouldst print more, nor 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 curls, all silver'd o'er with white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake  
And die as fast as they see others grow;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make  
defence,  
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 here live;  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination: then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should  
bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
O! none but unthrifths; 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 dearths, or seasons' quality;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find:  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,  
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:  
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

## XV.

When I consider every thing that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;  
When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheered and check'd ever by the selfsame 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 engraft 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,  
With virtuous wish would bear you living  
flowers  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit;  
So should the lines of life that life repair,  
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,  
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
To give away yourself, keep yourself still;  
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet  
skill.

## XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?  
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
Which hides your life and shows not half your  
parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes  
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
The age to come would say, *This poet lies,*  
*Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.*  
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;  
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage  
And stretch'd metre of an antique song;  
But were some child of yours alive that time,  
You should live twice, in it, and in my rhyme.

## XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
Him in thy course untainted do allow  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
Yet, do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## XX.

A woman's face with nature's own hand painted  
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;  
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;  
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in  
rolling,  
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;  
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,  
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls  
amazeth.  
And for a woman wert thou first created;  
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
And by addition me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
But since she prick'd thee out for woman's  
pleasure, [treasure.  
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their

## XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,  
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,  
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,  
 Making a complement of proud compare,  
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
 With April's firstborn flowers, and all things rare  
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.  
 O, let me, true in love, but truly write,  
 And then believe me, my love is as fair  
 As any mother's child, though not so bright  
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :  
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;  
 I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

## XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date ;  
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
 Then look I death my days should expiate.  
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
 Is but the 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 gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,  
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own  
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say [heart ;  
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
 O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.  
 O, let my books be, then, the eloquence  
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;  
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,  
 More than that tongue that more hath more  
 express'd.  
 O, learn to read what silent love hath writ :  
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd  
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;  
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
 And perspective it is best painter's art.  
 For through the painter must you see his skill,  
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies,  
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done ;  
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for  
 me  
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the  
 sun  
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;  
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
 They draw but what they see, know not the  
 heart.

## XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye,  
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
 For at a frown they in their glory die.  
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd ;  
 Then happy I, that love and am belov'd  
 Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

## XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
 To thee I send this written embassy,  
 To witness duty, not to show my wit ;  
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,  
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it ;  
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
 And puts apparel on my 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 may'st  
 prove me.

## XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;  
 But then begins a journey in my head,  
 To work my mind, when body's work's expired ;  
 For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,  
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see ;  
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
 Makes black night beautiful, and her old face  
 new.  
 Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
 For thee and for myself no quiet find.

## XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?  
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
 But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ?  
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;  
 The one by toil, the other to complain  
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
 I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,  
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the  
 heaven ;  
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night ;  
 When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the  
 even.  
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
 And night doth nightly make grief's length  
 seem 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 possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Happily 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 remembered, such wealth  
brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes now wail my dear times' waste;  
Then can I drown an eye unus'd to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight;  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd 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 encharg'd with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;  
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
That due of many now is thine alone;  
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

## XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall  
cover,  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
Compare them with the bettering of the time,  
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:  
*Had my friend's muse grown with this growing  
age,*  
*A dearer birth than this his love had brought,*  
*To march in ranks of better equipage;*  
*But since he died, and poets better prove,*  
*Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.*

## XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace;  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
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;  
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's  
sun staineth.

## XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o'rtake 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 cures not the disgrace;  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss;  
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy loved 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 eclipse stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorising thy trespass with compare,  
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 sourly robs from me.

## XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
Although our undivided loves are one;  
So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.  
In our two loves there is but one respect,  
Though in our lives a separable spite,  
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's de-  
light.  
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 my name;  
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good re-  
port.



## XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;  
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
 Entitled in thy parts do crown'd sit,  
 I make my love engrafted to this store;  
 So then I am not lame, poor, not despaired,  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give  
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd  
 And by a part of all thy glory live.  
 Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee;  
 This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

## XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,  
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my  
 verse  
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?  
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;  
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?  
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine which rhymers 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 due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.  
 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth de-  
 ceive,  
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain!

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;  
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?  
 No love, my love, that thou 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 blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest  
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.  
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;  
 And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief  
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.  
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
 Kill me with spite; yet we must not be foes.

## XLI.

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,  
 When I am sometimes absent from thy heart,  
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
 For still temptation follows where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed,  
 And when a woman wooes, what woman's son  
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?  
 Ay me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,  
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their riot even there  
 Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth,  
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;  
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:  
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love  
 her;  
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
 And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross;  
 But here's the joy, my friend and I are one;  
 Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
 For all the day they view things unrespected;  
 But when I sleep, in'dreams they look on thee,  
 And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.  
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make  
 bright,  
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?  
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made  
 By looking on thee in the living day,  
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!  
 All days are nights to see till I see thee,  
 And nights bright days when dreams do show  
 thee me.

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;  
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought,  
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
 No matter then although my foot did stand  
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,  
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,  
 As soon as think the place where he would be.  
 But ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,  
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;  
 Receiving nought by elements so slow  
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

## XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;  
 The first my thought, the other my desire,  
 These present-absent with swift motion glide.  
 For when these quicker elements are gone  
 In tender embassy of love to thee,  
 My life, being made of four, with two alone  
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;  
 Until life's composition be recured  
 By those sweet 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 pierc'd with crystal eyes,  
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
 To 'cide this title is impannelled  
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;  
 And by their verdict is determin'd  
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part;  
 As thus,—mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
 And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

## XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
 And each doth good turns now unto the other;  
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart;  
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part;  
 So, either by thy picture, or my love,  
 Thyself away art present still with me;  
 For thou not farther than my thoughts can  
 move,  
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;  
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
 That to my use it might unused stay  
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!  
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
 Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,  
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
 Thee have I not look'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 frown on my defects,  
 Wheneas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;  
 Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,  
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,  
 When love, converted from the thing it was,  
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity,  
 Against that time do I ensconce 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 repose to say,  
*Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!*  
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
 His rider lov'd not speed, 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 spurring to his side;  
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind:  
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

## LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed;  
 From where thou art why should I haste me  
 thence?  
 Till I return, of posting is no need.  
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
 When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,  
 In winged speed no motion shall I know;  
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;  
 Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,  
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;  
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,—  
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,  
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

## LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
 The which he will not every hour survey,  
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
 Since, seldom coming, in the long years set,  
 Like stones of worth they thinly placèd 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.  
 Blessèd 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 canker-blooms have full as deep a die  
As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their maskèd buds dis-  
closes;  
But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made;  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

## LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find  
room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might;  
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fulness,  
To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new  
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
Return of love, more blest may be the view;  
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,  
Makes summer's welcome 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, stay and think of nought,  
Save where you are how happy you make those.  
So true a fool is love that in your will,  
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

## LVIII.

That God forbid that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought control your times of plea-  
sure,  
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 imprison'd absence of your liberty;  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,  
Without accusing you of injury.  
Be where you list, your charter is so strong  
That you yourself may privilege your time  
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 beguill'd,  
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss  
The second burden of a former child!  
O, that record could with a backward look,  
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
Show me your image in some antique book,  
Since mine at first in character was done!  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composèd wonder of your frame;  
Whether we are mended, or wher' 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,  
Crookèd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
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 send'st from thee  
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,  
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
 The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?  
 O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:  
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;  
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
 For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
 From me far off, with others all too near.

## LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
 And all my soul and all my every part;  
 And for this sin there is no remedy,  
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;  
 And for myself mine own worth do define,  
 As I all other in all worths surmount.  
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'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 filled his  
 brow  
 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn  
 Hath travell'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, his 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;  
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,  
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store;  
 When I have seen such interchange of state,  
 Or state itself confounded to decay;  
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,  
 That Time will come and take my love away.  
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

## LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
 But sad mortality o'erthrows their power,  
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?  
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,  
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?  
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?  
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?  
 O, none, unless this miracle have might,  
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

## LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,  
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
 And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
 And strength by limping sway disabled,  
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,  
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
 And captive good attending captain ill:  
 Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah, wherefore, with infection should he live  
 And with his presence grace impiety,  
 That sin by him advantage should achieve  
 And lace itself with his society?  
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
 And steal dead seeming of his inward hue?  
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
 Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,  
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?  
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she  
 had  
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

## LXVIII.

'Tis his check the map of days outworn,  
 When beauty liv'd 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 dead fleece made another gay;  
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
 Making no summer of another's green,  
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;  
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

## LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can  
mend;

All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,  
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
Thine outward thus with outward praise is  
crown'd;

But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,  
In other accents do this praise confound  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.

They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;  
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 ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater, being 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 ambush 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 enlarg'd;

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 vilest worms to  
dwell!

Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O, if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay;  
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love  
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,  
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;  
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
To do more for me than mine own desert,  
And hang more praise upon deceased I  
Than niggard truth would willingly impart;  
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
My name be buried where my body is,  
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.

For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to love things nothing  
worth.

## LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds  
sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west;  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, 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 me shall stay.  
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
The very part we consecrate to thee;  
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;  
My spirit is thine, the better part of me;  
So then, thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
The prey of worms, my body being dead;  
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that, is that which it contains,  
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

## LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
Or as sweet-season'd showers are the ground;  
And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;  
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;  
Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then better'd that the world may see my  
pleasure;

Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
And by and by clean starved for a look;  
Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
Save what is 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 invention in a noted weed,  
That every word doth almost tell my name,  
Showing their birth, and where they did pro-  
ceed?

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 mouth'd graves will give thee memory,  
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know  
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain  
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt  
 find  
 Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

## LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,  
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
 As every alien pen hath got my use  
 And under thee their poesie disperse.  
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
 Have added feathers to the learn'd'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 other's works thou dost but mend the style,  
 And arts with thy sweet graces grac'd be ;  
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;  
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
 And my sick muse doth give another place.  
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;  
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent  
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
 From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,  
 And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford  
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.  
 Then thank him not for that which he doth 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, wide as the ocean is,  
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
 On your broad main doth wilfully 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 in earth am rotten ;  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die ;  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 When you 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 attain't o'erlook  
 The dedicated words which writers use  
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;  
 And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew  
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
 And do so, love ; yet when they have devis'd  
 What strain'd touches rhetoric can lend,  
 'Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathiz'd  
 In true plain words by thy true-telling friend ;  
 And their gross painting might be better us'd  
 Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is abus'd.

## LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
 And therefore to your fair no painting set ;  
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
 The barren tender of a poet's debt :  
 And therefore have I slept in your report,  
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
 This silence for my sin you did impute,  
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;  
 For I impair not beauty being mute,  
 When others would give life and bring a tomb.  
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,  
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

## LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most ? which can say more  
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you ?  
 In whose confine immured is the store  
 Which should example where your equal grew.  
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell  
 That to his subject lends not some small glory ;  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
 Making his style admired everywhere.  
 You to yourauteous blessings add a curse,  
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises  
 worse.

## LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,  
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
Reserve their character with golden quill,  
And precious phrase by all the muses filed.  
I think good thoughts, while others write good  
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen* [words,  
To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
In polish'd form of well-rein'd pen.  
Hearing you praised, I say, '*Tis so, 'tis true,*  
And to the most of praise add something more;  
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank  
before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,  
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

## LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
Making 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 compeers by night  
Giving him aid my verse astonished.  
He, nor that affable familiar ghost  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors of my silence cannot boast;  
I was not sick of any fear from thence;  
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,  
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

## LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not  
knowing,  
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
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 for-  
sworn.  
With mine own weakness, being best acquainted,  
Upon thy part I can set down a story  
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained;  
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory;  
And I by this will be a gainer too;  
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
The injuries that to myself I do,  
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.  
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

## LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence;  
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will  
halt,  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
To set a form upon desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;  
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue  
Thy sweet-belov'd name no more shall dwell,  
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,  
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

## XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;  
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after-loss:  
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this  
sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
But in the onset come: so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might;  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

## XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their  
horse;  
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:  
But these particulars are not my measure;  
All these I better in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;  
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast;  
Wretched in this alone, that thou 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 revolt doth lie.  
O, what a happy title do I find,  
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!  
But what's so bless'd-fair that fears no  
blot?  
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

## XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face  
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;  
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place;  
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.  
 In many's looks the false heart's history  
 Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinklestrange,  
 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 doth thy beauty grow,  
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

## XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
 That do not do the thing they most do show,  
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;  
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,  
 And husband nature's riches from expense;  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.  
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
 Though to itself it only live and die,  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity;  
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their  
 deeds;  
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

## XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the  
 shame  
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!  
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!  
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;  
 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 turn to fair that eyes can see!  
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privi-  
 lege;  
 The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

## XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;  
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;  
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less;  
 Thou makest faults; graces that to thee resort.  
 As on the finger of a throned queen  
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,  
 So are those errors that in thee are seen  
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!  
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!  
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,  
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!  
 What old December's bareness everywhere!  
 And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;  
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease;  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;  
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute;  
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer  
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's  
 near.

## XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,  
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
 Could make me any summer's story tell,  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they  
 grew;  
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;  
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
 As with your shadow I with these did play:

## XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:  
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet  
 that smells,  
 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 condemn'd 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.

## c.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st at so long  
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
 Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?  
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,  
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
 Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
 If any, be a satire to decay,  
 And make Time's spoils despis'd every where.  
 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;  
 So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.



## CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?  
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
 So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
 Make answer, Muse, wilt thou not haply say:  
*Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;*  
*Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;*  
*But best is best, if never intermis'd?*  
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be  
 dumb?

Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee  
 To make him much outlive a gilded tomb  
 And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how  
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

## CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in  
 seeming;

I love not less, though less the show appear;  
 That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming  
 The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.  
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
 And stops 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 burthens every bough,  
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore, like her, I sometimes hold my tongue,  
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

## CIII.

A lack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
 That having such a scope to show her pride,  
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth,  
 Than when it hath my added praise beside!  
 O, blame me not, if I no more can write!  
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face  
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
 Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.  
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well?  
 For to no other pass my verses tend  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
 And more, much more, than in my verse can  
 sit,

Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

## CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
 In process of the seasons have I seen,  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
 Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth  
 stand,

Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived;  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,  
 Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

## CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be  
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
 Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,  
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
*Fair, kind, and true*, is all my argument,  
*Fair, kind, and true*; varying to other words;  
 And in this change is my invention spent,  
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope  
 affords.

*Fair, kind, and true*, have often liv'd alone,  
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

## CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing;  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to  
 praise.

## CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured,  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,  
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes;  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are  
 spent.

## CVIII.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,  
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?  
 What's new to speak, what new to register,  
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
 I must each day say o'er the very same;  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love in love's fresh cause  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
 Where time and outward form would show it  
 dead.

## CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify,  
 As easy might I from myself depart  
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:  
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,  
 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 reigned  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stained,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
 For nothing this wide universe I call,  
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all,

## CX.

Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,  
 And made myself a motley to the view,  
 God's mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is  
 most dear,  
 Made old offences of affections new;  
 Most true it is that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely: but, by all above,  
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end;  
 Mine appetite I never more will grind  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

## CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is 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 eisel 'gainst my strong infection;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
 Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

## CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?  
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your  
 tongue;  
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or  
 wrong.  
 In so profound abyssm I throw all care  
 Of other's 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.

## CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,  
 And that which governs me to go about  
 Doth part his function and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;  
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,  
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature;  
 Incapable of more, replente with you,  
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

## CXIV.

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 kingly drinks it up:  
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin  
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

## CXV.

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;  
 Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,  
 Might I not then say, *Now I love you best*,  
 When I was certain o'er uncertainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,  
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

## CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove;  
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
 taken.  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and  
 cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

## CXVII.

Accuse me thus : that I have scanted all  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,  
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;  
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right ;  
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
Which should transport me farthest from your  
sight.

Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
And 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.

## CXVIII.

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 ;  
Evenso, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,  
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeling ;  
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.  
Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,  
And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd ;  
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## CXIX.

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 madding fever !  
O benefit of ill ! now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better ;  
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
So I return rebuk'd to my content,  
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

## CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends 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 suffer'd in your crime.  
O, that our night of woe might have remem-  
ber'd  
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,  
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !  
But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;  
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom  
me.

## CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,  
When not to be receives reproach of being ;  
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd  
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing :  
For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
Give salutation to my sportive blood ?  
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
Which in their wills count bad what I think good ?  
No, I am that I am, and they that level  
At my abuses, reckon up their own ;  
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel ;  
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be  
shown ;  
Unless this general evil they maintain,  
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

## 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 subsist ;  
Till each to rased oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
That poor retention could not so much hold,  
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;  
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
To trust those tables that receive thee more ;  
To keep an adjunct to remember thee  
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## 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 do lie,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
I will be true, despite thy 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 builded far from accident ;  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls ;  
It fears not policy, that heretic,  
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,  
But all alone stands hugely politic,  
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with  
showers.  
To this I witness call the fools of time,  
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

## CXXV.

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,  
 With my extern the outward honouring,  
 Or laid great praises for eternity,  
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?  
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
 Lose all, and more by paying too much rent,  
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,  
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
 No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art  
 But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul  
 When most impeach'd stands least in thy  
 control.

## CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power  
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;  
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
 Thy lover's 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 trea-  
 sure;

Hèr 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 slandered with a bastard's 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 hour,  
 But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.  
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
 Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem  
 At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,  
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

## CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,  
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently away'st  
 The very concord that mine ear confounds,  
 Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
 Whilst my poor lips which should that harvest  
 reap,

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!  
 To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing claps,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

## CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
 Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
 Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;  
 Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,  
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad:  
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
 A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe;  
 Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none knows  
 well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

## CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
 I have seen roses damask'd red and white,  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
 And in some perfumes is there more delight  
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,  
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;  
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
 As any she belied with false compare.

## CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart  
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan;  
 To say they err I dare not be so bold,  
 Although I swear it to myself alone,  
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
 One on another's neck, do witness bear  
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

## CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,  
 Have put on black and loving mourners be,  
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
 Nor that full star that 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 be-seem 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 thy fowl 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't 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 forsaken ;  
 A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.  
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart  
 bail ;

Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;  
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :  
 And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,  
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

## CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,  
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still ;  
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
 For thou art covetous and he is kind ;  
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,  
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
 Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,  
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake ;  
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
 Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me ;  
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

## CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,  
 And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in over-plus ;  
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
 Will 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 check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,  
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;  
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfill.  
*Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove,  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none ;  
 Then in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be ;  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee ;  
 Make all my name thy love, and love that  
 still,  
 And then thou lov'st me, for my name is *Will*.

## CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see ?  
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forg'd hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied ?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
 place ?

Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?  
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,  
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

## CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false 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 loves not to have years told ;  
 Therefore I lie with her and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

## CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;  
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue ;  
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.  
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,  
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside ;  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when  
 thy might  
 Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can 'bide ?  
 Let me excuse thee : ah, my love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been my enemies ;  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries :  
 Yet do not so ; but since I am near slain,  
 Kill me 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 ;  
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;  
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians know ;  
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee ;  
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
 That I may not be so, nor thou believ'd,  
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud  
 heart go wide.

