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by

MRS. R.G. ELSON
MISS GLYN as CLEOPATRA

I'll wipe the tear

Over the mirror, make me fair again.

My eyes are fearful of fitful chances;

They weep, and weep in secret places;

Tears are my jewels, and I weep them up;

I'll break them every one with beauty,

And say, 'This is my heart's own weight'.

REMEMBER ME, a MOURNER.
MISS LAURA ADDISON AS IMOGEN.

Cymbeline.

"O for I have aimed
Than every day very mildly of my heart
In worned by the gaze and cares at chivalry
You are so welcome, worthy prince!
Have I meant to bid you and good God we are
In all that I have done.

Cymbeline.

"Oh, lady!"
MR. GEORGE BENNETT AS APENANTUS

APOLEMACHUS'S SPEECH

"Consistency, confound thee! foolish youth! to spare a generation past by a young one! Art I ever to return? no! not to the tenement whereon the sun doth rise!"

"I am thy friend, I am thy master, I am thy patron!"

"To thee, my lord, I give my heart, my soul, my life!"

"Friends, be firm!"

"Treason!"

"Friends, strange!"
M. CRESWICK as CORIOLANUS

Coriolanus

If you have won your country from the foe
That like an eagle in a darksome cage
Pinned your wings in luxury.
M. CRESWICK

Engraved by W. Read after a Daguerreotype by Rowlandsgill

[Image of a man dressed as Coriolanus]
Mr. Macready as Brutus.

"Hail! With this I depart; that is, I charge my best lover, for the good of Rome, I were the same, deeper for myself, when it suits you, please not country to count my death."

 предоставлено: С. Мартин, с гравюры Мартина, Гринвич, КНР.
Cymbeline.

Cymbeline appears to have been written in the full strength of our poet's maturity; it is attributed to the year 1605, and supposed to have been composed immediately after King Lear, and just before Macbeth. At such a period of Shakespeare's life, he could scarcely give to the world any feeble production, and we consequently find this play to be full of exquisite poetry, and also to contain the sweetest and most tender female character ever drawn, even by his pen. Still there is, in Cymbeline, a singular confusion of times and customs, and the play is full of anachronisms. The rude ancient Britons of the time of Augustus Caesar are pictured as possessing the manners and luxuries of the Elizabethan period. The polished court of Cymbeline is altogether out of place in Britain at such a time—it is an incredibility; so also is the description of Imogen's chamber, with its tapestry of silk and silver so "rarely and exactly wrought;" and the chimney-piece, with its carving of "chaste Diana bathing," its ornaments of silver, and the golden cherubins with which the roof is fretted. Such things were seen in England in Shakspere's time; but were never dreamed of in Augustus Caesar's. In the fifth act also, Posthumus, when condemned to death, is told by his gaoler that "he shall fear no more tavern bills." Schlegel makes a graceful apology for these errors; but it does not greatly mend the matter to argue the poet's faults into beauties. In Shakspere, as a poet and philosopher, we have implicit faith; but very little, as an antiquarian or historian. He has too luxuriant and wild an imagination to be bound by the rigid fetters of historic truth. It may be said that King Lear is equally open to these objections; but Lear is scarcely more than a creature of the poet's imagination, only connected with history by dim and remote traditions; and the time of Cymbeline is one of which we have more ample and far more certain records. It is not worthy of the critic, or honourable to the memory of the illustrious poet, to point out his beauties only, and remain for ever silent respecting the blemishes in his great works; by following such a course, a false school of criticism and feeling is nursed into active being, and the errors of the dead are reproduced in the writings of the living; for men are gradually led to imitate that which they have been taught blindly to reverence. The vision of Posthumus in his prison is not only inconsistent with the rest of the play, but feebly written, and not worthy of the genius of Shakspere. Let those who would accuse me of heresy in this remark, turn to and peruse it at once; it is, however, just to the poet to say, that it has been suspected of being an interpolation by some other hand, and Mr. Collier thinks it possible that the vision is part of some older play upon the same subject, which Shakspere adopted and placed in his production entire.