## CXL.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;  
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who, in despite of view, is pleas'd to dote;  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune de-  
 lighted,  
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone;  
 But my five wits nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be;  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

## CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving;  
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;  
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments  
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee;  
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost  
 hide,  
 By self-example mayst thou be denied!

## CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch  
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
 Sets down her babe, and makes all quick dis-  
 patch  
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
 To follow that which flies before her face,  
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;  
 So 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.

## CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still;  
 The better angel is a man right fair,  
 The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend  
 Suspect I may, but not directly tell;  
 But being both from me, both to each friend,  
 I guess one angel in another's hell;  
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
 Breath'd forth the sound that said *I hate*,  
 To me that languish'd for her sake;  
 But when she saw my woful state,  
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet  
 Was used in giving gentle doom;  
 And taught it thus anew to greet;  
*I hate* she alter'd with an end,  
 That follow'd it as gentle day  
 Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,  
 From heaven to hell is 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,  
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,  
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more;  
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
 And, Death once dead, there's no more dying  
 then.

## CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
 My reason, the physician to my love,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
 Desire is death, which physic did except.  
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
 And frantic mad with evermore unrest;  
 My thoughts and my with 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 aright?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What means the world to say it is not so?  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's; no,  
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,  
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
 No marvel then, though I mistake my view;  
 The sun itself sees not till heaven cleave.  
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

## CXLIX.

Caust thou, O cruel ! say I love thee not,  
 When I against myself with thee partake ?  
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?  
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?  
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?  
 Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend  
 Revenge upon myself with present moan ?  
 What merit do I in myself respect,  
 That is so proud thy service to despise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?  
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind ;  
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

## CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful  
 might  
 With insufficiency my heart to sway ?  
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the  
 day ?  
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
 That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds ?  
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate ?  
 O, though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state ;  
 If my unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

## CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is ;  
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love ?  
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
 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 further reason,  
 But rising at thy name doth point out thee  
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
 No want of conscience hold it that I call  
 Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and  
 fall.

## CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing ;  
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
 When I break twenty ? I am perjur'd most ;  
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost :  
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;  
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
 Or made them swear against the thing they see ;  
 For I have sworn thee fair,—more perjur'd I,  
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie !

## CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep :  
 A maid of 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 desir'd,  
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,  
 But found no cure : the bath for my help lies,  
 Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress'  
 eyes.

## CLIV.

The little Love-god, lying once asleep,  
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to  
 keep,  
 Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand  
 The fairest votary took up that fire  
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd ;  
 And so the general of hot desire  
 Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
 Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,  
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
 For men diseas'd ; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

# GLOSSARY.

**Abodements**, evil omens.  
**Absey-book**, an A B C book, catechism, primer.  
**Aby**, to pay for.  
**Accite**, to summon.  
**Aconitum**, wolf's bane.  
**Acknown**, acknowledge.  
**Acture**, action.  
**Addition**, title.  
**Addressed**, ready.  
**Advertisement**, admonition.  
**Affection**, affectionation.  
**Affectioned**, affected.  
**Affined**, joined by terms of propinquity.  
**Affy**, to betroth.  
**Aglet-baby**, a small image cut on the tail of a lace.  
**Agnize**, to avow, confess.  
**Aiery**, a hawk's or eagle's nest.  
**Alderliefest**, dearest of all.  
**Alma-drink**, liquor drunk to ease another.  
**Ames-ace**, the lowest throw of the dice.  
**Amort**, dispirited.  
**Anchor**, a hermit.  
**Ancient**, sub-lieutenant, ensign.  
**Antick**, the fool in the old plays.  
**Antre**, a cavern.  
**Appeal**, to accuse.  
**Apple-John**, an apple that will keep for two years, but becomes shrivelled and wrinkled.  
**Approbation**, proof.  
**Approof**, approbation.  
**Argal**, therefore, *ergo*.  
**Argosy**, a large ship.  
**Arm-gaunt**, worn lean by service in war.  
**Aroint**, avaunt, begone.  
**Arthur's show**, an exhibition of archery.  
**Articulate**, exhibited in articles, to specify.  
**Assinego**, ass-driver, foolish fellow.  
**Astringer**, a falconer.  
**Atē**, a mischievous goddess that invited to bloodshed.  
**Atomes**, atoms.  
**Atone**, to reconcile.  
**Attasked**, reprehended.  
**Attaint**, stain.  
**Aunt**, an old woman.  
**Avise**, to inform.

**Backare**, go back.  
**Backswordsmen**, one skilled in singlestick.  
**Baffle**, to treat with ignominy.  
**Baldrick**, a belt.  
**Bale**, misery, evil.  
**Balked**, piled up in ridges.  
**Ballow**, a stick.  
**Bandog**, a savage cur.  
**Banquet**, dessert.  
**Barbason**, name of a demon.  
**Barbed**, covered with trappings.  
**Barful**, full of obstacles.  
**Barn**, a child.  
**Base**, a rustic game.  
**Bases**, armour for the legs of mounted knights.  
**Basilisk**, a large cannon.  
**Basta**, 'tis enough.  
**Bastard**, a kind of sweet wine.  
**Bate**, to flutter as a hawk.  
**Bate**, strife.  
**Batlet**, an instrument with which washerwomen beat their coarse cloths.  
**Bavin**, brushwood.  
**Bawcock**, a cock of the game (vulgar word of endearment).  
**Bearing-cloth**, a cloth used at christenings.  
**Beadsman**, one bound to pray for another.  
**Beaver**, the portion of a helmet covering the face.  
**Beck**, a salutation made with the head.  
**Be-leed**, forced to lee.  
**Bemoiled**, be-draggled, be-mired.  
**Bent**, the utmost degree of any passion.  
**Bergomask**, a dance after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians.  
**Beshrew**, ill befall.  
**Beslubber**, to besmirch.  
**Bestraught**, distracted.  
**Beteem**, to grant, to pour out.  
**Besonian**, a base scoundrel.  
**Biggin**, a kind of cap.  
**Bilbo**, a Spanish blade of great flexibility.  
**Bilboes**, a species of fetters used for seamen.  
**Bill**, a battle-axe, an article of accusation.

**Birdbolt**, a short thick blunt arrow.  
**Bisson**, blear-eyed, blind.  
**Blacks**, suits of mourning.  
**Blank**, the white mark in the centre of a target.  
**Blear the eye**, to deceive.  
**Blenches**, inconstancies.  
**Blindworm**, a small snake.  
**Blood-boltered**, smeared with blood.  
**Blurted at**, sneered at.  
**Bob**, to cheat, to beat.  
**Bodkin**, a small dagger.  
**Bolins**, bowlines.  
**Bollen**, swollen.  
**Bolter**, a sieve.  
**Bombard**, a vessel for holding drink.  
**Bombast**, the stuffing of clothes.  
**Boot**, profit, advantage.  
**Borea**, wounds.  
**Bourn**, boundary.  
**Bow**, a yoke.  
**Bowget**, a leathern pouch.  
**Brace**, armour for the arm.  
**Brach**, a particular kind of hound.  
**Braid**, deceitful.  
**Brave**, to make fine, beautiful.  
**Breast**, voice.  
**Breath**, voice in singing.  
**Breeze**, the gadfly.  
**Broach**, to transix.  
**Brock**, a badger.  
**Brooch**, to ornament.  
**Bruit**, noise, report.  
**Bubukles**, pimples.  
**Bug**, a bugbear.  
**Bulk**, body.  
**Bung**, a pickpocket.  
**Burgonet**, a kind of helmet.  
**Bush**, advertisement.  
**Buss**, a kiss.  
**By'rlinkin**, by our little lady.  
  
**Cade**, a barrel.  
**Caddis**, a worsted galloon.  
**Caliver**, a kind of musket.  
**Callat**, a lewd woman.  
**Canary**, a nimble dance.  
**Candle-wasters**, a term of contempt for scholars.  
**Canker**, the dog-rose.  
**Cantle**, a piece of anything, a slice.



Canton, a canto, song.  
 Capitulate, to make head, to combine.  
 Capochia, a fool, dullard.  
 Captious, recipient.  
 Carock, a ship of great bulk.  
 Carbonadoed, scotched like a piece of meat.  
 Card, a sea-chart.  
 Carkanet, a necklace.  
 Carlot, a peasant.  
 Carper, a cynic.  
 Case, the skin.  
 Cast, to empty out, dismiss.  
 Captain, a Chinaman.  
 Catlings, cat-gut strings.  
 Cavaleiro, a gay fellow.  
 Caviare, a kind of pickle made of the roe of sturgeon.  
 Cautel, subtlety, deceit.  
 Cautelous, crafty, cautious.  
 Cease, decess.  
 Cesse, to cease.  
 Chace, a term at tennis.  
 Chambers, pieces of ordnance.  
 Channel, a kennel.  
 Character, handwriting.  
 Charactery, the matter with which letters are made.  
 Chares, task-work.  
 Charge-house, a school-house.  
 Charneco, a sweet wine.  
 Chaudron, entrails.  
 Cheator, an escheator.  
 Cheer, countenance, appearance.  
 Cherry-pit, a game of pitching cherry-stones into a little hole.  
 Cheveril, kid-leather.  
 Chewet, a chough, a chattering bird.  
 Chiding, sound.  
 Childing, pregnant, fruitful.  
 Chopine, a high shoe.  
 Chippy, chapped.  
 Christom, a white cloth put on the child at baptism.  
 Chnff, a churl.  
 Cinque-pace, a solemn dance.  
 Clack-dish, a beggar's dish.  
 Clapper-claw, to thrash soundly.  
 Claw, to flatter.  
 Climates, compatriots.  
 Clout, the white mark at which archers took their aim.  
 Cloy, to claw.  
 Cob-loaf, a large misshapen loaf.  
 Cock, a cock-boat.  
 Cockle, a weed, a wild flower.  
 Cock-shut time, twilight.  
 Codling, an unripe apple.  
 Coffin, the hollow in the raised crust of a pie.  
 Cog, to defraud, to steal.  
 Cognizance, a badge.  
 Coign, corner.  
 Coil, bustle, tumult.

Collection, a corollary, inference.  
 Collied, black, smutty.  
 Colt, a heady, witless youngster; *v. f.* to fool, to trick.  
 Co-mart, a joint bargain.  
 Combinate, settled by contract.  
 Commend, to commit.  
 Commodity, profit.  
 Complements, accomplishments.  
 Composition, consistency.  
 Comptible, sensitive.  
 Conceit, thought, conception.  
 Conclusions, experiments.  
 Coney-catch, to deceive.  
 Continent, the thing that contains.  
 Contrive, to wear out.  
 Convent, to be suitable.  
 Convented, summoned, convened.  
 Conveyance, sleight of hand, artifice, fraud.  
 Convicted, defeated, destroyed, baffled.  
 Convive, to feast.  
 Copatrain-hat, a hat with conical crown.  
 Copesmate, a companion.  
 Copped, rising to a head.  
 Coranto, a lively dance.  
 Corky, withered, shrivelled.  
 Corollary, a surplus.  
 Costard, the head.  
 Cote, to overtake.  
 Counter-caster, one who casts up accounts.  
 Counterpoint, a counterpane.  
 County, a nobleman.  
 Cowl-staff, a staff for carrying a large basket.  
 Coy, to stroke.  
 Coystril, a mean fellow.  
 Cozier, a tailor.  
 Crack, a boy or child; *v.* to brag.  
 Cranks, winding passages.  
 Grants, garlands.  
 Crave, a small vessel.  
 Craven, a degenerate, dispirited cock.  
 Cresset, a great light set upon a beacon.  
 Crisp, curled, winding.  
 Crowkeeper, a stuffed figure to scare crows.  
 Cruzado, a Portuguese coin.  
 Cry, a troop or pack.  
 Cry aim, to encourage.  
 Cub-drawn, sucked dry by the young.  
 Cuisses, armour for the thighs.  
 Cullion, a low fellow.  
 Culverin, a piece of ordnance.  
 Curiosity, over-nice, scrupulousness, finical delicacy.  
 Currents, occurrences.  
 Curst, perverse, petulant.  
 Curtal, a docked horse.

Custard-coffin, the crust of a custard.  
 Customer, a common woman.  
 Cut, a horse.  
 Cut and long-tail, of every description.  
 Cuttle, a knife used by sharpers, a bully.  
 Cyprus, a transparent stuff.  
 Daff or doff, to put off, to lay aside.  
 Dagonet, King Arthur's fool.  
 Damn, to condemn.  
 Danger, power, debt.  
 Darraign, to put in order.  
 Daubery, imposition, false pretence.  
 Day-bed, a couch, sofa.  
 Day-woman, a dairy-maid.  
 Dear, dire, dreadful, important.  
 Dearn, direful, dismal.  
 Death-tokens, plague-spots.  
 Deck, to cover, a pack of cards.  
 Decline, to run through a thing from first to last.  
 Defeatures, alteration of features, marks of deformity.  
 Demerit, merit, desert.  
 Denay, denial.  
 Denier, a very small French coin.  
 Deracinate, to tear up by the roots.  
 Dewberries, the fruit of a species of blackberry.  
 Dich, happen to.  
 Diet, to be weary of, to make to large basket.  
 Diffused, wild, irregular.  
 Disable, to underrate.  
 Disappointed, unprepared.  
 Discandy, to melt, to dissolve.  
 Disclose, to hatch.  
 Discoverer, a scout.  
 Disease, uneasiness, discontent.  
 Dislimns, to blot out.  
 Dimes, tenths.  
 Distractions, detachments, separate bodies.  
 Division, the pauses of a musical composition.  
 Done, expended, consumed, thrown out.  
 Dowlas, coarse linen.  
 Dowle, down, a feather.  
 Down-gyved, hanging like fetters round the ankles.  
 Drumble, to act sluggishly.  
 Dudgeon, the handle of a dagger.  
 Dump, a mournful song.  
 Dup, to open, to lift the latch.  
 Ean, to produce young.  
 Eanling, a young lamb.  
 Ear, to plough.

Edward Shovelboards, the broad shillings of Edward VI.  
 Elf, to knot hair by elves or fairies.  
 Embalmed, invested with the ball at coronation.  
 Embarquement, impediment.  
 Embossed, swollen, puffy, enclosed, foaming at the mouth after a hard run.  
 Empery, dominion, sovereign command.  
 Enmew, to coop up.  
 Ensconce, to shelter as with a fort.  
 Enseamed, greasy.  
 Entertain, to take into pay or into one's service.  
 Ephesian, a cant expression for 'courage.'  
 Escape, a prank.  
 Escorted, paid.  
 Espials, spies.  
 Even-Christian, fellow-Christian.  
 Even-pleached, woven together.  
 Evitate, to avoid.  
 Excrement, the beard.  
 Execution, exercise, employment.  
 Exhibition, allowance.  
 Exigent, end, extremity.  
 Expedience, expedition.  
 Exposure, exposure.  
 Exsufficate, swollen, despicable.  
 Extend, to seize.  
 Extent, a writ of execution, violence.  
 Eyas, a young unfledged hawk.  
 Eyas-musket, a young sparrow-hawk.  
 Eye, a shade of colour.  
 Eyne, eyes.  
 Face, to play the hypocrite, to carry a false appearance.  
 Fadge, to suit, to fit.  
 Fading, the burden of a song.  
 Fators, rascals, evil-doers.  
 Fall, cadence.  
 Fap, drunk.  
 Farced, stuffed.  
 Fardel, a pack.  
 Fashions, farcy, a distemper in horses.  
 Fat, dull, disagreeable.  
 Favours, features.  
 Federary, an accomplice, confederate.  
 Feeder, a servant.  
 Fee-grief, sorrow felt by the mourner alone.  
 Feere, a husband, a companion.  
 Fell, skin.  
 Feodary, a confederate.  
 Fet, fetched.

Fig, to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle fingers.  
 Fights, canvas screens placed round a ship to conceal the crew from the foe.  
 File, to defile.  
 Fills, the shafts of a cart.  
 Fire-drake, a meteor.  
 Firk, to chastise, to whip.  
 Fitchew, a polecat.  
 Fives, a disease of horses resembling the strangles.  
 Flap-dragon, a small combustible body placed burning in a glass of liquor, and dexterously swallowed.  
 Flap-jack, a pancake.  
 Flaw, a sudden gust of wind.  
 Fleet, to float, to change or fit.  
 Flewed, having the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound.  
 Flight, a light arrow with narrow feathers.  
 Flock, a lock of wool.  
 Flote, wave.  
 Fobbed, tricked, deceived.  
 Foin, to thrust in fencing.  
 Foison, plenty.  
 Forbid, accursed.  
 Foredo, to undo, to destroy.  
 Forgetive, inventive.  
 Forth-right, a straight path.  
 Foutra, a term of contempt.  
 Fox, a broadsword.  
 Foxship, meanness, cunning.  
 Fracted, broken.  
 Frambold, peevish, troublesome.  
 Frank, a large sty or enclosure for a wild boar.  
 Franklin, a yeoman.  
 Freshes, fresh-water springs.  
 Fret, to ornament, to adorn.  
 Frush, to break, to bruise.  
 Fullams, loaded dice.  
 Fumiter, fumitory.  
 Furnishings, external pretences.  
 Fustilarian, a term of contempt.

Gaberdine, the coarse frock of a peasant.  
 Gad, a sharp-pointed instrument.  
 Gaingiving, misgiving.  
 Gall, to jeer at.  
 Galliard, a lively dance.  
 Galliasse, large heavy vessels with both sails and oars.  
 Gallimaufry, a medley.  
 Gallow, to scare.  
 Gallowglasses, heavy-armed Irish foot-soldiers.  
 Garboil, commotion.  
 Gaskina, breeches.  
 Gasted, frightened.  
 Geck, one imposed on.

Gentry, complaisance.  
 Germens, seeds.  
 Geat, a halting-place.  
 Gib, a tom-cat.  
 Gligot, a wanton wench.  
 Gimmel-bit, one made of double rings.  
 Ging, a gang.  
 Gleek, to jest, to scoff.  
 Gloze, to expound, to explain.  
 Gnarling, snarling.  
 God dig you den, God give you good even.  
 God 'ild you, Heaven reward you.  
 Gorbelled, corpulent.  
 Gorge, the throat.  
 Gorget, armour to protect the throat.  
 Goss, gorse.  
 Gourds, false dice.  
 Gouts, drops.  
 Gratulate, gratifying.  
 Greaves, armour for the legs.  
 Greek, a pander, jovial fellow.  
 Gripe, a griffin.  
 Grize, a step.  
 Guard, to ornament with a border.  
 Guiled, treacherous.  
 Gules, red, an heraldic term.  
 Gulf, the throat.  
 Gun-stones, cannon-balls.  
 Gust, to taste.  
 Guttered, worn by water.

Haggard, a wild hawk.  
 Hair, the grain.  
 Handy-dandy, a play in which children pass something from one to another, and guess where the object is.  
 Hardiments, brave deeds of arms.  
 Harrow, to subdue, or distract.  
 Haught, haughty.  
 Haut, company.  
 Havour, behaviour.  
 Hay, a cry in fencing when an opponent is hit.  
 Head, an armed force.  
 Hebenon, hebane.  
 Heel, to dance.  
 Hell, a cant term for 'an obscure dungeon.'  
 Hent, to take possession of.  
 Hest, a command.  
 Hide fox and all after, a game amongst children.  
 High-repented, repented to the utmost.  
 Hight, is called, named.  
 Hilding, a low wretch.  
 Hireu, a strumpet.  
 Hive, a hat or bonnet.  
 Hobby-horse, a character in the morris-dance.  
 Hob-nob, at random.

**Hoodman** - blind, blind-man's buff.  
**Hot-house**, a bagnio.  
**Hox**, to hamstring.  
**Hoy**, a small sailing-vessel.  
**Hull**, to float about.  
**Hulling**, left at the mercy of the waves.  
**Humorous**, changeable.  
**Hunts-up**, a tune to waken the huntsman.  
**Hurly**, noise.  
**Hurtle**, to move with violence or noise.  
**Hyen**, a hyena.

**Ignomy**, ignominy.  
**Illume**, to illuminate.  
**Illustrious**, lacking brightness.  
**Imbar**, to bar in, to secure.  
**Immanity**, savageness.  
**Impartial**, sometimes used for 'partial.'  
**Imperverant**, not perceiving, dull.  
**Importance**, importunity.  
**Important**, importunate.  
**Incarnadine**, to stain red.  
**Incense**, to instigate.  
**Inch-meal**, piece-meal.  
**Incony**, fine, delicate.  
**Indent**, to come to an agreement.  
**Index**, something by way of prelude.  
**Informal**, demented.  
**Inhibit**, to forbid.  
**Inkle**, a kind of tape.  
**Inland**, civilized.  
**Insculped**, engraven.  
**Insisture**, persevering in.  
**Intend**, to pretend.  
**Intending**, pretending.  
**Intendment**, intention, purpose.  
**Inteuible**, incapable of holding or retaining.  
**Intention**, eagerness of desire, aim.  
**Intently**, attentively.  
**Interested**, interested.  
**Intergatories**, interrogatories.  
**Intrinsc**, difficult to unloose.  
**Inward**, intimate.  
**Inwardness**, intimacy.  
**Irregulous**, lawless, licentious.  
**Iterance**, repetition.

**Jack**, a term of contempt.  
**Jack-a-lent**, a puppet thrown at in Lent.  
**Jacks**, leathern drinking-vessels.  
**Jack-sauce**, a saucy Jack.  
**Jaded**, worthless.  
**Jar**, the tick of a clock.  
**Jaunce**, to ramble.

**Jay**, a light wench.  
**Jesses**, leather straps on a hawk's legs.  
**Jest**, to play a part in a mask.  
**Jet**, to strut.  
**Jig**, a ludicrous metrical composition.  
**Jovial**, resembling Jove.  
**Journal**, daily.  
**Jowl**, to strike, to knock.  
**Junip**, to risk, to jolt.  
**Jump**, just.  
**Jutty**, to project.

**Kam**, awry, crooked.  
**Kecksies**, hemlock and similar plants with hollow stalks.  
**Keck**, a round lump of tallow.  
**Keel**, to cool.  
**Kerna**, light-armed Irish foot-soldiers.  
**Kettle**, a kettle-drum.  
**Key-cold**, cold as a key.  
**Kibe**, a chilblain.  
**Kickay - wicksay**, a disdainful word for wife.  
**Kiln-hole**, the fire-place of an oven.  
**Kind**, nature.  
**Kirtle**, a long cloak; sometimes a petticoat.  
**Knap**, to knock sharply.  
**Knot-grass**, a plant supposed to prevent the growth of children.

**Labras**, lips.  
**Lade**, to drain.  
**Lag end**, the lag end.  
**Land-damn**, to drive out of the country; perhaps to bury in the earth.  
**Lapsed**, taken unawares.  
**Latch**, to catch, to smear over.  
**Latten**, a mixed metal.  
**Laundering**, wetting.  
**Lavolta**, a kind of waltz.  
**Leagner**, a camp.  
**Leathercoat**, a kind of apple.  
**Leer**, complexion or colour.  
**Leet**, court of the manor.  
**Leg**, a bow.  
**Leiger**, an ambassador resident at a foreign court.  
**Leman**, a lover, a mistress.  
**Liberal**, licentious.  
**Liberty**, lewdness.  
**Liefest**, dearest.  
**Light o' love**, the name of an old dance tune.  
**Limbeck**, a vessel used in distillation.  
**Linstock**, the stick which held the gunner's match.  
**List**, limit, bound.

**Lither**, flexible, yielding.  
**Lob**, to hang heavily, to drop; lubber, lout.  
**Lockram**, some kind of cheap linen.  
**Lode-star**, the pole-star.  
**Lodged**, laid by the wind and rain.  
**Loggats**, a game somewhat like bowls played with pins of wood.  
**Loof**, to bring close to the wind.  
**Loon**, the Great Grebe, a contemptible fellow.  
**Lop**, the branches.  
**Lord's tokens**, the first spots of the plague.  
**Lottery**, allotment.  
**Loves of all**, by all means (an adjuration).  
**Lown**, a loon, a sorry fellow.  
**Lowted**, mocked.  
**Lozel**, a worthless fellow.  
**Luce**, a pike.  
**Lunes**, lunacy, frenzy.  
**Lurch**, to purloin, to win easily at cards.  
**Lure**, an arrangement of feathers and iron, baited with meat on which a hawk is fed; v. to call a hawk by showing the lure.  
**Lustick**, lusty, cheerful, pleasant.  
**Lym**, a bloodhound.

**Maggot-pie**, a magpie.  
**Magnifico**, a Venetian grandee.  
**Maid Marian**, a man dressed like a woman in the morris-dance.  
**Mailed**, covered up.  
**Makeless**, without a mate.  
**Malkin**, a coarse wench.  
**Mall**, Mary Frith, known as Mall Cut-purse.  
**Mallard**, the male wild duck.  
**Mallecho**, mischief.  
**Mammering**, hesitating.  
**Mammet**, Mohammed, an idol.  
**Mammock**, to cut in pieces, to tear.  
**Man**, to tame a hawk.  
**Manage**, to tame a horse.  
**Mandragera**, a plant possessing soporific qualities.  
**Mandrake**, the mandragera, whose root is supposed to have the shape of a man.  
**Manner**, to be taken with the; to be taken in the act.  
**Man-queller**, an executioner, a murderer.  
**March-pane**, a confection made of almonds, sugar, &c.  
**Mate**, to confound, to astonish.  
**Mangre**, in spite of.  
**Mann'd**, a hand-basket.  
**Mazzard**, head.  
**Meacock**, timorous.

- Mealed, mingled.  
 Mean, the tenor (in music).  
 Meazels, lepers.  
 Mechanical, a mechanic.  
 Meiny, people, a household.  
 Mell, to meddle with.  
 Merchant, a low fellow.  
 Mess, a small quantity.  
 Mew, a hawk's place of confinement.  
 Micher, a truant.  
 Miching, lurking.  
 Middle-earth, the earth as opposed to the ethereal regions, the abode of spirits, and underground that of fairies.  
 Minikin, a term of endearment.  
 Minimus, smallest thing.  
 Minnow, a little object, a very small river fish.  
 Minute-jacks, obsequious time-servers.  
 Misprised, mistaken.  
 Miss, misbehaviour.  
 Mistress, the jack in bowls.  
 Mobled, muffled.  
 Module, a pattern.  
 Moldwarp, the mole.  
 Mome, a stupid blockhead, a post.  
 Monarcho, a fantastical character in Shakespeare's time.  
 Montart, a term of the fencing school.  
 Moonish, fickle.  
 Morisco, a morris dancer.  
 Morris-pike, a Moorish pike.  
 Mortal, murderous, deadly.  
 Motion, a puppet, a puppet-show.  
 Mouse, a term of endearment.  
 Mow, to make faces at.  
 Moy, a cant term for some kind of coin.  
 Murdering-piece, a piece of ordnance.  
 Mure, a wall.  
 Muset, a gap in a hedge.  
 Muss, a scramble.  
 Mutine, to mutiny.  
 Mutines, mutineers.  
 Nayword, a watchword, a by-word.  
 Neaf or Neif, a fist.  
 Need, a needle.  
 Nephew, a grandchild or any lineal descendant.  
 Nether-stocks, stockings.  
 Niece, granddaughter.  
 Night-rule, revelry, frolic of the night.  
 Nine Men's Morris, a rustic game so called from the counters (Fr. *merelles*) used.  
 Noddy, fool.  
 Noise, a company of musicians.  
 Nook-shotten, full of corners or angles.  
 Noted, branded with disgrace.  
 Nott-pated, polled, shorn.  
 Nonsle, to nurse tenderly.  
 Novum, a game of dice.  
 Nowl, head.  
 Nuthook, a catchpole.  
 O, a circle, orb.  
 Obsequious, careful of funeral rites.  
 Obstacle, obstinate.  
 Occurents, incidents.  
 Oeilliades, significant glances of the eye.  
 O'er-crow, to overthrow.  
 O'er-parted, having too difficult a part to play.  
 O'er-raught, over-reached, overtook.  
 Old, plentiful.  
 Operant, active.  
 Orgulous, proud, haughty.  
 Ort, remnant.  
 Ouphs, goblins.  
 Ousel-cock, the male blackbird.  
 Outvie, to beat with a better card.  
 Over-scutched, whipped, dirty.  
 Owches, ornaments.  
 Owe, to have, to own.  
 Oxlips, a species of primula.  
 Oyes, 'listen.'  
 Pack, to conspire, to play falsely with cards.  
 Packings, underhand contrivances.  
 Paddock, a toad.  
 Paid, beaten, subdued by liquor.  
 Pajock, a peacock, a fool.  
 Palabras, words.  
 Palmers, pilgrims.  
 Palmy, victorious.  
 Falter, to shuffle, to cheat.  
 Pantaloon, a thin old man.  
 Pantler, a domestic who looks after the pantry.  
 Paritor, an officer of the bishop's court.  
 Parle, parley.  
 Parlous, perilous, dangerous.  
 Partizan, a pike.  
 Partlet, the name of the hen in an old fable.  
 Pash, the head.  
 Passes, transactions.  
 Passy-measure, a grave majestic dance.  
 Patch, a fool.  
 Patchery, knavery.  
 Patines, pattens or skates.  
 Pances, few.  
 Pavin, a grave dance.  
 Pax, a piece of metal with Christ's picture on tendered to the people to be kissed.  
 Peak, to become thin.  
 Peat, a pet.  
 Pedascul, a pedant.  
 Peer, to appear; fellow.  
 Peise, to weigh down, to retard.  
 Pelt, to be clamorous with passion.  
 Pelting, paltry, insignificant.  
 Pensioners, gentlemen who waited on the king's person.  
 Perdu, one sent on a desperate adventure.  
 Perdy, a corruption of 'par Dieu.'  
 Periapts, charms worn about the person.  
 Petar, an explosive machine for breaking up gates.  
 Pettitoes, feet.  
 Pew-fellow, a companion.  
 Phantasma, a creature of the imagination.  
 Pheere or Fere, a mate or companion.  
 Pheese, to tease, to plague.  
 Pia-mater, the membrane covering the brain.  
 Pick, to pitch.  
 Picked, nicely-dressed.  
 Picking, insignificant.  
 Pight, pitched, settled.  
 Pilcher, a scabbard.  
 Pilled, pillaged.  
 Pin, the centre of a target.  
 Pin and web, disorders in the eye.  
 Pinfold, a pound or enclosure.  
 Pinked, studded with small holes.  
 Pix, the box which held the consecrated host.  
 Placket, a stomacher, the aperture in a petticoat.  
 Planchd, made of boards.  
 Plants, feet.  
 Splash, pool.  
 Plates, silver money.  
 Platforms, plans, designs.  
 Plausibly, with acclamation.  
 Pleached, folded.  
 Plot, piece, portion.  
 Point, a signal by trumpet.  
 Point-devise, finically exact.  
 Points, laced with metal tags to them.  
 Poking-sticks, sticks to adjust the plaits of ruffs.  
 Polack, a Pole.  
 Pomander, a ball of perfumes to prevent infection.  
 Pome-water, a species of apple.  
 Poor-John, hake salted and dried.  
 Poperin, a kind of pear.  
 Popularity, association with the common people.  
 Portage, entrance, sockets (of the eyes).

**Potch**, to push roughly.  
**Potents**, potentates.  
**Pouncet-box**, a box for perfumes.  
**Powdering-tub**, a salting tub.  
**Practice**, shameful artifice.  
**Practisants**, confederates in stratagem.  
**Pregnancy**, readiness.  
**Pregnant**, dexterous, ready, apt.  
**Presence**, the presence-chamber.  
**Prest**, ready.  
**Prick**, the point of a dial.  
**Prime**, the spring, sprightly vigour.  
**Primero**, a game at cards.  
**Principals**, the strongest rafters in the roof.  
**Princox**, a conceited person, a coxcomb.  
**Probal**, probable.  
**Proditor**, a traitor.  
**Proface**, much good may it do you!  
**Propend**, to incline.  
**Property**, mere appendage, a tool.  
**Provand**, provender.  
**Prune**, to plume.  
**Puggish**, thievish.  
**Puke-stocking**, dark-coloured.  
**Pun**, to pound.  
**Punto**, the point in fencing.  
**Purl**, to curl.  
**Purlieu**, the border of a forest.  
**Putter-on**, an instigator.  
**Putter-out**, one who invests money for interest.  
**Puttock**, a kite.  
**Puzzel**, a drab, a dirty wench.  
  
**Quail**, to faint, to sink into dejection.  
**Qualify**, to moderate.  
**Quantity**, proportion, value.  
**Quarry**, game after being killed.  
**Quart d'ecu**, the fourth part of the smaller French crown.  
**Quarter**, station.  
**Quartered**, slain.  
**Quat**, a pimple.  
**Queasy**, questionable, delicate.  
**Quell**, to destroy, murder.  
**Quern**, a hand-mill.  
**Question**, conversation.  
**Questrist**, one who goes in quest of another.  
**Quiddits**, subtleties.  
**Quietus**, the discharge of an account.  
**Quill**, in the, with observance of form, in print.  
**Quillets**, the peculiar word employed in law chicane.  
**Quintain**, an object to be tilted at.  
**Quip**, a sharp retort.  
**Quirk**, an evasion, a quibble.

**Quiver**, nimble, active.  
**Quoif**, a cap or hood.  
**Quote**, to observe.  
  
**Rabato**, a collar or kind of ruff.  
**Rabbit-sucker**, a sucking rabbit.  
**Race**, a root.  
**Rack**, a body of sailing clouds, the motion of clouds.  
**Rag**, a base person.  
**Rake**, to cover.  
**Rampallian**, an abusive epithet.  
**Ramps**, strumpets.  
**Range**, a rank, to sort evenly.  
**Rapture**, a fit.  
**Rascal**, a lean deer.  
**Ravin**, to devour voraciously; ravenous.  
**Ravined**, glutted with prey.  
**Rawly**, hastily.  
**Rayed**, besmirched, bewrayed.  
**Raze**, a bale.  
**Razed**, streaked, slashed.  
**Rebate**, to dull the edge.  
**Recheat**, the sound by which dogs are called back.  
**Record**, to sing.  
**Recorder**, a kind of flute.  
**Recure**, to recover.  
**Rede**, counsel.  
**Red-lattice**, belonging to an ale-house.  
**Reduce**, to bring back.  
**Recky**, stained by smoke.  
**Refell**, to refute.  
**Regiment**, regimen, government.  
**Regreet**, an exchange of salutation.  
**Regnerdon**, to recompense, return.  
**Remediate**, affording a remedy.  
**Remotion**, remoteness.  
**Renega**, to renounce.  
**Renying**, denying.  
**Rere-mice**, bats.  
**Resolve**, to dissolve, to dispel doubts.  
**Rest**, resolve.  
**Rest**, to set up his, to make up his mind.  
**Resty**, rank, lazy.  
**Retailed**, diffused, dispersed, retold.  
**Reverb**, to reverberate.  
**Ribald-rid**, lewd.  
**Rid**, to destroy.  
**Riggish**, lascivious.  
**Rigol**, a circle.  
**Rim**, the midriff.  
**Rivage**, shore.  
**Rival**, partner, associate.  
**Rivelled**, wrinkled.  
**Rivo**, a cant expression used by drinkers.  
**Romage**, tumultuous hurry.

**Rondure**, a round.  
**Bonyon**, a scabby creature.  
**Rook**, to squat down.  
**Ropery**, roguery.  
**Rope-tricks**, abusive language.  
**Roping**, dripping.  
**Rother**, an ox.  
**Round**, direct, plain-spoken; to whisper.  
**Roundel**, a circular dance.  
**Rounding**, telling secretly.  
**Roundure**, circle.  
**Rouse**, a large draught of liquor.  
**Roynish**, mangy, scurvy.  
**Rub**, obstacle, hindrance.  
**Ruddock**, the red-breast.  
**Ruffle**, to swagger noisily.  
**Rule**, behaviour.  
**Runagate**, a vagabond.  
**Running banquet**, a hasty meal.

**Sacring bell**, the bell rung at the approach of the host.  
**Sag**, to sink down.  
**Sagittary**, a centaur.  
**Sallet**, a kind of open helmet.  
**Samingo** (Saint Domingo), a word used as the burden of a drinking song.  
**Sand-blind**, purblind.  
**Sanded**, sandy in colour.  
**Say**, a kind of serge, a sample, taste.  
**Scale**, to scatter, to spread.  
**Scaled**, put to confusion, dispersed.  
**Scamble**, to scramble, to struggle.  
**Scamél**, a seamew.  
**Scape**, unlawful act, irregularity.  
**Sconce**, the head, a petty fortification.  
**Scrimers**, fencers.  
**Scrip**, a written document.  
**Scrowles**, scabby fellows.  
**Seam**, lard.  
**Seel**, to close the eyelids of a hawk by running a thread through them.  
**Seld**, seldom.  
**Sennet**, a short flourish on cornets.  
**Serpigo**, a kind of tetter.  
**Sewer**, an officer who tasted the dishes on the royal table.  
**Shales**, shells.  
**Shards**, wing-cases, broken fragments of earthenware.  
**Sheer**, pellucid, transparent.  
**Shent**, roughly treated, rebuked, reviled.  
**Ship-tire**, a cap decorated with ribbons.  
**Shive**, a slice.  
**Shog**, to move off.