Our poet's object, however, in writing this play was a noble one; the vindication of the character of woman from the lewd aspersions of thoughtless and unprincipled men. It is not Imogen alone, whom the Italian profligate, Iachimo, slanders—it is her whole sex; of his attempt upon her chastity, he says to her husband:—"I durst attempt it against any lady in the world." Impossible as it may appear to pure and innocent minds, men still live who are ignorant and sensual enough to make the same vile boast. Among the pleasure-seeking gallants of that lascivious age, when seduction and duelling were by a large number of that class considered mere venial vices, if not graceful accomplishments, such unbelievers in the purity of woman were, perhaps, not uncommon; and in this play the bard read them a stern reproof from the stage.
Imogen is a personification of woman; woman enthroned in the holy temple of her pure and chaste affections, rejecting the tempter of her honour with the bitterest scorn and loathing, and enduring wrong and suffering with the most touching patience and sweetness. The gentler sex should be always grateful to the memory of our great Shakspere, for his genius did sweet homage to their character; he invests his female creations with all that is most pure and generous in humanity, picturing them, indeed, as beautiful to the eye, but a thousand times more acceptable to the heart. There is a moral dignity about his women, a holy strength of affection, which neither suffering nor death can pervert, that elevates them above the sterner nature of man, placing them on an equality with angels. The adventures of Imogen are like a beautiful romance; her flight after her banished husband, her wretchedness and forlorn condition when informed that he believes her false and has given order for her death; her assumption of boy’s attire, in which disguise she wanders among the mountains, at point to perish from hunger; her meeting with her disguised brothers in the cave; her supposed death, and recovery, and finally, her discovery of her repentant husband, and throwing herself, without one reproach, upon his bosom—are all beautifully portrayed. Imogen is, indeed, a pattern of connubial love and chastity.

Posthumus is an irritable and impatient character; his love for Imogen is rather a selfish one, or he would not have been so easily persuaded that she was false; it undergoes some purification in his trouble, and we scarcely sympathise with him until his repentance of his rashness. He then doubts his own worthiness, and feeling that he has wickedly presumed to direct the wrath of Heaven and punish its offenders, exclaims:—

Gods! if you
Should have ta’en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this.

A reflection we all might advantageously make, when contemplating revenge for any real or supposed injury.

Iachimo is an unconfirmed villain, as dishonest as Iago, but not so devilish, for he has the grace to repent of his treachery; he tries to compound with his conscience, and satisfy it with jesuitical sophistries. He is ready to attest the truth of his false assertions with an oath, and does absolutely swear to Posthumus that he had the jewel from the arm of Imogen, which is literally true, but morally a perjury, because he stole the bracelet, and led the husband to suspect that it was given him in the gratification of an infamous affection. Iachimo equivocates; Iago would have had no compunction about the matter, but have sworn to any falsehood, however injurious and diabolical, without mental reservation. Iachimo’s confession in the last scene is too wordy and tediously protracted, and the humility of it is scarcely in accordance with his character, as portrayed in the earlier scenes of the play.

These three characters are the principal ones of that group to which the attention is chiefly attracted; Cymbeline, himself, is represented as weak and vacillating—a mere tool of his wicked queen, who says: “I never do him wrong, but he does buy my injuries;” rewards her for them, as if they were benefits: this woman is utterly villainous without any redeeming quality, unless affection for her foolish and unprincipled son be called one; it is seldom that Shakspere draws such characters, for he loves rather to elevate than to depress humanity, and to paint in sunbeams, than to people twilight with forms of darkness. Perhaps she is introduced to bring the sweet character of the pure and loving Imogen into greater prominence, by the power of contrast. The conduct of Cymbeline is unaccountable, save in a timid and wavering mind; having beaten the Romans by accident, he is amazed at his own temerity, and, in the very triumph of victory, makes a peace, and promises to pay to Cesar the tribute which he had gone to war to avoid.

Cloten has been said to be so singular a character, and possessed of qualities so contradictory, that he has been supposed to form an exception to Shakspere’s usual integrity in copying from nature.
Cymbeline.