Shotten-herring, one that has spawned.  
 Shoughs, a species of dog.  
 Shove-groat shilling, a coin used in the game of shovel-board.  
 Shovel-boards, the broad shillings of Edward VI.  
 Shrewd, evil, mischievous, cunning.  
 Siege, seat, stool.  
 Sistering, adjacent.  
 Sizes, allowances.  
 Skeins-mates, cut-throat companions.  
 Skillet, a small vessel.  
 Skinker, a tapster.  
 Skirr, to scurry, to move hastily.  
 Slab, viscous, sloppy.  
 Sleave-silk, the ravelled part of the silk.  
 Sledged, borne in sledges.  
 Sleeve-hand, the cuffs of a smock or coat.  
 Sleided, untwisted.  
 Slip, a counterfeit piece of money.  
 Sliver, to tear off.  
 Slops, loose breeches.  
 Slubber, to work carelessly.  
 Smooth, to flatter.  
 Sneap, to rebuke, check.  
 Sneek up, 'go and hang yourself.'  
 Snuff, hasty anger; the charred part of the wick of a candle.  
 Snuffs, dislikes.  
 Solidare, some kind of coin.  
 Sorel, a buck of the third year.  
 Sort, company, a lot, rank.  
 Sowle, to pull, to drag, to lug.  
 Bowter, the name of a hound.  
 Sped, done for.  
 Sperr, to shut up, to defend by bars.  
 Spimers, spiders.  
 Sprag, alert, sprightly.  
 Springhalt, a lameness in horses.  
 Square, to quarrel; the full complement.  
 Squarer, a quarrelsome fellow.  
 Squash, an unripe peacock.  
 Squiny, to look squint.  
 Squire, rule, square.  
 Staggers, a raging violence.  
 Stale, a bait, decoy.  
 Standing-bowl, a bowl resting on feet.  
 Stannyl, a kestrel hawk.  
 State, a sumptuous chair with a canopy over it.  
 States, persons of highest rank.  
 Statist, a statesman.  
 Stickler, one who stands by to part combatants.  
 Stigmatic, a deformed person.  
 Stithy, an anvil.  
 Stoccado, a thrust with a rapier.

Stock, a term in fencing; stockings.  
 Stock-fish, a dried cod or ling.  
 Stomach, resolution, constancy, pride.  
 Stoop or Stoup, a flagon.  
 Stover, fodder for cattle.  
 Strain, descent, lineage.  
 Striker, a thievish rascal.  
 Strossers, trousers.  
 Stuck, a contraction of stoccata, a term in fencing.  
 Subscribe, to yield, to surrender.  
 Subscription, obedience.  
 Suited, dressed.  
 Summured, well cared for, nourished.  
 Sumpter, a horse that carries necessaries on a journey.  
 Surcease, to cease.  
 Sur-reined, over-worked or over-ridden.  
 Suspire, to breathe.  
 Swarth, the grass cut by a stroke of the scythe; black, swarthy.  
 Swasher, a bully.  
 Swashing, bullying, loud-sounding.  
 Swath, the dress of a new-born child, infancy.  
 Sway, to oscillate, to incline.  
 Swinge, to beat soundly.  
 Swinge-bucklers, rakes, noisy swaggerers.  
 Swords, a soldier.  
 Swound, to swoon or faint.  
 Table, the palm of the hand extended, a picture.  
 Tables, tablets.  
 Tabourines, small drums.  
 Taffeta, a fine silk.  
 Tag, the dregs of the people.  
 Taint, to disgrace.  
 Take, to strike with a disease, to blast.  
 Take in, to subdue.  
 Take thought, to become melancholy.  
 Take up, to take on credit, to contradict.  
 Tallow-ketch, the fat of an ox rolled up in a round lump.  
 Tame-snake, a poor contemptible fellow.  
 Tarte, to incite, to urge on.  
 Tartar, Tartarus, the lower regions.  
 Task, to tax.  
 Tassel-gentle, a merlin, a small falcon.  
 Tawdry-lace, necklaces worn by country girls.  
 Taxation, censure, satire.  
 Teen, sorrow, grief, trouble.

Tender, to watch with tenderness, to cherish.  
 Tender-hested, of a gentle disposition.  
 Tercel, the male peregrine falcon.  
 Tester, a sixpence.  
 Testril, a tester.  
 Tetchy, touchy, fretful.  
 Tharborough, a peace officer.  
 Theoric, theory.  
 Thews, sinews.  
 Thick, quick.  
 Thick-pleached, thickly-interwoven.  
 Thill-horse, shaft horse.  
 Thronical, bragging.  
 Three-man-beetle, an instrument for driving piles.  
 Three-pile, a very fine kind of velvet.  
 Threne, a funeral song.  
 Thrum, the loose end of a weaver's warp, coarse yarn.  
 Thrummed hat, one made of very coarse woollen cloth.  
 Thunder-stone, thunderbolt.  
 Tickle, ticklish.  
 Tickle-brain, some strong liquor.  
 Tick-tack, a game at tables.  
 Tight, expert, adroit.  
 Tightly, cleverly.  
 Tike, cur.  
 Tilly-vally, a contemptuous expression.  
 Tilth, tillage, tilled land.  
 Timeless, untimely.  
 Timely-parted, deceased in the common course of nature.  
 Tinct, tincture, the philosopher's stone.  
 Tire, head-dress; to peck at.  
 Tod, 28 lbs. of wool, to yield a tod.  
 Toga, wearing the toga, peaceable.  
 Tokened, spotted.  
 Topless, supreme, sovereign.  
 Tortive, twisted.  
 Touch, sensation, trick, stroke.  
 Touse, to tear.  
 Toward, ready, easily managed.  
 Toys, rumours, idle reports.  
 Trade, custom, resort.  
 Trail, scent left by the passage of game.  
 Traject, ferry.  
 Trash, to lop off, to correct or rate.  
 Traverse, to thrust.  
 Traversed, across.  
 Tray-trip, a game of the nature of draughts.  
 Treachers, treacherous people.  
 Trenched, cut, carved.  
 Tricky, nimble, adroit, quaint.  
 Trigon fiery, Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius.

Trojan, a cant term for a thief.  
 Troll-my-dames, a game otherwise known as 'pigeon-holes.'  
 Trossers, trousers.  
 Trundle-tail, a species of dog.  
 Tub-fast, the fast that necessarily followed during the cure of venereal disease.  
 Tuck, a rapier.  
 Tucket-sonance, the sound of a flourish of trumpets.  
 Tuft, a grove, a clump.  
 Turlygood, a name given to a particular tribe of Gipsies.  
 Turn Turk, to change condition or opinion.  
 Twire, to twinkle.  
 Type, exhibition, show, display.

Umbered, darkened.  
 Unanel'd, without extreme unction.  
 Unbarbed, bare, uncovered.  
 Unbated, not blunted as foils are with the button at the end.  
 Unbolted, unrefined.  
 Unbonneted, not showing deference, uncovered.  
 Uncape, uncover, throw off.  
 Under-skinker, a tapster.  
 Undertaker, one who becomes a surety for another.  
 Uneared, unploughed.  
 Uneath, not easily, scarcely.  
 Unhouseled, without receiving the sacrament in the hour of death.  
 Union, a precious pearl.  
 Unmanned, unaccustomed to company.  
 Unpregnant, unready, unprepared.  
 Unproper, common.  
 Unready, undressed.  
 Unrespective, inattentive, inconsiderate.  
 Unrest, disquiet.  
 Unsisited, untried.  
 Unstanchied, incontinent.  
 Upspring, upstart.  
 Urchins, hedgehogs.  
 Usance, interest of money.  
 Use, interest, usage.  
 Utis, festivity.  
 Utter, to vend by retail.  
 Utterance, extremity.

Vail, to lower, to sink.  
 Vailing, lowering.

Valance, the fringes or drapery hanging round the tester of a bed.  
 Valanced, fringed with a beard.  
 Validity, value.  
 Valued-file, a list where the value of everything is set down.  
 Vantbrace, armour for the arm.  
 Vantage, opportunity.  
 Vantages, caverns.  
 Vaunt, what leads the way, the van.  
 Vaunt-courier, precursor.  
 Vaward, the vanguard, the early part.  
 Velure, velvet.  
 Venew, a bout.  
 Veney, a bout at the fencing school.  
 Ventages, the holes of a flute.  
 Verbal, full of talk.  
 Very, immediate, particular.  
 Via, courage! come on!  
 Vice, the fool in the old moral plays; grasp.  
 Viol-de-gamboys, a musical instrument.  
 Virginaling, playing with the fingers as if upon the virginal.  
 Virtue, valour.  
 Visitings, promptings, attacks.  
 Voiding-lobby, ante-chamber.  
 Votarist, petitioner.

Waft, to beckon.  
 Waftage, crossing.  
 Wafture, waving.  
 Waist, the part of a ship between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle.  
 Wake, a revel.  
 Wall-newt, a lizard.  
 Wannion, vengeance.  
 Wappened, stale.  
 Ward, posture of defence.  
 Warden, a species of pear.  
 Warn, to summon.  
 Wassail, festivity.  
 Watch, a watch-light.  
 Water-gall, some appearance attendant on a rainbow.  
 Water-rugs, shaggy water-dogs.  
 Waterwork, a water-colour painting.  
 Waxen, to grow.  
 Web and pin, disorders in the eye.  
 Weeds, garments.  
 Weet, to know.  
 Weird, fateful.  
 Welkin, the vault of heaven.

Well-liking, plump.  
 Welsh-hook, a particular form of battle-axe.  
 Wezand, windpipe.  
 Whelk, a pimple.  
 Whe'r, whether.  
 Whiffler, one who went in front of a procession to clear the way, a fifer.  
 Whiles, until, while.  
 Whipster, a greenhorn.  
 Whipstock, the handle of a whip.  
 Whurring, hurrying away.  
 Whist, still, calm.  
 White, the white portion of a target (in archery).  
 Whiting-time, bleaching-time.  
 Whitsters, bleachers.  
 Whittle, a clasp-knife.  
 Whooping, measure.  
 Will, wilfulness.  
 Wimple, a hood, veil.  
 Windowed, pierced with holes.  
 Winding, winding.  
 Winter-ground, to protect from the inclemency of winter by straw, moss, &c.  
 Wittol-cuckold, one who knows his wife's falseness and is contented with it.  
 Woman-tired, henpecked.  
 Womby, hollow.  
 Wood, mad, raging.  
 Woodcock, a foolish fellow.  
 Wooden-thing, an undertaking not likely to succeed.  
 Woodman, a mild man, a lewd fellow.  
 Woolward, wearing wool instead of linen as a penance.  
 Word, motto.  
 World, wonder.  
 World, to go to the, to be married.  
 Worm, a serpent, creature.  
 Worth, wealth, fortune.  
 Wreak, vengeance.  
 Wrest, an instrument for tuning.  
 Writ, penned.  
 Writhled, wrinkled.  
 Wrying, going astray.

Yare, ready.  
 Yarely, nimbly, actively.  
 Yellowness, jealousy.  
 Yellows, jaundice.  
 Yerk, to jerk, kick.  
 Yield, to reward.

Zany, a buffoon, a gross mimic.

POEMS.



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# VENUS AND ADONIS.

---

'Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.'

---

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden; only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;  
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn;  
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
And like a bold-fac'd 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 meed  
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:  
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,  
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,  
But rather famish them amid their plenty,  
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:  
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The precedent of pith and livelihood,  
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:  
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force  
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,  
Under her other was the tender boy,  
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,  
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;  
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
Nimble 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 push'd him, as she would be  
thrust,  
And govern'd him in strength, though not in  
lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,  
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he  
frown,

And '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 kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,  
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;  
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,  
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;  
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of  
flowers,  
So they were dew'd with such distilling  
showers.

Look! how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;  
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,  
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:  
Rain added to a river that is rank  
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;  
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,  
'Twillixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale:  
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,  
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;  
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,  
From his soft bosom never to remove,  
Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all  
wet;  
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless  
debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin  
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,  
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;  
So offers he to give what she did crave;  
But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat  
More thirst for drink than she for this good  
turn.

Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:  
'O, pity,' gan she cry, 'fiut-hearted boy!  
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'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 unask'd shalt  
have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;  
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,  
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overruld I oversway'd,  
Leading him prisoner in a red-roser chain:  
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength  
obey'd,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of  
thine,—  
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.  
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy  
head:  
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou 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 prime  
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
Ill-nurtur'd, 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 grey 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 dishevell'd hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:  
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;  
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support  
me;  
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the  
sky,  
From morn till night, even where I list to sport  
me:  
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom, and complain 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?  
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;  
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,  
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,  
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;  
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
His 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.'

'Ah me,' quoth Venus, 'young and so unkind?  
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!  
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:  
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my  
tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but  
warm,  
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:  
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;  
And were I not immortal, life were done  
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,  
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?  
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel  
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?  
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
She had not brought forth thee, but died un-  
kind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me  
this ?

Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?  
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ?  
Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be  
mute :

Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,  
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
Statue contenting but the eye alone,  
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred !

Thou art no man, though of a man's com-  
plexion,  
For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading  
tongue,

And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;  
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong ;  
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause ;  
And now she weeps, and now she fain would  
speak,

And now her sobs do her indentments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his  
hand,

Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;  
Sometimes her arms enfold 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 plain,  
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 ?  
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ?  
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?  
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing ;  
The time is spent, her object will away,  
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing,  
'Pity,' she cries ; 'some favour, some remorse !'  
Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,  
A breeding jennet, 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 crushes '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 glisters like fire,  
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,  
With gentle majesty and modest pride ;  
Anon he rears upright, 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 reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,  
His flattering '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, fetlock shag and  
long,  
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril  
wide,  
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing  
strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :  
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off and there he stares ;  
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;  
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,  
And wher he run or fly they know not whether ;  
For through his mane and tail the high wind  
sings,  
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd  
wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her ;  
She answers him as if she knew his mind :  
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,  
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,  
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,  
He veils his tail that, like a falling plume,  
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:  
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.  
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,  
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;  
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,  
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:  
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,  
Outstripping crows that strive to overfly them.

All swolln with chafing, down Adonis sits,  
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:  
And now the happy season once more fits,  
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;  
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:  
So of concealed sorrow may be said;  
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;  
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,  
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;  
Locks 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.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;  
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:  
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's  
print,  
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!  
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;  
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;  
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the woo-  
ing:

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:  
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;  
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,  
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure  
thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou  
feel it?'

'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt  
have it;

O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,  
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:  
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;  
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:  
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;  
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:  
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;  
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:  
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath  
none;  
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!  
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
He held such 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 dares not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy course, 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 unfinished?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:  
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being  
young  
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:  
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;  
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:  
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your  
flattery;  
For where a heart is hard they make no  
battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?

O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!  
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;

I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:  
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,  
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love  
That inward beauty and invisible;  
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
Each part in me that were but sensible:  
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,  
And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;  
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling  
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth 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, woe to the field,  
Sorrow to shepherds, pest 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 frown;  
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!  
The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,  
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,  
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:  
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!  
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,  
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks  
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:  
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:  
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,  
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth:  
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;  
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,  
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she, 'in earth or heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?  
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire?  
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me: kill me once again:  
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other for this cure!  
O, never let their crimson 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 banish'd by thy heaven.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing;  
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips  
Set thy seal-mannal on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look! the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, "'Tis very late;'  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,  
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light  
Do summon us to part and bid good night.

' Now let me say " Good night," and so say you ;  
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'  
 ' Good night,' quoth she, and, ere he says ' Adieu,'  
 The honey feed of parting tender'd is :  
 Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;  
 Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew  
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth :  
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with  
 dearth,  
 Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;  
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
 Paying what ransom the insulter willetth ;  
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so  
 high,  
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry :

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;  
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;  
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
 Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's  
 wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hand-  
 ling,  
 Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,  
 Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,  
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
 And yields at last to every light impression ?  
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with ven-  
 turing,  
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission :  
 Affection fains 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 suck'd.  
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;  
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis  
 pluck'd :  
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
 Yet love breaks through and picks them all at  
 last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;  
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart :  
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him ;  
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
 He carries thence incaged in his breast.

' Sweet boy,' she says, ' this night I'll waste in  
 sorrow,  
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
 Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow ?  
 Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the  
 match ?  
 He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends  
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

' The boar !' quoth she ; whereat a sudden pale,  
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
 Usurps her cheeks, she trembles at his tale,  
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :  
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
 He on her belly 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 doth prove,  
 He will not manage her, although he mount  
 her ;  
 That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,  
 To clip Elysium and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,  
 Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,  
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
 As those poor birds that helpless berries saw,  
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing,  
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :  
 She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd ;  
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee ;  
 She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.  
 ' Fie, fie,' he says, ' you crush me ; let me go ;  
 You have no reason to withhold me so.'

' Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, ' sweet boy,  
 ere this,  
 But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the  
 boar.  
 O, be advis'd ! thou know'st not what it is  
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
 Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth still,  
 Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

' On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;  
 His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth  
 fret ;  
 His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;  
 Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,  
 And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

' His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,  
 Are better proof than thy spear's point can  
 enter ;  
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;  
 Being ireful, on the lion he will venture :  
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
 As fearful of him, part, through whom he  
 rushes.

' Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,  
 To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;  
 Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal cyne,  
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;  
 But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread !—  
 Would root these beauties as he roots the  
 mead.

' O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still ;  
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :  
 Come not within his danger by thy will ;  
 They that thrive well take counsel of their  
 friends.  
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dis-  
 semble,  
 I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.



'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?  
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no  
rest,  
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my  
breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy  
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill, kill!"  
Distemp'ring gentle Love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,  
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,  
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth  
bring,  
Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine ear  
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed  
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the  
head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
That tremble at the imagination?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart  
bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination:  
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be 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-breath'd horse keep with thy  
hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles  
How he outruns the wind, and with what care  
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:  
The many musets through the which he goes  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
And sometime where earth-delving conies 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-snuffing 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 re-  
plies,  
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 alarums 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 briar his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur  
stay:  
For misery is trodden on by many,  
And being low never relieved by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:  
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,  
Applying this to that, and so to so;  
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where,' quoth  
he;

'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:  
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of that?' quoth  
she.

'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;  
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'  
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.'

'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,  
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,  
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy  
lips  
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:  
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,  
For stealing moulds from heaven that were  
divine;  
Wherein she framed thee in high heaven's de-  
spite,  
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies  
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,  
To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
And pure perfection with impure defeature,  
Making it subject to the tyranny  
Of mad mischances and much misery:

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,  
The narrow-eating sickness, whose attain  
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:  
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd de-  
spair,  
Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies  
But in one minute's fight brings beauty  
under:  
Both 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 mid-day sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity  
And barren dearth 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 use more gold begets.'