I cannot see in what particular he is irremediable to humanity; he is a knave, a braggart, and a fool in most matters, but that is no reason why he should not possess some abrewd common sense ideas occasionally. Nothing can be happier than his defiance of the Roman ambassador:—" If Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute." Quaintly expressed, certainly, but unanswerable as an argument, it is not Cloten's want of sense, but his outrageous vanity, that makes him ridiculous. He is not half so great a contradiction to himself, as is Polonius, in Hamlet, and yet we can easily understand the peculiarities of that character; the weakness of age consuming the strength of maturity, folly encroaching on wisdom; in Cloten, it is folly consuming common sense. Shakspeare requires no justification to the observing mind; few men are either all wisdom or all folly; the writings of the wisest man of whom we have any record, are bitter condemnations of his own actions, eloquent laments for time mis-spent in voluptuous abandonment. I doubt not that the poet drew Cloten from a living model; singularities, in works of fiction, are generally copied from life—they are heights too bold for most authors to take without precedent. Respecting the character of Cloten, Hazlitt has remarked:—

"that folly is as often owing to a want of proper sentiments, as to a want of understanding."

In the delineation of the two princes, Guiderius and Arviragus, Shakspeare propagates a doctrine which will find many opponents in the present day: he infers that there is an innate royalty of nature, a sovereignty in blood in those born of a kingly stock; and the young princes brought up as simple rustics, and born of a weak uxorious father, are represented as feeling their high birth so strongly, that it impels them to acts of heroism. Belarius says:—

Their thoughts do hit
The roots of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to raise it much
Beyond the trick of others.

Their old protector is a courtier, turned hermit from an acute sense of wrong and a consequent disgust of civilized life, and his language is that of one who has seen the world to satiety: he is full of bitter reflections on princes and their courts, where oft a man gains ill report for doing well, and "must courtsey at the censure." He bears some resemblance to the moralising Jaques, all natural objects suggest to him lofty and religious reflections, and the low-roofed cave which makes him bow as he issues from it to greet the rising sun, instructs him to adore its great Creator. Jaques had been a libertine in his youth, and Belarius is guilty of a dishonourable and wicked revenge, by bringing up the sons of Cymbeline as rustics; the father had injured him, but he had robbed the children of their birthright.

That part of the plot which relates to the adventures of Imogen was suggested to Shakspeare by "the tale told by the fishwife of Stand on the Green," in an old story-book entitled Westward for Smells, in which the story is given in an English dress, and the original of Imogen is a Mrs. Dorrill, who, in the language of the author, was "a creature most beautiful, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, (none at all that excelled her,) so excellent were the gifts that nature had bestowed on her. In body she was not only so rare, and unparalleled, but also in her gifts of minde; so that this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her." This story was in its turn taken from the Decameron of the Italian novelist Boccacio.

According to Holinshed, Cymbeline, or Kimbeline, began his reign in the nineteenth year of that of Augustus Cesar, and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second of that of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian era.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

Cloten, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Leonatus Posthumus, a Gentleman of Britain, Husband to Imogen.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

Belarius, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

Guiderius, Arviragus, Sons of Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwall, supposed Sons to Belarius.
Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

Philario, a Roman Gentleman and Friend to Posthumus.
Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4.

Iachimo, an Italian Gentleman and Friend to Philario.
Appears, Act I. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
Appears, Act I. sc. 5.

Caius Lucius, Ambassador from Rome, afterwards General of the Roman forces.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

A Soothsayer, attending on Lucius.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 5.

A Roman Captain.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

Two British Captains.
Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

Pisania, Servant to Posthumus.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

Cornelius, a Physician.
Appears, Act I. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 5.

Two Gentlemen.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

Two Lords, Companions to Cloten.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Another Lord.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

Two Roman Senators and Tribunes.
Appears, Act III. sc. 7.

Two Senators.
Appears, Act V. sc. 4.

Jupiter, and other Apparitions.
Appears, Act V. sc. 4.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5.

Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

Helen, an Attendant on Imogen.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Lords, Ladies, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene—Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.
Cymbeline.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1st Gent. You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.

2nd Gent. But what's the matter?

1st Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his 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:
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2nd Gent. None but the king?

1st Gent. He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2nd Gent. And why so?

1st Gent. He that hath miss'd the prince, 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.

2nd Gent. You speak him far.

1st Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crash him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2nd Gent. What's his name, and birth?