'Nay then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again  
Into your idle over-handled theme;  
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream;  
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul  
nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse and  
worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your own,  
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;  
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,  
And will not let a false sound enter there;

'Least the deceiving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my breast;  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.  
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove?  
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:  
I hate not love, but your device in love,  
That lends embracements unto every stranger.  
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,  
When reason is the hawd 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 comforte'h 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 apace;  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:  
So did the merciless and pitchy night  
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,  
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,  
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;  
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans;  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:  
'Ah me!' she cries, and twenty times, 'Woe,  
woe!'

And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note  
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;  
How love makes young men thrall and old men  
dote;

How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:  
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,  
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:  
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight  
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:  
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal  
But idle sounds resembling parasites,  
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?  
She says, 'Tis so:' they answer all, 'Tis 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:  
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,  
From whom each lamp and shining star doth  
borrow

Theauteous 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:  
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her  
face,  
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:  
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do  
ache,  
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;  
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,  
The fear whereof doth make him shake and  
shudder;  
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:  
Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
They all strain court'sy 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 so'diers, when their captain once doth  
yield,  
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,  
Till, cheering up her senses all-dismay'd,  
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,  
And childlike error, that they are afraid;  
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no  
more:—  
And with that word she spied the hunted  
boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,  
Like milk and blood being mingled both to-  
gether,  
A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
Which madly hurries her she knows not  
whither:  
This way she runs, and now she will no  
farther,  
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;  
She treads the path that she untreads again;  
Her more 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 effect-  
ing.

Here kennell'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'd sores the only sovereign  
plaster;  
And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howl-  
ing.

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 sighs 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.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.  
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;  
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower.  
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou 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 vall'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt  
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
In the sweet channel of her bosom drop;  
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver  
rain,  
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!  
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;  
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's  
sorrow,  
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;  
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet  
again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
As striving who should best become her grief;  
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,  
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,  
But none is best: then join they all together,  
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;  
A nurse's song ne'er 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 unweaves 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 clepes him king of graves, and grave for  
kings,  
Impertious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but  
jest;  
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear.  
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;  
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—  
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my  
tongue;  
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;  
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;  
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:  
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman  
yet  
Could rule them both without ten women's  
wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,  
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;  
And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;  
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and  
stories  
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I  
To be of such a weak and silly mind  
To wail his death who lives, and must not die  
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!  
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear  
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with  
thieves;  
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear.  
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'  
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;  
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;  
And in her haste unfortunately spies  
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;  
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the  
view,  
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves with-  
drew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again;  
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain;  
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again;  
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;  
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,  
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation  
shakes,  
Which with cold terror doth men's minds con-  
found.  
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,  
That from their dark beds once more leap her  
eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
Upon the wide wound that the boar had  
trench'd  
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white  
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was  
drench'd:  
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or  
weed,  
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to  
bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;  
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;  
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;  
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:  
Her voice is 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 dazzling makes the wound seem  
three;  
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
That makes more gashes where no breach  
should be:  
His face seems twain, each several limb is  
doubled;  
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being  
troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!  
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:  
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red  
fire!  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!  
 What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?  
 Whose tongue is music now? what caust thou boast  
 Of things long since, or anything ensuing?  
 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;  
 But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!  
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:  
 Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;  
 The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss 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 urchin-snouted boar,  
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;  
 Witness the entertainment that he gave:  
 If he did see his face, why then I know  
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:  
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
 Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;  
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
 Sheath'd unware the task in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,  
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;  
 But he is dead, and never did he bless  
 My youth with his; the more am I accurst.  
 With this, she falleth in the place she stood,  
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
 As if they heard the woeful words she told;  
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
 Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect;  
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,  
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect:  
 'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,  
 That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:  
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;  
 It shall be 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,  
 Bad 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 ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;  
 It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,  
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;  
 It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;  
 It shall be merciful and too severe,  
 And most deceiving when it seems most just;  
 Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,  
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
 And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;  
 Subject and servile to all discontents,  
 As dry combustions 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 sprang up, chequer'd with white,  
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood  
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to  
smell,

Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death:

She crops the stalk, and in the breach ap-  
pears

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 hies,  
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid  
Their mistress mounted through the empty  
skies

In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their  
queen

Means to immure herself and not be seen.

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, 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 Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus 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 privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth 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.

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
Which, in pale embers lid, lurks to aspire  
And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set  
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;  
When Collatine unwisely did not let  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's  
beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;  
What priceless wealth the heavens had him  
lent  
In the possession of his beauteous mate;  
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,  
That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendour of the sun!  
An expired date, cancell'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-ritch'd thoughts, that meaner men  
should vaunt  
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all-too-tuneless speed, if none of those:  
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant  
cold,  
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows  
old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,  
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,  
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived  
Which of them both should underprop her fame:  
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for  
shame;  
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;  
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;  
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,  
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the  
white.

This heraldry in Lucrece's face was seen,  
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:  
Of either's colour was the other queen,  
Proving from world's minority their right:  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;  
The sovereignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;  
Where, lest between them both it should be  
kill'd,  
The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
To those two armies that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow  
tongue,—  
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,—  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:  
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with 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 lined no secret bushes fear:  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer  
And reverent 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 parling looks,  
 Nor read the subtle-shining secreties  
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books:  
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no  
 hooks;

Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,  
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;  
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry  
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:  
 Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth ex-  
 press,  
 And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,  
 He makes excuses for his being there:  
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
 Doth yet in his fair walkin once appear;  
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
 And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
 Intending weariness with heavy 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 ab-  
 staining:  
 Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;  
 And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,  
 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 we do neglect  
 The thing we have: and, all for want of wit,  
 Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;  
 And for himself himself he must forsake:  
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?  
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
 When he himself himself confounds, betrays  
 To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful  
 days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
 When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:  
 No comfortable star did lend his light,  
 No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding  
 cries;  
 Now serves the season that they may surprise  
 The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and  
 still,  
 While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;  
 Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;  
 Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;  
 But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul  
 charm,  
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
 Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion 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 lode-star to his lustful eye;  
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly,  
 'As from this cold flint I enforce'd this fire,  
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
 And in his inward mind he doth debate  
 What following sorrow may on this arise:  
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
 His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,  
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine:  
 And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
 With your uncleanness that which is divine;  
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
 Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-white  
 weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!  
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave!  
 O impious act, including all foul harms!  
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!  
 True valour still a true respect should have;  
 Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
 That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
 And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;  
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,  
 To cipher me how fondly I did dote;  
 That my posterity sham'd with the note,  
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
 To wish that I their father had not been.

'What win I if I gain the thing I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
Who buys a minute's mirth to wait a week?  
Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine de-  
stroy?  
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken  
down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

'O, what excuse can my invention make,  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a  
deed?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,  
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart  
bleed?  
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;  
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

'Had Collatinus killed 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 quittal of such strife:  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

'Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:  
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving:  
I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:  
The worst is but denial and reproving:  
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.  
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worse sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,  
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike  
band,  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,  
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster  
rock'd,  
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows  
dreadeth:  
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!  
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:  
Sad pause and deep regard besem the sage;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
Then who fears sinking where such treasure  
lies?'

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear  
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.  
Away he steals with open listening ear,  
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:  
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;  
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
Unto a view so false will not incline;  
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
Which once corrupted takes the worse part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,  
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed,

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforc'd retires his ward;  
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:  
The threshold gates the door to have him heard;  
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him  
there;  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place  
The wind wars with his torch to make him  
stay,  
And blows the 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 fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks;  
As who should say 'This glove to wanton  
tricks  
Is not inured; return again in haste;  
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are  
chaste.'

But all these poor forbidings could not stay him;  
 He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
 The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
 He takes for accidental things of trial;  
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
 Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,  
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,  
 Like little frosts that sometime threaten the spring,  
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
 And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves  
 and sands,  
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,  
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
 So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
 Having solicited th' eternal power  
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair  
 fair,  
 And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
 Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must de-  
 flower:  
 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 treason is his heart misled;  
 Which gives the watch-word to his hand full  
 soon

To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,  
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;  
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light:  
 Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-  
 posed;  
 But blind they are, and keep themselves en-  
 closed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!  
 Then had they seen the period of their ill;  
 Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,  
 In his clear bed might have reposed still:  
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;  
 And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's de-  
 light.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;  
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss;  
 Between whose hills her head entombed is:  
 Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
 To be admired of lewd unallow'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 marigolds, had sheath'd their light,  
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her  
 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 doted,  
 And in his will his wilful eyes 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 gazing 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 fight-  
 ing,  
 Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,  
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
 Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respect-  
 ing,  
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:  
 Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,  
 Gives the hot charge and bids them do their  
 liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
His eye commends the leading to his hand;  
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his  
stand  
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;  
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did  
scale,  
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries:  
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up  
eyes,  
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and con-  
trol'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly  
sprite,  
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;  
What terror 'tis! but she, in worse taking,  
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;  
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears  
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:  
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;  
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful  
sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—  
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—  
May feel her heart—poor citizen!—distress'd,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.  
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,  
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;  
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show:  
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still  
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,  
That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,  
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale;  
Under that colour am I come to scale  
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:  
Thy beauty hath ensur'd thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide;  
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;  
I think the honey guarded with a sting;  
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:  
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or  
duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall  
breed;  
But nothing can affection's course control,  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,  
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,  
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies:  
So under his insulting falchion lies  
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells  
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's  
bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy  
thee:  
If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:  
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll  
slay,  
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;  
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain  
The scornful mark of every open eye;  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:  
And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;  
A little harm done to a great good end  
For lawful policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound; being so applied,  
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot;  
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:  
For marks descried in men's nativity  
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye  
He rouseth up himself and makes a pause;  
While she, the picture of pure piety,  
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,  
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,  
To the rough beast that knows no gentle  
right,  
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd 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  
hiding,  
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 cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse pant-  
eth :  
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,  
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth :  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining :  
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with  
raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed  
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,  
Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place ;  
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's  
oath,  
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,  
By holy human law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, ' Reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;  
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended ;  
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

' My husband is thy friend ; for his sake spare me :  
Thyself art mighty ; for thine own sake leave me :  
Myself a weakling ; do not then ensnare me :  
Thou look'st not like deceit ; do not deceive me.  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave  
thee :  
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans :

' All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wrack-threatening heart,  
To soften it with their continual motion ;  
For stones dissolv'd 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,  
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely  
name.  
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;  
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

' How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring !  
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king ?  
O, be remember'd no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wiped away ;  
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

' This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear ;  
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :  
With foul offenders thou performe must bear,  
When they in thee the like offences prove :  
If but for fear of this, thy will remove ;  
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do  
look.

' And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall  
learn ?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?  
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern  
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,  
To privilege dishonour in thy name ?  
Thou back'st reproach against long-living  
land,  
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

' Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee,  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will :  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,  
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the  
way ?

' Think but how vile a spectacle it were,  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;  
Their own transgressions partially they 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 heav'd-up hands appeal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier :  
I sue for eriled majesty's repeal ;  
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :  
His true respect will prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy dotting eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.'

' Have done,' quoth he : ' my uncontrolled tide  
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.  
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires  
abide,  
And with the wind in greater fury fret :  
The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls'  
haste  
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

' Thou art,' quoth she, ' a sea, a sovereign king ;  
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood  
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is heard,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.'

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their  
 slave;  
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;  
 Thou their fair life, and they thy 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  
 thee:

Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,  
 Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear  
 thee;

That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
 For light and lust are deadly enemies:  
 Shame folded up in 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 con-  
 troll'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 chastest tears  
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
 O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!  
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
 And he hath won what he would lose again;  
 This forced league doth force a further strife;  
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain;  
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain:  
 Pure Chastity is rifled 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 devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
 Can comprehend in still imagination!  
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,  
 Ere he can see his own abomination.  
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
 Can curb his heat or win his rash desire,  
 Till like a jade Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
 With heavy eye, knit 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 fares it with this thoughtful lord of Rome,  
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;  
 For now against himself he sounds his doom,  
 That through the length of times he stands dis-  
 grac'd;

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;

To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
 Her immortality, and made her thrall  
 To living death, and pain perpetual;

Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
 But her foresight could not forestall their  
 will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he  
 stealeth,

A captive victor that hath lost in gain;  
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;  
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.

She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
 And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence,  
 She like a wearied 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 direful night;  
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed de-  
 light.

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 'scapes doth open  
 lay,  
 And my true eyes have never practis'd how  
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see  
 The same disgrace which they themselves be-  
 hold;

And therefore would they still in darkness be,  
 To have their unseen sin remain untold;  
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
 And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,  
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind,  
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
 Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Francic with grief thus breathes she forth her  
 spite  
 Against the unseen secrecy of night;

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!  
 Dim register and notary of shame!

Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!  
 Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
 Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!  
 Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator  
 With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!  
 Since thou art guilty of my careles crime,  
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
 Make war against proportion'd course of time;  
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb  
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
 Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;  
 Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make  
 sick  
 The life of purity, the supreme fair,  
 Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;  
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick,  
 That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light  
 May set at noon and make perpetual night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,  
 The silver-shining queen he would disdain;  
 Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,  
 Through Night's black bosom should not peep  
 again:  
 So should I have co-partners in my pain;  
 And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
 As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,  
 To cross their arms and hang their heads with  
 mine,  
 To mask their brows and hide their infamy:  
 But I alone must sit and pine,  
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,  
 Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with  
 groans,  
 Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

'O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
 Let not the jealous Day behold that face  
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!  
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
 That all the faults which in thy reign are  
 made  
 May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!  
 The light will show, character'd in my brow,  
 The story of sweet chastity's decay,  
 The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:  
 Yea, the illiterate, that know not how  
 To cipher what is writ in learned books,  
 Will 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 undeserv'd reproach to him allotted  
 That is as clear from this attaind 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 Collatinus' face,  
 And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,  
 How he in peace is wounded, not in war.  
 Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,  
 Which not themselves, but he that gives them  
 knows!

'If, Collatine thine honour lay in me,  
 From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
 My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
 Have no perfection of my summer left,  
 But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:  
 In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
 And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee  
 kept.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;  
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;  
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him:  
 Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
 And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,  
 When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?  
 Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?  
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?  
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?  
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests?  
 But no perfection is so absolute,  
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers-up his gold  
 Is plagued with cramps and gout and painful  
 fits;  
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
 And useless barns the harvest of his wits;  
 Having no other pleasure of his gain  
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,  
 And leaves it to be master'd by his young;  
 Who in their pride do presently abuse it;  
 Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
 To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
 The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours  
 Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious  
 flowers;  
 The adder 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 exect at the traitor's treason;  
 Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may  
 get;  
 Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st at the season;  
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at  
 reason;  
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy  
 him,  
 Sit'st Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;  
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;  
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;  
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!  
Thou plantest scandal and displacest 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 ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;  
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:  
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 appaid  
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.  
My Collatine would else have come to me  
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,  
Guilty of perjury and subornation,  
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,  
Guilty of incest, that abomination;  
An accessory by thine inclination  
To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's  
snare;  
Thou nurst all, and murder'st all that are:  
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!  
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose,  
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 wake the morn and sentinel the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering golden  
towers;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books and alter their contents,  
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,  
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,  
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

'To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,  
To make the child a man, the man a child,  
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,  
To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd,  
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful  
crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?  
One poor retiring minute in an age  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand  
friends,  
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:  
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour  
come back,  
I could prevent this storm and shun thy rack!

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his  
flight:  
Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:  
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;  
And the dire thought of his committed evil  
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;  
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances  
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:  
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than  
stones;  
And let mild women to him lose their mild-  
ness,  
Wildier to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,  
Let him have time against himself to rave,  
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,  
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,  
And time to see one that by alms doth live  
Disdain to him disdain'd scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
And merry fools to mock at him resort;  
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of folly and his time of sport;  
And ever let his unrecalling crime  
Have time to wait th' abusing of his time.



'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this  
ill!

At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should  
spill;

For who so base would such an office have  
As slanderous deathman to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,  
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:  
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;  
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,  
But little stars may hide them when they  
list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in  
mire,

And unperceived fly with the 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 unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!  
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;  
Debate where leisure serves with dull 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 rail at Opportunity,  
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;  
In vain I cavil with my 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-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?  
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;  
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,  
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame;  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,  
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she  
starteth,

To find some desperate instrument of death:  
But this no slaughter-house no tool imparteth  
To make more vent for passage of her breath;  
Which, thronging through her 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 rifled me.

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
A badge of fame to slander's livery;  
A dying life to living infamy:  
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,  
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated truth;  
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 dotting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.  
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,

And with my trespass never will dispense,  
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attain't,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses;  
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like 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 cranny spies,  
And seems to point her out where she sits  
weeping;

To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,  
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy  
peeping:

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are  
sleeping:

Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
For day hath nought to do what's done by  
night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:  
True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:  
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;  
Continuance tames the one; the other wild.

Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,  
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,  
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;  
No object but her passion's strength renews;  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:

Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no  
words;

Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody :  
 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;  
 Sad souls are slain in merry company ;  
 Grief best is 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 that pines beholding food ;  
 To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;  
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;  
 Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
 Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-  
 flows ;  
 Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes en-  
 tomb  
 Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,  
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb ;  
 To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;  
 My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;  
 A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests :  
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;  
 Distress likes dumps when time is kept with  
 tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair ;  
 As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
 So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
 And with deep groans the diapason bear ;  
 For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
 While thou on Terens descendant'st better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy  
 part  
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
 To imitate thee well, against my heart  
 Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye ;  
 Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.  
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languish-  
 ment.

'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,  
 We will find out ; and there we will unfold  
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their  
 kinds :  
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle  
 minds.'

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
 Wildly determining which way to fly,  
 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
 That cannot tread the way out readily ;  
 So with herself is she in mutiny,  
 To live or die which of the twain were better,  
 When life is sham'd, and death reproach's  
 debtor.

To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,  
 But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?  
 They that lose half with greater patience bear it  
 Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.  
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion  
 Who, having two sweet babes, when death  
 takes one,  
 Will say the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
 When the one pure, the other made divine ?  
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer,  
 When both were kept for heaven and Collatine ?  
 Ah me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
 His leaves will wither and his sap decay ;  
 So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,  
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;  
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
 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 tainted shall for him be spent,  
 And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife  
 That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
 'Tis 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 mayst 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 disbursed be  
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;  
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !  
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;  
 My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall  
 free it.  
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, "So be  
 it :"  
 Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer  
 thee :  
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
 And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
 With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,  
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;  
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers  
 flies.  
 Poor Lucrece's cheeks unto her maid soon so  
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their  
 snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
 With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,  
 And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
 For why her face wore sorrow's livery;  
 But durst not ask of her audaciously  
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;  
 Even so the maid with swelling drops can wet  
 Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy  
 Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,  
 Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,  
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy  
 night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:  
 One justly weeps; the other takes in hand  
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:  
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;  
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,  
 And then they drown their eyes or break their  
 hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,  
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will;  
 The weak oppress'd, 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 wax shall be accounted evil  
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
 Lays open all the little worms that creep;  
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:  
 Through crystal walls each little 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 hid  
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd  
 With men's abuses: those proud lords, to  
 blame,  
 Make weak-made women tenants to their  
 shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong:  
 Such danger to resistance did belong,  
 That dying fear through all her body spread;  
 And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
 To the poor counterfeite of her complaining:  
 'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break  
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are  
 raining?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;  
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—and there she  
 stay'd

Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from hence?'  
 'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,  
 'The more to blame my sluggard negligence:  
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;  
 Myself was stirring ere the break of day,  
 And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
 She would request to know your heaviness.'  
 'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,  
 The repetition cannot make it less;  
 For more it is than I can well express:  
 And that deep 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,  
 Through her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord  
 Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
 Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—  
 If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,  
 Some present speed to come and visit me.  
 So, I commend me from our house in grief:  
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,  
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
 By this short schedule Collatine may know  
 Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:  
 She dares not thereof make discovery,  
 Least he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd ex-  
 cuse.