1st Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,

Against the Romans, with Cassibelen;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd 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, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts him to 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 his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most love'd:
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.

2nd Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1st Gent. His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2nd Gent. How long is this ago?

1st Gent. Some twenty years.

2nd Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1st Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
9: that the negligence may well be laugh’d at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2nd Gent. I do well believe you.
1st Gent. We must forbear: Here comes the queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assur’d, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey’d unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your 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.

Post. Please your highness, I will from hence to-day.

Queen. Know you the peril:—
I’ll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr’d affections; though the king
Hath charg’d you should not speak together.

[Exit Queen.

Imo. Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father’s wrath; but nothing,
(Alway reserv’d my holy duty,) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world.
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal’st husband that did e’er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario’s;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I’ll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not

How much of his displeasure:—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.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love
This diamond was my mother’s: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain thon here
[Putting on the Ring.

While sense can keep it on? And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I’ll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.

Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraudst the court
With thy unworthines, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone.

[Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should’st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year’s age on me! 

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harmon 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 might’st have had the sole son of my queen!
Act I. Cymbeline  

LMO. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,  
And did avoid a puttock. 

Cym. Thou tookest a beggar; would'st have made my throne  
A seat for baseness.  

LMO. No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.  

Cym. O thou vile one!  

LMO. Sir,  
It is you, fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:  
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is  
A man worth any woman; overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.  

Cym. What!—art thou mad!  
LMO. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were  
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!  

Re-enter Queen.  

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—  
They were again together: you have done  

[To the Queen.  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.  

Queen. Beseech your patience:—Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort  
Out of your best advice. 

Cym. Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,  
Die of this folly!  

[Exit.  

Enter Pisanio.  

Queen. Fye!—you must give way:  
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?  

Pis. My lord your son drow 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.  
LMO. Your son's my father's friend; he takes  
his part.—  
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—  
I would they were in Africk 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 it pleas'd you to employ me.  

Queen. This hath been  
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,  
He will remain so.  

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.  

Queen. Pray, walk a while.  

LMO. 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 III.—A public Place.  

Enter Cloten, and Two Lords.  

1st Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.  

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—  
Have I hurt him?  

2nd Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.  

[Aside.  

1st 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.  

2nd Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o'the backside the town.  

[Aside.  

Clo. The villain would not stand me.  

2nd Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.  

[Aside.  

1st Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground.  

2nd Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies!  

[Aside.  

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.  

2nd Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.  

[Aside.  

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!  

2nd Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election,  
she is damned.  

[Aside.  

1st 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.  

2nd Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.  

[Aside.  

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!  

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2nd Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.  [Aside.  Clo. You'll go with us?  1st Lord. I'll attend your lordship.  Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.  2nd Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven, And question'd every sail; if he should write, And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost, As offer'd mercy is? What was the last That he spake to thee?  

Pis. 'Twas, "his queen, his queen!"

Imo. Then say'd his handkerchief?  

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.  

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!— And that was all?  

Pis. No, madam; for so long As he could make me with this eye or ear Distinguish him from others, he did keep The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief, Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on, How swift his ship.  

Imo. Thou should'st 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 assur'd, madam, With his next 'vantage.  

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him, How I would think on him, at certain hours, Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear The she's of Italy should not betray Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him, At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight, To encounter me with orisons,  

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 despatch'd.— I will attend the queen.  

Pis. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.


Enter Philario, Jachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Jach. 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 tabled by his side, and I to perseus 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.  

Jach. 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:—  

Jach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to forfify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?  

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine:
French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'errate 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.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not so to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: '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 attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-istres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.
Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. 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 entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Excus Post and Iach. French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow in. [Excus.

SCENE VI.—Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whilest yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

1st Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.— [Excus Ladies. Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam; [Presenting a small Box. But I beseech your grace, (without offence; My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learnt me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yes, so,
That our great king himself doth woe me oft For my confessions? 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 hu-
man,) To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [Aside Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you madam; But you shall do no harm. [Aside.

Queen. 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 looking 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 shall thou expect, To be dependant on a thing that leaves? Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends.