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 woe doth bear.  
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:  
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow  
 fords,  
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of  
 words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ  
 'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'  
 The post attends, and she delivers it,  
 Charging the sour-faced groom to tie 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 curt'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 blaz'd ;  
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's  
 lust,  
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd ;  
 Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd :  
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks re-  
 plenish,  
 The more she thought he spied in her some  
 blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.  
 The weary time she cannot entertain,  
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :  
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy :  
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,  
 For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
 Threatening cloud-kissing Ilium with annoy ;  
 Which the conceited painter drew so proud,  
 As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life :  
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :  
 The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's  
 strife ;  
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy  
 lights,  
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer,  
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;  
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear  
 The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,  
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :  
 Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;  
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;  
 And here and there the painter interlaces  
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces ;  
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
 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 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight ;  
 Making such sober action with his hand,  
 That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight.  
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,  
 Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
 Thin winding breath, which purld up to the  
 sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;  
 All jointly listening, but with several graces,  
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice,  
 Some high, some low, the painter was so nice ;  
 The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
 To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the  
 mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;  
 Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n  
 and red ;  
 Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear ;  
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,  
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;  
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
 Griped in an armed hand ; himself, behind,  
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :  
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-beSieged Troy  
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to  
 field,  
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;  
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
 That through their light joy seemed to  
 appear,  
 Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy  
 fear.

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 Simois' 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 carved some,  
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd  
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack; and grim care's  
reign:  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were dis-  
guis'd;  
Of what she was no semblance did remain:  
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,  
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes  
had fed,  
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:  
The painter was no god to lend her 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 my 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 strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;  
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The 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 manly 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 dotting Priam check'd his son's desire,  
Troy had been bright with fame and not with  
fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:  
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes:  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:  
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;  
She lends them words, and she their looks doth  
borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.  
At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd con-  
tent;  
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his  
woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so  
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
And therein so 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-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam after slew;  
Whose woes like wildfire burnt the shining  
glory  
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their  
faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,  
Saying, some shape in Sinon'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 Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,  
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd  
With outward honesty, but yet deil'd  
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,  
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!  
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?  
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:  
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy  
pity,  
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

\* Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;  
 For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
 And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell ;  
 These contraries such unity to hold,  
 Only to flatter fools and make them bold :  
 So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth  
 flatter,  
 That he finds means to burn his Troy with  
 water.'

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,  
 That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
 She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,  
 Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
 Whose deed hath made herself herself detest :  
 At last she smilingly with this gives o'er ;  
 ' Fool, fool ! ' quoth she, ' his wounds will not  
 be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
 And time doth weary time with her complaining.  
 She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,  
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining ;  
 Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustain-  
 ing :  
 Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;  
 And they that watch see time how slow it  
 creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,  
 That she with painted images hath spent ;  
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
 By deep surmise of others' detriment ;  
 Losing her woes in shows of discontent.  
 It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,  
 To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,  
 Brings home his lord and other company ;  
 Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;  
 And round about her tear-distained eye  
 Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky ;  
 These water-galls in her dim element  
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,  
 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 befall'n, that thou dost trembling  
 stand ?

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour  
 spent ?

Why art thou thus attired 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 too woeous than words are now depend-  
 ing ;  
 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 falchion in my chamber came  
 A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
 And softly cried " Awake, thou Roman dame,  
 And entertain my love ; else lasting shame  
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
 If thou my love's desire do contradict.

" For some hard-favour'd groom of thine," quoth  
 he,  
 " Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
 I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee  
 And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
 The lechers in their deed : this act will be  
 My fame and thy perpetual infamy."

' With this, I did begin to start and cry ;  
 And then against my heart he sets his sword,  
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
 I should not live to speak another word ;  
 So should my shame still rest upon record,  
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
 Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

' Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
 And far the weaker with so strong a fear :  
 My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;  
 No rightful plea might plead for justice there :  
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear  
 That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes ;  
 And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner  
 dies.

' O, teach me how to make mine own excuse !  
 Or at the least this refuge let me find ;  
 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 yieldings, but still pure  
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
 With head declin'd, and voice damn'd up with  
 woe,  
 With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow  
 The grief away that stops 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 forc'd him on so fast ;  
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :  
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
 To push grief on, and back the same grief  
 draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :  
 ' Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
 Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.  
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
 More feeling-painful : let it then suffice  
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

' And for my sake, when I might charm thee so  
 For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me :  
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
 Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend  
 me  
 From what is past ; the help that thou shalt lend  
 me  
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;  
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

' But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth  
 she,  
 Speaking to those that came with Collatine,  
 ' Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,  
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;  
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design  
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms :  
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor  
 ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition  
 Each present lord began to promise aid,  
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.  
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,  
 The protestation stops. ' O, speak,' quoth  
 she,  
 ' How may this forced stain be wiped from me ?

' What is the quality of mine offence,  
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ?  
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
 My low-declined honour to advance ?  
 May any terms acquit me from this chance ?  
 The poison'd fountain clears itself again ;  
 And why not I from this compelled stain ?'

With this, they all at once began to say,  
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;  
 While with a joyless smile she turns away  
 The face, that map which deep impression bears  
 Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.  
 ' No, no,' quoth she, ' no dame hereafter living,  
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
 She throws forth Tarquin's name : ' He, he,' she  
 says,  
 But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak ;  
 Till after many accents and delays,  
 Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,  
 She utters this, ' He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,  
 That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul un-  
 sheathed :  
 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 cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,  
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;  
 Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw ;  
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
 The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,  
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
 Circles her body in on every side,  
 Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood  
 Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.  
 Some of her blood still pure and red re-  
 main'd,  
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin  
 stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
 Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,  
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :  
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;  
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
 Blushing at that which is so putrified.

' Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,  
 ' That life was mine which thou hast here de-  
 priv'd.  
 If in the child the father's image lies,  
 Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd ?  
 Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.  
 If children pre-decease progenitors,  
 We are their 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 fair fresh mirror, dim and old,  
 Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn.  
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
 That I no more can see what once I was !

' O time, cease thou thy course and last no  
 longer,  
 If they surcease to be that should survive.  
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the  
 stronger  
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?  
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive :  
 Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see  
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee !'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,  
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place ;  
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream  
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
 And counterfeits to die with her a space ;  
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath  
 And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
 Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;  
 Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,  
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
 Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng  
 Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's  
 aid,  
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was 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 Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life  
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'  
 'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my  
 wife,  
 I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'  
 'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours  
 fill'd

The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,  
 Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my  
 wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece'  
 side,

Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.  
 He that the Romans was esteemed so  
 As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,  
 For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise;  
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,

To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
 'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise:  
 Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,  
 Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?  
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous  
 deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow  
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
 Such childish humour from weak minds pro-  
 ceeds:  
 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 dis-  
 grac'd,  
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets  
 chas'd.

'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' soul that late com-  
 plain'd  
 Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
 We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
 And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;  
 And to his protestation urged the rest,  
 Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:  
 Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;  
 And that deep vow, which Butus 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.



## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded  
A plaintful story from a sisting vale,  
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,  
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale ;  
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,  
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
Whereon the thought might think sometime it  
saw

The carcass of a beauty spent and done :  
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,  
Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of heaven's fell  
rage,  
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd  
age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,  
Which on it had conceited characters,  
Laundering the silken figures in the brine  
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,  
And often reading what contents it bears ;  
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,  
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did battery to the spheres intend ;  
Sometime 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 sheav'd hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside ;  
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,  
And true to bondage would not break from  
thence,  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a 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.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the  
flood ;

Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;  
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,  
With sleided silk feat and affectedly  
Enswath'd, 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 said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—  
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffie knew  
Of court, of city, and had let go by  
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,  
And, privileged by age, desires to know  
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his 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 sought applied  
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
'Tis 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 stuck over all his face :  
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her  
place ;  
And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
She was new lodged and newly deified.

' His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;  
And every light occasion of the wind  
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.  
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :  
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,  
For on his visage was in little drawn  
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

' Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;  
His phenix 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 beauteous as his form,  
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;  
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm  
As oit 'twixt May and April is to see,  
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they  
be.

His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth  
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

' Well could he ride, and often men would say  
" That horse his mettle from his rider takes:  
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what  
stop he makes! "

And controversy hence a question takes,  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

' But quickly on this side the verdict went:  
His real habitude gave life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accompli'h'd 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 question deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:  
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

' That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
In personal duty, following where he haunted:  
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;  
And dialogued for him what he would say,  
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills  
obey.

' Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;  
Like fools that in th' imagination set  
The goodly objects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought as-  
sign'd;  
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them  
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe  
them.

' So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.  
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,  
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 build'd  
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

' But, ah, who ever shinn'd by precedent  
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?  
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,  
To put the by-past perils in her way?  
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;  
For when we rage, advice is often seen  
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

' Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others' proof;  
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!  
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
Though Reason weep, and cry " It is thy last."

' For further I could say " This man 's untrue,"  
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;  
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,  
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;  
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;  
Thought characters and words merely but art,  
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

' And long upon these terms I held my city,  
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: " Gentle maid,  
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
And be not of my holy vows afraid:  
That's to 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 teen,  
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:  
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was  
harm'd;  
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

" " Look here, what tributes wounded fancies  
sent me,  
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;  
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent  
me  
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood  
In bloodless white and the enermison'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 receiv'd from many a several fair,  
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,  
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify  
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"The diamond,—why, 'twas beautiful and hard,  
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;  
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;  
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend  
With objects manifold: each several stone,  
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some  
moan.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,  
Nature hath charg'd me that I 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 enpatron me.

"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless  
hand,  
Whose white weighs 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 distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,  
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;  
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
To spend her living in eternal love.

"But, O my sweet, what labour is't to leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not  
strives,  
Playing the place which did no form receive,  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:  
The accident which brought me to her eye  
Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
And now she would the caged cloister fly:  
Religious love put out Religion's eye:  
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,  
And now, to tempt, all liberty procur'd.

"How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!  
The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
Must for your victory us all congeat,  
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,  
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace,  
Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,  
All vows and consecrations giving place:  
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impresses, what are precepts  
worth  
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly these 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 aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;  
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,  
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath  
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face;  
Each cheek a river running from a fount  
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:  
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses  
That flame through water which their hue en-  
clooses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear!  
But with the inundation of the eyes  
What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?  
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears!  
There my white stole of chastity I 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 plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to caustics, 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 exclaim;  
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 th' unexperient gave the tempter place,  
Which like a cherubim above them hover'd.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?  
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make  
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
O, that false fire which in his cheeks so glow'd,  
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,  
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,  
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming ow'd,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid!"

# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

WEEKS my love swears that she is made of wrath.

I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untract'd youth,  
Unskill'd in the world's false foregone.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although I know my years are past the best,  
Swearing credit her false-speaking tongue,  
Unwilling she in love with love's ill rage,  
But whatsoever says my love that she is young?  
And whatsoever says 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 be with love, and love with me,  
Since that our fault is love that smother'd  
be.

II.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;  
My better angel is a man right fair,  
My worse a woman endow'd ill.  
My love was soon to hell, my female evil  
Temp'ring my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Hanging his purity with fair pride,  
And therefore that my angel he terr'd fied,  
Suggest I saw, yet not directly tell:  
For being bold to me, bold to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell;  
Till 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,  
Gravel whom the world could not kind argue-  
ment,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Ours for those brows deserves not punishment,  
A woman I forever; but I will prove,  
From being a goddess, I forever not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
My grove being grant'd evers all disprove in me,  
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;  
Then, thou fair sun, that on the earth dost  
shine,  
Exhale this vapour vow: in thee it is:  
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.  
If by no means, what fool is not so wise  
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV.

Smok Cythens, sitting by a brook  
Of fish young Adams, horse, fish, and green,  
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
But looks as some 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.—

To whom so soft still conquer'd chastity,  
But whether mixing years did want conceit,  
Or he refus'd to take her figured protest,  
The tender sabbler would not touch the bait,  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:  
Then fall she on her back, fair queen, and to-  
ward;

He rose and ran away; ah, fool too forward!

V.

If love make me forever, how shall I swear to  
love?  
O some faith could hold, if not to heavily  
vow'd:  
Though to myself forever, to those I'll constant  
prove;  
Those thoughts, to me the oak, to these the oaks  
bow'd.  
Shady his hair heaven, and makes his look things  
eyes,  
Where all those pleasures fire that art can  
conquer bold.  
If know'd-eggs be the mark, to know these shall  
well heed in that tongue that will can those  
commend:  
All repent that soul that sees thee without  
wonder:  
Which is to me some prize, that I thy parts ad-  
mire:  
Thine eye love's lightning seems, thy voice his  
dreadful thunder,  
Which, not to anger bent, in music and sweet  
fire.  
Calend as thou art, O do not love that  
wrong.  
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly  
tongue.

VI.

Scars had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
And scarce the hard gale to the hedge for  
shade,  
When Cythens, all in love forlorn,  
A hanging banner for Adams made  
Under various growing by a brook.  
A broker where Adams used to cool his greens:  
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look  
For his approach, that often there had been,  
Afore he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
And stool stark naked on the brook's green within;  
The sun look'd on the world with furious eye,  
Yet not so wisely as this queen on him.  
He, spying her, bow'd in, whereas he stood;  
O Jove, grudge she, Why was not I a flood!

## VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;  
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;  
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;  
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:  
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,  
None fairer, nor none falsier to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,  
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swear-  
ing!

How many tales to please me hath she coined,  
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fear-  
ing!

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were  
jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire  
flameth;

She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-  
burneth;

She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the  
framing;

She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?

Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

## VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and  
me,

Because thou lov'st 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 Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd  
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign;

One knight loves both, and both in thee re-  
main.

## IX.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,

\* \* \* \* \*

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,  
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;  
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:

Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;  
She, silly queen, with more than love's good  
will,

Forbade the boy he should not pass those  
grounds:

'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet  
youth

Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,  
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!

See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the  
sore.

She showed hers: he saw more wounds than  
one,

And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

## X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon  
vaded,

Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!  
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!  
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp  
sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls, through wind, before the fall should  
be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;  
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:  
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;  
For why I craved nothing of thee still:

O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

## XI.

Venus, with 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 em-  
braced me,'

And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;

'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god un-  
laced me,'

As if the boy should use like loving charms;

'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'

And with her lips on his did act the seizure:

And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
And would not take her meaning nor her plea-  
sures.

Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,  
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

## XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:

Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care;  
Youth like summer morn, age like winter  
weather;

Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;

Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;

Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;

O, my love, my love is young!

Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie  
thee,

For methinks thou stay'st too long.

## XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;

A shining 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 sold 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 blemish'd once 's for ever lost,

In spite of physica, painting pain, and cost.

## XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share :

She bade good night that kept my rest away ;

And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,

To descant on the doubts of my decay.

'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow :

Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,

In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether :

'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,

'T may be, again to make me wander thither :

'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,

As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

## XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !

My heart doth charge the watch ; the morning rise

Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.

Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,

While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark ;

And wish her lays were tuned like the lark ;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,

And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :

The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;

Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ;

Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with

sorrow ;

For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-

morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon ;

But now are minutes added to the hours ;

To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;

Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !

Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night now borrow :

Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

# SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

## I.

It 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.

## II.

On a day, alack the day!  
Love, whose month was ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,  
'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alas! my hand hath sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:  
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet:  
Thou for whom Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiop were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.'

## III.

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 fears 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 wether's bell rings doleful knell;  
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,  
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;  
My sighs so deep  
Procure to weep,  
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.  
How sighs resound  
Through heartless ground,  
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody  
fight!

Clear well 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.

## IV.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,  
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,  
Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as fancy partial might:  
Take counsel of some wiser head,  
Neither too young nor yet unweid.  
And when thou comest thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,  
Lest some subtle practice smell,—  
A cripple soon can find a halt:—  
But plainly say thou lovest her well,  
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will clear 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;  
Scare not to spend, and chiefly there  
Where thy desert may merit praise,  
By ringing in thy lady's ear:  
The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble true;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Seek never thou to choose anew:  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's may doth stand for nought?

Think, women love to match with men,  
And not to live so like a saint:  
Here is no heaven; they holy then  
Begin when age doth them attain.  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough, too much, I fear;  
For if my mistress hear my song,  
She will not stick to ring my ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long:  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

## V.

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.

## VI.

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:  
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;  
'Tereu, tereu!' by and by;  
That to hear her so complain,  
Scarce I could from tears refrain,  
For her griefs, so lively shown,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!  
None takes pity on thy pain:  
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,  
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:  
King Pandion he is dead;  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;  
All thy fellow birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing,  
Even so, poor bird, like thee,  
None alive will pity me.  
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,  
Thou and I were both beguil'd.

Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find:  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call,  
And with such-like flattering,  
'Pity but he were a king!'  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice;  
If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandment:  
But if Fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown;  
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.



# 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 precursor of the fiend,  
'Angur 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 mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and takest,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:  
Love and constancy is dead;  
Phoenix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts, division none:  
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
Distance, and no space was seen:  
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:  
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;  
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,  
That the self was not the same;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was called.

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 bath 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 enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:  
'Twas not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be:  
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

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## NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.  
PERICLES, prince of Tyre.  
HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.  
ESCANES, }  
SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.  
CLEON, governor of Tarsus.  
LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mitylene.  
CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.  
THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.  
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.  
LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.  
Marshal.  
A Pandar.  
BOULT, his servant.  
The Daughter of Antiochus.  
DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.  
THAISA, daughter to Simonides.  
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.  
LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.  
A Bawd.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,  
Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

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The scene of this play is laid dispersedly in various countries.  
The date when the play was written is uncertain, but it  
was probably in 1607 or 1608, as two quarto  
editions were issued in 1609. There  
seems no doubt that *Pericles*  
was only partly the work  
of Shakespeare.

# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

## Act I.

### Before the Palace of Antioch.

#### Enter Gover.

To sing a song that old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gover is come;  
Assuming man's inñrmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eyes and holy-ales;  
And lords and ladies in their lives  
Have read it for restoratives:  
The purchase is to make men glorious;  
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.  
If you, born in these latter times,  
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
And that to hear an old man sing  
May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like taper-light.  
This 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 fere,  
Who died and left a female heir,  
So burom, blithe, and full of face,  
As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
With whom the father liking took,  
And her to incest did provoke:  
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own  
To evil should be done by none:  
By custom what they did begin  
Was with long use account no sin.  
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 who so ask'd her for his wife,  
His riddle told not, lost his life:  
So for her many a wight did die,  
As yon grim looks do testify.  
What now ensues, to the judgment of your

<sup>eye</sup>  
I give, my cause who best can justify.

Exit.

Scene I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large  
receiv'd  
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul  
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a  
bride,

For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections. Music.

#### Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes apparell'd like the  
spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!  
Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.

You gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire in my breast  
To taste the fruit of yon 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 affright thee hard:  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tall thee, with speechless tongues and semblance  
pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,  
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast  
taught

My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must;  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.  
I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do  
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,  
Gripe 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:

To the Daughter of Antiochus.  
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

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.

*Daugh.* Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove  
prosperous!

Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness and courage. *Reads the riddle.*

*I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh which did me breed.  
I sought a husband, in which labour  
I found that kindness in a father:  
He's father, son, and husband mild;  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's  
acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,  
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:  
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,  
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,  
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to  
hearken:

But being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,  
For that's an article within our law,  
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired:  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king,  
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;  
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown;  
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,  
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
And yet the end of all is brought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear  
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind  
mole casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is  
throng'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth  
die for't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their  
will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?  
It is enough you know; and it is fit,  
What being more known grows worse, to smo-  
ther it.

All love the womb 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, doth tune us otherwise:  
Forty days longer we do respite you;  
If by which time our secret be undone,  
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:  
And until then your entertain shall be  
As doth best our honour and your worth.

*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin,  
When what is done is like a 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 clasping with your child,  
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father,  
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
By the defiling of her parent's bed;  
And both like serpents are, who though they  
feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shun no course to keep them from the  
light.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:  
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:  
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

*Exit.*

*Re-enter Antiochus.*

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for which  
we mean

To have his head.  
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy.  
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin  
In such a loathed manner;  
And therefore instantly this prince must die;  
For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
Who attends us there?

*Enter Thaliard.*

*Thal.* Doth your highness call?

*Ant.* Thaliard,  
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes  
Her private actions to your secrecy;  
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold:  
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill  
him:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

*Thal.* My lord, 'tis done.

*Ant.* Enough.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.  
*Mess.* My lord, prince Pericles is dead. *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,  
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your  
highness.

*Ant.* *Thaliard, adieu!* *Exit Thaliard.*  
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 those without] Let none disturb us.—  
Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,  
Be my so used a guest as not an hour  
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed  
me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes  
shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,  
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.

And so with me: the great Antiochus,  
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since he's so great can make his will his act,  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;  
Nor boots it me to say I 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 o'erspread 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 and other Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred  
breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return  
to us,

Peaceful and comfortable!

*Hel.* Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.  
They do abuse the king that flatter him:  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
The thing that which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
To which that blast gives heat and stronger  
glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.  
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.

Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;  
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else; but let your cares  
o'erlook

What shipping and what lading's in our haven,  
And then return to us. *Exit Lords.*

Helicanus, thou  
Hast mov'd us: what seest thou in our looks?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.  
*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to heaven,  
from whence  
They have their nourishment?

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power  
To take thy life from thee.

*Hel.* [Kneeling] I have ground the axe myself:  
Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, prithee, rise.  
Sit down: thou art no flatterer:  
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults  
hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
What wouldst thou have me do?

*Hel.* To bear with patience  
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,  
That minister'st a potion unto me.  
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,  
Where as thou know'st, against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate,  
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou  
know'st this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.  
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
Under the covering of a careful night,

Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,  
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears

Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:  
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,  
That I should open to the listening air

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
To keep his bed of blackness unladen ope,  
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,  
And make pretence of wrong that I have done

him;  
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:

Which love to all, of which thyself art one,  
Who now reproveth me for it,—

*Hel.* Alas, sir!  
*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from  
my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;  
And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me  
leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
Who either by public war or private treason  
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,

Till that his rage and anger be forgot,  
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.  
Your rule direct to any; if to me,  
Day serves not light more faithful 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'll lay, whose wisdom's strength can  
bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:  
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:  
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,  
Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene III.—Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter Thaliard.*

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this the court.  
Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do not,  
I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous,  
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had  
good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he  
would of the king, desired he might know none  
of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason  
for '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, Escanes, and other Lords.*

*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,  
Doth speak 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 judg'd  
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 life or death.

*Thal.* [Aside] Well, I perceive

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please:  
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.  
I'll present myself. [To them.] Peace to the  
lords of Tyre.

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is wel-  
come.

*Thal.* From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles;  
But since my landing I have understood

Your lord hath betook himself to unknown  
travels,  
My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it,  
Commended to our master, not to us;  
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.  
*Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Tarsus. A Room in the Governor's House.*

*Enter Cleon, Dionyza, and Attendants.*

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to  
quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's  
eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep  
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,  
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them  
louder;

That, if heaven slumber while their creatures  
want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them.  
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir.

*Cle.* This Tarsus, o'er which I have the govern-  
ment,

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 jettied 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.

*Dio.* O, 'tis too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this  
our change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and  
air

Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abun-  
dance,

As houses are defiled for want of use,  
They are now starved for want of exercise:  
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,  
Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:  
Those mothers who, to nurse up their babes,  
Thought nought too curious, are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.  
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;

Here many sink, yet those which see them fall  
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* 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?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in  
haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbouring  
shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir

That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,

Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their  
power,

To beat us down, the which are down already;

And make a conquest of unhappy me,

Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

*Lord.* That's the least fear; for by the sem-  
blance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

*Cle.* 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.*

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;

If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter Pericles, with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,

Let not our ships and number of our men

Be like a beacon fir'd to amaze your eyes.

We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,

And seen the desolation of your streets:

Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,

But to relieve them of their heavy load;

And these our ships, you happily may think

Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within

With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,

Are stor'd 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.

*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 that frown lend us a smile.

*Exeunt.*

## Act II.

*Enter Gower.*

*Gow.* Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to incest bring;  
A better prince and benign lord,  
That will prove awful both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then as man 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; then gives*  
*the Messenger a reward, and knights him.*  
*Exit Pericles, Cleon, &c., severally.*

*Good Helicane, 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 fulfil 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 seas,*  
*Where when men been, there's seldom ease:*  
*For now the wind begins to blow;*  
*Thunder above and deeps below*  
*Makes such unquiet, that the ship*  
*Should house him safe is wrack'd and split;*  
*And he, good prince, having all lost,*  
*By waves from coast to coast is tost:*  
*All perishen of man, of pelf,*  
*Ne aught escapen 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*  
*Sea-side.*

*Enter Pericles, wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of  
heaven!  
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you;



And I, as fits my nature, do obey you :  
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me  
breath

Nothing to think on but ensuing death :  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;  
And having thrown him from your watery grave,  
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilch !

2 Fish. Ha, come and bring away the net !

1 Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say !

3 Fish. What say you, master ?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now ! come  
away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

3 Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking-of the  
poor men that were cast away before us even now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my  
heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us  
to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce  
help ourselves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much  
when I saw the porpus how he bounced and  
tumbled ? they say they're half fish, half flesh :  
a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to  
be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live  
in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land ; the great  
ones eat up the little ones : I can compare our  
rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale ;  
a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before  
him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful ;  
such whales have I heard of o' the land, who  
never leave gaping till they've swallowed the  
whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

*Per.* [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sex-  
ton, I would have been that day in the befray.

2 Fish. Why, man ?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me  
too : and when I had been in his belly, I would  
have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he  
should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple,  
church, and parish, up again. But if the good  
King Simonides were of my mind,—

*Per.* [*Aside*] Simonides !

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these  
drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of  
the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men ;

And from their watery empire recollect

All that may men approve or men detect !

[*Aloud*] Peace be at your labour, honest fisher-  
men.

2 Fish. Honest ! good fellow, what's that ? if  
it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar,  
and nobody look after it.

*Per.* Y' may see the sea hath cast me on your  
coast.

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea  
to cast thee in our way !

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the  
wind,

In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him ;  
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg ? here's  
them in our country of Greece gets more with  
begging than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then ?

*Per.* I never practised it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure ; for  
here's nothing to be got now-a-days unless thou  
canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been I have forgot to know ;  
But what I am, want teaches me to think on :  
A man throng'd up with cold ; my veins are chill,  
And have no more of life than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help ;  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a ? Now gods forbid ! I  
have a gown here ; come, put it on ; keep thee  
warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow !  
Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh  
for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and more'er  
puddings and flap-jacks ; and thou shalt be  
welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend ; you said you  
could not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave ! Then I'll turn craver  
too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipped, then ?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all ; for  
if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish  
no better office than to be beadle. But, master,  
I'll go draw up the net.

*Exit with third Fisherman.*

*Per.* [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth be-  
comes their labour !

1 Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where  
ye are ?

*Per.* Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you : this is called  
Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

*Per.* The good King Simonides do you call  
him ?

1 Fish. Ay, sir ; and he deserves so to be  
called for his peaceable reign and good govern-  
ment.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since he gains from  
his subjects the name of good by his government.  
How far is his court distant from this shore ?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey ; and  
I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-  
morrow is her birth-day ; and there are princes  
and knights come from all parts of the world to  
just and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I  
could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may ;  
and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully  
deal for—his wife's soul.

*Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen,  
drawing up a net.*

2 Fish. Help, master, help ! here's a fish  
hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the  
law ; 'twill hardly come out. Ha ! bots on't, 'tis  
come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

*Per.* An armour, friends ! I pray you, let me  
see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses,

Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;  
And though it was mine own, part of my heri-  
tage,  
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,  
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,  
'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield  
'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 lov'd it;  
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't  
again:

I thank thee for 't: my shipwrack now's no ill,  
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?  
Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of  
worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;  
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,  
And for his sake I wish the having of it;  
And that you 'ld 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.  
1 Fish. Why, wilt thou journey for the  
lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.  
1 Fish. Why, do 's take it, and the gods give  
thee good on 't!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas  
we that made up this garment through the rough  
seams of the water: there are certain condole-  
ments, 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 guiding on my arm:  
Unto thy value will I mount myself  
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.  
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  
Of a pair of bases.

2 Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have  
my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring  
thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,  
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. *Exeunt.*

*Scene II.—The Same. A Public Way or Platform  
leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it for the  
reception of the King, Princess, Ladies, Lords,  
&c.*

*Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.*

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the  
triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my liege;  
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our  
daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to  
express

My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are  
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:  
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,  
So princes their renowns if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll  
perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire  
presents his shield to the Princess.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer him-  
self?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield

Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun;  
The word, *Las tua vita miha.*

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, *Pas por dulcura 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 pompe proterit apex.*  
*The Fourth Knight passes over.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside  
down;

The word, *Quod est alit, me extinguat.*  
Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power  
and will,

Which can as well inflame as it can kill.  
*The Fifth Knight passes over.*

Thai. The fifth, a hand environ'd with clouds,  
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tri'd:

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*  
*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes over.*

Sim. And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself  
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his pre-  
sent is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;  
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;  
From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his  
outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;  
For by his rusty outside he appears

To have practis'd more the whiptock than the  
lanoe.

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he  
comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour  
rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.  
Sim. Opinion 'a but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming we'll withdraw  
 Into the gallery. *Exeunt.*  
*Great shouts, and all cry 'The mean knight!'*

*Scene III.—The Same. A Hall of State:  
 a Banquet prepared.*

*Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Ladies, Lords, Knights  
 from tilting, and Attendants.*

*Sim. Knights,*  
 To say you're welcome were superfluous.  
 To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
 As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
 Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,  
 Since every worth in show commends itself.  
 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:  
 You are princes and my guests.

*Thai.* But you, my knight and guest;  
 To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
 And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by  
 merit.

*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is  
 yours:

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
 In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,  
 To make some good, but others to exceed;  
 And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen  
 o' the feast,—

For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:  
 Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good  
 Simonides.

*Sim.* Your presence glads our days: honour  
 we love;

For who hates honour hates the gods above.  
*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

*1 Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are  
 gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes  
 Envy the great nor do the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous knights.

*Sim.* Sit, 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,  
 Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant  
 gentleman.

*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.* You king's to me like to my father's  
 picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;  
 Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
 And he the sun, for them to reverence;  
 None that 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?

*1 Knight.* 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 might countervail his worth.  
 Note it not you, Thaisa?

*Thai.* What is it  
 To me, my father?

*Sim.* O, attend, my daughter:  
 Princes in this should live like gods above,  
 Who freely give to every one that comes.  
 To honour them:

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,  
 Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.  
 Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,  
 Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to  
 him.

*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me  
 Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:

He may my proffer take for an offence,  
 Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How!  
 Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Thai.* [Aside] Now, by the gods, he could  
 not please me better.

*Sim.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to  
 know of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to  
 you.

*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge  
 him freely.

*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,  
 Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;  
 My education been in arts and arms;

Who, looking for adventures in the world,  
 Was by the rough seas reef of ships and men,  
 And after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace; names himself  
 Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,  
 Who only by misfortune of the seas  
 Bereft of 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, 'twas 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.

*Per.* In those that practise them they are, my lord.

*Sim.* O, that's as much as you would be denied

Of your fair courtesy.

*The Knights and Ladies dance.*

Unclasp, unclasp :

Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well,  
[*To Per.*] But you the best.—Pages and lights,  
to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings!—  
Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
And that 's the mark I 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 Helicanus and Escanes.*

*Hel.* No, Escanes, know this of me,  
Antiochus from incest lived not free :  
For which, the most high gods not minding  
longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in  
store,

Due to this heinous capital offence,  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated in a chariot

Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with  
him,

A fire from heaven came and shrivell'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.

*Esc.* 'Twas very strange.

*Hel.* And yet but justice ; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

*Esc.* 'Tis very true.

*Enter two or three Lords.*

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference

Or council has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without  
reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not  
second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me, then. Lord Helicane,  
a word.

*Hel.* With me? and welcome : happy day,  
my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to  
the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel.* Your griefs! for what? wrong not the  
prince you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble  
Helicane ;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his  
breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out ;

If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there ;  
And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,  
Or dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *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,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign,

*All.* Live, noble Helicane!

*Hel.* For honour's cause forbear your suf-  
frages :

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,

Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.

A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you

To forbear the absence of your king ;

If in which time 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 if you find, and win unto return,

You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will  
not yield ;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,

We with our travels will endeavour it.

*Hel.* Then you love us, we 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: the Knights  
meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good  
Simonides.

*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let  
you know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake  
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,

Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her,  
my lord?

*Sim.* 'Faith, by no means ; she hath so strictly  
tied

Her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's  
livery ;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,

And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Loath to bid farewell, we take  
our leaves. *Exeunt Knights.*

*Sim.* So,

They are well dispatch'd ; now to my daughter's  
letter.

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress ; your choice agrees with  
mine ;

I like that well : nay, how absolute she's in 't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I do commend her choice ;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.  
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

*Enter Pericles.*

*Per.* All fortunes 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 her scholars, my good  
lord.

*Sim.* Let me ask you one thing:

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

*Per.* A most virtuous princess.

*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not?

*Per.* As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

*Sim.* My daughter, sir, 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 her schoolmaster.

*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing  
else.

*Per.* [*Aside*], What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!  
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,  
A stranger and distressed gentleman,  
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and  
thou art

A villain.

*Per.* By the gods, I have not:  
Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.*

Traitor!

*Sim.* Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat—unless it be the king—  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

*Sim.* [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud  
his courage.

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent.  
I came unto your court for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

*Sim.* No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter Thaisa.*

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you?

*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 am glad on't with all my heart.—  
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,  
Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I  
know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,  
As great in blood as I myself.—

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, my 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;

Then with what haste you can get you to bed.

*Exeunt.*

### Act III.

*Enter Gower.*

*Gow.* Now sleep yslak'd hath the rout;  
No din but snores the horse about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.  
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;  
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 babe is moulded. Be attent,  
And time, that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:  
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

[*Dumb Show.*]

*Enter Pericles and Simonides with Attendants at one door; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter: Pericles shows it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to Pericles. Then enter Thaisa with child, and Lychorida: Simonides shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and all depart.*

*By many a dorn 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 stead the quest. At last from Tyre,  
Fame answering the most strange inquire,  
To the court of King Simonides  
Are letters brought, the tenour these:  
Antiochus and his daughter dead;  
The men of Tyrus on the head  
Of Helicanus would set 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-ravished the regions round,  
 And every one with claps can sound,  
 'Our heir-apparent is a king!  
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'  
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:  
 His queen with child makes her desire—  
 Which who shall cross?—along to go:  
 Omit we all their dole and woe:  
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
 Hath their keel cut: but Fortune's mood  
 Varies again; the grisled north  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
 That, as a duck for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives:  
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-near  
 Does fall in travail with her fear;  
 And what ensues in this fell storm  
 Shall for itself itself perform.  
 I will relate, action may  
 Conveniently the rest convey;  
 Which might not what by me is told.  
 In your imagination hold  
 This stage the ship, upon whose deck  
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. *Exit.*

## Scene I.

*Enter Pericles, on Shipboard.*

*Per.* Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou,  
 that hast  
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having call'd them from the deep! O, still  
 Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench  
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychor-  
 ida,  
 How does my queen? Thou stormest venom-  
 ously;  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
 Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O  
 Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
 Of my queen's travails!

*Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.*

Now, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a  
 place,  
 Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I  
 Am like to do: take in your arms this piece  
 Of your dead queen.

*Per.* How, how, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the  
 storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen,  
 A little daughter: for the sake of it,  
 Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you gods!  
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
 And snatch them straight away? We here below

Recall not what we grieve, and therefore grieve,  
 Use honour with your griefs.

*Lyc.*

Even for this charge, now, mid me, my life!  
 For a more blustering truth had never babe:  
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions!

For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world  
 That e'er was prince's child. Happy what fol-  
 lows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
 To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,  
 Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,  
 With all thou canst find here. Now, the good  
 gods

Throw their best eyes upon't!

*Enter two Sailors.*

*1 Sail.* What courage, sir?—God save you!

*Per.* Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;  
 It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love  
 Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,  
 I would it would be quiet.

*1 Sail.* Slack the bolins there! thou wilt not,  
 wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

*2 Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy  
 billow kiss the moon, I care not.

*1 Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard: the  
 sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not  
 lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

*1 Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath  
 been still observed: and we are strong in custom.  
 Therefore briefly yield her; for she must over-  
 board straight.

*Per.* As you think meet. Most wretched  
 queen!

*Lyc.* 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 hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
 Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze,  
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
 And eye-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 Nicander  
 Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe  
 Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say  
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

*Exit Lychorida.*

*2 Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the  
 hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

*Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is  
 this?

*2 Sail.* We are near Tarsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner.  
 Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou  
 reach it?

*2 Sail.* By break of day, if the wind ceases.

*Per.* O, make for Tarsus!  
 There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
 Cannot hold out to Tyrrus: there I'll leave it  
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:  
 I'll bring the body presently. *Exit.*

Scene II.—Ephesus. A Room in 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.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,

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 'pothecary, And tell me how it works.

Exeunt all but Cerimon.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea, Shook as the earth did quake; The very principals did seem to rend, And all to topple: pure surprise and fear Made me to quit the house.

2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;

'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain, Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs May the two latter darken and expend; Rut immortality attends the former, Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever Have studied physic, through which secret art, By turning o'er authorities, I have, Together with my practice, made familiar To me and to my aid the blest infusions That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones; And I can speak of the disturbances That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me

A more content in course of true delight Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, Or tie my treasure up in silken bags, To please the fool and death.

2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves Your creatures, who by you have been restored: And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

Enter two or three Servants, with a chest.

1 Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

1 Serv. Sir, this chest;

Did the sea toss upon our shore this evening;

'Tis of some wrack.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look upon 't,

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!

Did the sea cast it up?

1 Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open;

Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

O you must potent gods! what's here? a corpse!

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state, balm'd and

entreaured

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-land,

I, King Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;

She was the daughter of a king;

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart

That even cracks for woe! This chanc'd to-

night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;

For look how fresh she looks! They were too

rough

That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:

Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

Exit a Servant.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again

The o'press'd spirits. I heard

Of an Egyptian that had nine hours lien dead,

Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and

fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.

The rough and woeful music that we have,

Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The viol once more—how thou stirr'st, thou

block!

The music there!—I pray you, give her air.

Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth

Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranc'd

Above five hours: see how she gins to blow

Into life's flower again!

1 Gent.

The heavens,

Through you, increase our wonder and set up

Your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive; behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
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?

*2 Gent.* Is not this strange?

*1 Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, my gentle neighbours!  
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear  
her.

Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,  
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;  
And Æsculapius guide us!

*Exeunt, carrying Thaisa away.*

*Scene III.—Tarsus. A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionysa, and Lychorida with Marina in her arms.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be  
gone;

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,  
Take from my heart all thankfulness! the gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt  
you mortally,

Yet glance full waundering on us.

*Dion.* O your sweet queen!  
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought  
her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

*Per.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,  
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here  
I charge your charity withal, leaving her  
The infant of your care; beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord, but think  
Your grace, that fed my country with your  
corn—

For which the people's prayers still fall upon  
you—

Must in your child be thought on. If neglection  
Should therein make me vile, the common boy,  
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;

But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!

*Per.* I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,  
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all  
Unseisar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

*Dion.*

I have one myself,

Who shall not be more dear to my respect  
Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.  
*Cle.* We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge  
o' the shore,

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dearest madam, O, no tears,  
Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain  
jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer: which are now  
At your command. Know you the character?

*Thai.* It is my lord's.  
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Even on my eaning time; but whether there  
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,  
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,  
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.

*Cer.* Madam, if this your purpose as ye  
speak,

Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may abide till your date expire.  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.  
*Exeunt.*

*Act IV.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,  
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.

His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votaress.

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, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
And in this kind hath our Cleon

One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid

Hight Philoten: and it is said  
For certain in our story, she

Would ever with Marina be:

Be't when she wove the sleided silk

With fingers long, small, white as milk;

Or when she wove with sharp needle wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound



By hurting it; or when to the lute  
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
 That scul records with moan; or when  
 She would with rich and constant pen  
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still  
 This Philoten contends in skill  
 With absolute Marina: so  
 With the 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 stead,  
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:  
 And cursed Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath  
 Prent 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 doth appear,  
 With Leonine, a murderer.

Exit.

Scene I.—Tursus. An open Place near the  
 Sea-shore.

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 i' thy bosom,  
 In flame too nicely; nor let pity, which  
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
 A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly  
 creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have  
 her. Here  
 She comes weeping for her only mistress' death.  
 Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
 To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows,  
 blues,

The purple violets, 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 chance my daughter is not with you? Do  
 not

Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have  
 A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's  
 chang'd

With this unprofitable woe! Come,  
 Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.

Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,  
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,  
 Leonine, 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 the wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
 But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling  
 His kingly 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 boatswain whistles, and  
 The master calls, and troubles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,

I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,  
 For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
 To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
 I never did her hurt in all my life:  
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
 To any living creature: believe me, la,  
 I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:  
 I trod upon a worm against my will,  
 But I wept for it. How have I offended,  
 Wherein my death might yield her 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 between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,  
And will dispatch. *He seizes her.*

*Enter Pirates.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! *Leonine runs away.*

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part.  
Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

*Ereunt Pirates with Marina.*

*Re-enter Leonine.*

*Leon.* These roguing thieves serve the great  
pirate Valdes;

And they have seized Marina. Let her go:  
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's  
dead,

And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further:  
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

*Exit.*

*Scene II.—Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.*

*Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boul.*

*Pand.* Boul!

*Boul.* Sir?

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly; Mitylene  
is full of gallants. We lost too much money this  
morn by being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of crea-  
tures. We have but poor three, and they can  
do no more than they can do; and they with  
continual action are even as good as rotten.

*Pand.* Therefore let's have fresh ones, what-  
e'er we pay for them. If there be not a conse-  
cience to be used in every trade, we shall never  
prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing  
up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought  
up some eleven—

*Boul.* Ay, to eleven; and brought them down  
again. But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man? The stuff we have,  
a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are  
so pitifully sodden.

*Pand.* Thou sayest true; they're too unwhole-  
some, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is  
dead, that lay with the little baggage.

*Boul.* Ay, she quickly pooped him, she made  
him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search  
the market. *Exit.*

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chequins were  
as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give  
over.

*Bawd.* Why to give over. I pray you? is it a  
shame to get when we are old?

*Pand.* O, our credit comes not in like the  
commodity, nor the commodity wages not with  
the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could  
pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to  
keep our door latched. Besides, the sore terms  
we stand upon with the gods will be strong with  
us for giving over.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

*Pand.* As well as we! ay, and better too; we  
offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade;  
it's no calling. But here comes Boul.

*Re-enter Boul, with the Pirates and Marina.*

*Boul.* [To Marina] Come your ways. My  
masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O! sir, we doubt it not.

*Boul.* Master, I have gone through for this  
piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have  
lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boul, has she any qualities?

*Boul.* She has a good face, speaks well, and  
has excellent good clothes; there's no further  
necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boul?

*Boul.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thou-  
sand pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters, you shall  
have your money presently. Wife, take her in;  
instruct her what she has to do, that she may not  
be raw in her entertainment.

*Ereunt Pandar and Pirates.*

*Bawd.* Boul, 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 maiden-  
head were no cheap thing, if men were as they  
have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boul.* Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

*Mar.* Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!  
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these  
pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown  
me

For to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are light into my hands, where you  
are like to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault.

To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentle-  
men of all fashions: you shall fare well; you  
shall have the difference of all complexions.  
What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be  
not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I  
shall have something to do with you. Come,  
you're a young foolish sapling, and must be  
bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me!

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by  
men, then men must comfort you, men must feed  
you, men must stir you up. Boul's returned.

*Re-enter Boul.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

*Boul.* I have cried her almost to the number  
of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my  
voice.

*Bawd.* And I prithes tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boult.* Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

*Bawd.* Who? Monsieur Veroles?

*Boult.* Ay, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*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.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Bawd.* [To Marina] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boult.* Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

*Bawd.* Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so.

*Bawd.* Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

*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.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

*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 equal any single crown o' the earth  
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!  
Whom thou hast poison'd too:

If thou hadst 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 shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how coward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his 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 sad her fortunes: none would look on her,  
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;  
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin  
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me  
thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural,  
You not your child well loving, yet I find  
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness  
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles,  
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
And 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 talons.

*Dion.* You are like one that superstitiously  
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:  
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. *Exeunt.*

*Scene IV.—Before the Monument of Marina  
at Tarsus.*

*Enter Gow.*

*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 stages of our story. Pericles  
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,  
Attended on by many a lord and knight,  
To see his daughter, all his life's delight,  
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanced in time to great and high estate,  
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,  
Old Helicanus goes along behind.  
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have  
brought

This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought;  
So with his steering shall your thoughts grow  
on,—

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.  
Like notes and shadows see them move awhile;  
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

[Dumb Show.]

Enter Pericles, with his train at one door; Cleon  
and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles  
the tomb; whereat Pericles makes lamentation,  
puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion  
departs. 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,  
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-  
shower'd,

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.

Reads inscription on Marina's monument.

THE fairest, sweetest, and best lips here,  
Who wither'd in her spring of year,  
She was of Tybus the King's daughter,  
On whom foul death hath made this slaugh-  
ter:

Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,  
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'  
the earth:  
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'er-  
flow'd,

Hath Thetis' birth-child of the heavens  
bestow'd:  
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never  
stint.

Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villany  
So well as soft and tender flattery.  
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
And bear his courses to be ordered  
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play  
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day  
In her unholy service. Patience, then,  
And think you now are all in Mitylene. Exit.

Scene V.—Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like?  
2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a  
place as this, she being once gone.

1 Gent. But to have divinity preached there!  
did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more  
bawdy-houses. Shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

1 Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtu-  
ous; 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 Boul.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth  
of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie 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 puri-  
tan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boul. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll dis-  
furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make our  
swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness  
for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't but  
by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord  
Lysimachus disguised.

Boul. We should have both lord and low, if  
the peevish baggage would but give way to cus-  
tomers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to bless your honour!

Boul. 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 Mitylene.

Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou  
wouldest say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well  
enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boul. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red,  
you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed,  
if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

Boul. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no  
less than it gives a good report to a number to be  
chaste. Exit Boul.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the  
stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter Boul 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.

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

*Bawd.* Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Have you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

*Lys.* Go thy ways. [*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*] 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.* E'er since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to 't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into '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 it.

*Lys.* How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

*Mar.* For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune  
Hath 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.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for  
thee:

Persever in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.* The good gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten  
That I came with no ill intent; for to me  
The very doors and windows savour vilely.

Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. Hold, here's more gold for thee. A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

*Re-enter Boult.*

*Boult.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it, would Sink and overwhelm you. Away! *Erit.*

*Boult.* How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter Bawd.*

*Bawd.* How now! what's the matter?

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O abominable!

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures; away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! *Erit.*

*Boult.* Come, mistress; come your way with me.

*Mar.* Whither wilt thou have me?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Prithes, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.

*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

*Mar.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change:  
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every  
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;  
To the choleric fisting of every rogue  
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such  
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

*Boult.* What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve

seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman: Any of these ways are yet better than this; For what thou professest, a baboon, could he

speaking,  
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.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But, amongst honest women.

*Boult.* 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. *Exeunt.*

### Act V.

*Enter Gower.*

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances

Into an honest house, our story says.  
She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
As goddess-like to her admired lays;  
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needl  
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;

Whence, 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

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;  
And to him in his barge with ferriour 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 Mitylene.*  
A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclining on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

*Tyr. Sail.* [To the Sailor of Mitylene] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

O, here he is.

Sir, there 's a barge put off from Mitylene, And in it is Lysimachus, the governor, Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

*Hel.* That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

*Hel.* Gentlemen, there 's some of worth would come aboard;

I pray ye, greet them fairly.

*The Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

*Enter, from thence, Lysimachus and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you.

*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

*Hel.* And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, And die as I would do.

*Lys.* You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs, Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

*Hel.* First, what is your place?

*Lys.* I am the governor of this place you lie before.

*Hel.* Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king; A man who for this three months hath not spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance

But to prorogue his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature?

*Hel.* 'T 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.

1 *Lord.* Sir,

We have a maid in Mitylene, 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 stopp'd:  
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 puts off in  
the barge of Lysimachus.*

*Hel.* Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll  
omit,  
That bears recovery's name. But, since your  
kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*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 assur'd  
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.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

*Per.* Hum! ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gazed on like a comet; she speaks,  
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and awkward casualties  
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parent-

age—  
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my  
parentage,  
You would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes  
upon me.  
You are like something that—What country-woman?

Here of these shores?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores:  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver  
weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a  
one

My daughter might have been: my queen's  
square 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,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you  
live?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger: from the  
deck

You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred?  
And how achieved you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe?

*Mar.* If I should tell my history, it would seem  
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Prithoe, 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 believe thee,  
And make my senses credit thy relation  
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?  
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—  
Which was when I perceiv'd 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  
mine,

If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing  
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story;  
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look  
Like Patience 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 here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient.  
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself *Marina*.  
*Mar.* The name  
Was given me by one that had some power,  
My father, and a king.  
*Per.* How! a king's daughter?  
And call'd *Marina*?  
*Mar.* You said you would believe me;  
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.  
*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?  
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?  
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?  
And wherefore call'd *Marina*.  
*Mar.* Call'd *Marina*  
For I was born at sea.  
*Per.* At sea! what mother?  
*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the minute I was born,  
As my good nurse *Lychorida* hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.  
*Per.* O, stop there a little!  
*[Aside.]* This is the rarest dream that e'er dull  
sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:  
My daughter's buried. Well; where were you  
bred?  
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.  
*Mar.* You scorn to believe me, 'twere best I  
did give o'er.  
*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:  
How came you in these parts? 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 wo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to  
do't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me;  
Brought me to *Mitylene*. But, good sir,  
Whether 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 *Mitylene*,  
Speaks nobly of her.  
*Lys.* She would never tell  
Her parentage; being demanded that,  
She would sit still, and weep.  
*Per.* O *Helicanus*, strike me, honour'd sir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come  
hither,  
Thou that begett'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 confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.  
*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,  
What is your title?  
*Per.* I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*: but tell me now  
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said  
Thou hast been godlike perfect,  
Thou 'rt heir of kingdoms, and another life  
To *Pericles* thy father.  
*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter than  
To say my mother's name was *Thaisa*?  
*Thaisa* was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.  
*Per.* Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art  
my child.  
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, *Helicanus*;  
She is not dead at *Tarsus*, as she should have been,  
By savage *Cleon*: she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge  
She is thy very princess. Who is this?  
*Hel.* Sir, 'tis the governor of *Mitylene*,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.  
*Per.* I embrace you.  
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what  
music?  
Tell *Helicanus*, my *Marina*, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter. But, what  
music?  
*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.  
*Per.* None!  
The music of the spheres! List, my *Marina*.  
*Lys.* It is not good to cross him; give him way.  
*Per.* Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?  
*Lys.* My lord, I hear. *Music.*  
*Per.* Most heavenly music!  
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. *Sleeps.*  
*Lys.* A pillow for his head:  
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you. *Exeunt all but Pericles.*  
*Diana appears to Pericles as in a vision.*  
*Dia.* My temple stands in *Ephesus*: hie thee  
thither,  
And do upon mine altar sacrifices.  
Before, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Reveal 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 liv'st in woe;  
Do it, and happy: by my silver bow!  
Awake, and tell thy dream. *Disappears.*  
*Per.* Celestial *Dian*, goddess argentine,  
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; oftsoons I'll tell thee  
why.

[To *Lysimachus*.] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon  
your shore.

And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need?

*Lys.* Sir,  
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,  
I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arm.  
*Per.* Come, my Marina. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Before the Temple of Diana at  
Ephesus.

*Enter Gower.*

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then dumb.

*This, my last boon, give me,  
For such kindness must relieve me,  
That you aptly will suppose*

*What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
The regent made in Mitylene*

*To greet the king. So he thrived,  
That he is promised to be scir'd,  
To fair Marina; but in no wise*

*Till he had done his sacrifice,  
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
The incrim, pray you, all conjound.*

*In feather'd briefness scils are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
At Ephesus, the temple see,*

*Our king and all his company,  
That he can hither come so soon,  
Is by your fancy's thankful doom.* *Exit.*

Scene III.—The Temple of Diana at Ephesus;  
*Thaisa standing near the altar, as high  
priestess; a number of Virgins on each side;  
Cerimon and other Inhabitants of Ephesus  
attending.*

*Enter Pericles, with his train: Lysimachus,  
Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.*

*Per.* Hail, Dian! to perform thy just com-  
mand,

I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
At Pentapolis the fair *Thaisa*.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid-child call'd *Marina*; who, O goddess,  
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus  
Was nursed with *Cleon*; who at fourteen years  
He sought to murder: but her better stars  
Brought her to *Mitylene*; 'gainst whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance,  
she

Made known herself my daughter.

*Thaisa.* Voice and favour!  
You are, you are—O royal *Pericles*! *Faints.*

*Per.* What means the woman? she dies! hel-  
gentlemen!

*Cer.* Noble sir,  
If you have told *Diana's* altar true,  
This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.  
*Per.* 'Tis most certain.  
*Cer.* Look to the lady; O, she's but o'er-  
joy'd.

Early in blustering morn this lady was  
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin.  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and  
placed her  
Here in *Diana's* temple.

*Per.* May we see them?  
*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to  
my house.

Whither I invite you. Look, *Thaisa* is  
Recover'd.

*Thaisa.* O, let me look!  
If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear.  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
Are you not *Pericles*? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

*Per.* The voice of dead *Thaisa*!  
*Thaisa.* That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead  
And drown'd.

*Per.* Immortal *Dian*!  
*Thaisa.* Now I know you better  
When we with tears parted *Pentapolis*,  
The king my father gave you such a ring.

*Per.* This, this: no more, you gods! your  
present kindness

Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

*Mar.* My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

*Per.* Look, who kneels here! *Flesh* of thy  
flesh, *Thaisa*;  
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd *Marina*,  
For she was yielded there.

*Thaisa.* Blest, and mine own!  
*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!

*Thaisa.* I know you not.  
*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly  
from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute:  
Can you remember what I call'd the man?  
I have named him off.

*Thaisa.* 'Twas *Helicanus* then.  
*Per.* Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear *Thaisa*; this is he.  
Now do I long to hear how you were found;  
How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank,  
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thaisa.* Lord *Cerimon*, my lord; this man,  
Through whom the gods have shown their  
power; that can  
From first to last resolve you.

*Per.* Reverend sir,  
The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will deliver  
How this dead queen re-lives?

*Cer.* I will, my lord.  
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with  
her;

How she came placed here in the temple,  
No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I  
Will offer night-oblations to thee. *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.

*Thaisa.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good  
credit, sir.

My father's dead.

*Per.* Heavens make a star of him! Yet there,  
my queen.

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following  
days;

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay  
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead 's the way.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter 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 descry  
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 seemed so content  
To punish them; although not done, but meant.  
So, on your patience evermore attending,  
New joy wait on you! Here our play has  
ending. *Exit.*

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