[The Queen drops a Box: Pis. takes it up. So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour: It is a thing I made, which hath the king Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it; It is an earnest of a farther good That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how The case stands with her; do'rt, 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 Pisa.]-A sly and constant knave; Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master; And the remembrance 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 assur'd

Re-enter Pisano, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done: The violets, cowslips, and the primroses, Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisano; Think on my words. [Execut Queen and Ladies. Pis. And shall do: But when to my good lord I prove untrue, I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.

[Exit. SCENE VII. Another Room in the same. Enter Iaches.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false, A foolish suitor to a wedded lady, That hath her husband banish'd.—O, that husband! My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated Variations of it! Had I been thief-stolen, As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those, How mean so'er, that have their honest wills, Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisano and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome; Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam? The worthy Leonatus is in safety, And greets your highness dearly.

[Presenter a Letter. Iamo. You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

[Aside. If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, She is alone the Arabian bird; and I Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend! Arm me, audacity, from head to foot! Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.]—He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest,

Leonatus. So far I read aloud:

But even the very middle of my heart Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully. You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I Have words to bid you; and shall find it so, In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.— What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt The fiery orbs above, and the twin'd stones Upon the number'd beach? and can we not Partition make with spectacles so precious 'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be 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;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allure'd to feed.
Iamo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The clowed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.
Iamo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—Beseech you, sir,
desire [To Pts.
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish. 16
Pis  I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit Pis.
Iamo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Iamo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Iamo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from 's free lungs,
cries, "O!"
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage? 17
Iamo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens
know,
Some men are much to blame.
Iamo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Iamo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.
Iamo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Iamo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to veng it
Not mine to speak on't.
Iamo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Tpray 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, 17
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeder's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damm'd then,) Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join groipes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour;) then lie 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.
Iamo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Iamo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, 18
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition,
Which your own confessors yield! with diest's ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd! How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable rumps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Reveng it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!
Iach. 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'lest 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 whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Court 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 hit 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.

1st Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2nd Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. [Aside.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2nd Lord. No, my lord; nor [Aside.] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2nd Lord. To have smell like a fool. [Aside.

Clo. I am not more vexed at anything in the earth,—A fox 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-slaire hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2nd Lord. You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [Aside.

Clo. Sayest thou?

1st 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.

2nd Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1st Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2nd Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [Aside.

1st 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?

1st Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1st Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

CLO. Not easily, I think.

2nd Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [Aside.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2nd Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt Clo. 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 endur'st! Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd; A mother hourly coining plots; a woore, More hateful than the soul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand, To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Bed-chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk.

Imogen reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.

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 pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods! From fairies, and the tempters of the night, Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. LACH., from the Trunk.

Lach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Turquin thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch! 
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—Tis her breathing that 
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper 
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now enumped 
Under these windows: 
White and azure, he'd 
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
The bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
'ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
end?
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
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!

[Go into the Trunk: The Scene closes.

SCENE III.—An Anti-Chamber adjoining
Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1st Lord. Your lordship is the most patient
in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.
Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1st Lord. But not every man patient, after the
noble temper of your lordship: You are most bent,
and furious, when you win.
Clo. Winning would put any man into courage;
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough! It's almost morning, is't not?

1st Lord. Day, my lord.
Clo. I would this music would come: I am ad-
vised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it
will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with
your fingerling, so; we'll try with tongue too: if
none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give
'er. First, a very excellent good-conceived thing;
after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich
words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gin arise;
His steeds to water at those springs
On ephial'd flowers that lies;"—
And winking Mary-bade begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider
your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice
in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor
the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never
amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

2nd Lord. Here comes the king,
Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the
reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but
take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good mor-
row 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 solicit; and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends.
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[Exit Cym., Queen, Lords, and Mess.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave ho!—

[Knocks.

I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the 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.
By your leave.

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A holding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

I. mo. 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 his sty'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

I. mo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but sum'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the airs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisario?

Enter Pisario.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—
I. mo. To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

I. mo. I am sprightly with a fool; 29
Frighted, and angered worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'twas shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue.
Of any king’s in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss'd aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

I. mo. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit. Pis.

Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment?

I. mo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

I. mo. 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 reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.


Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come; In these fear'd
hopes,
I barely grant your love; they failing,
I must do much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tributes, send the armaments,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist 30 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 countries
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his hrowning at: Their discipline
(Now mangled with their courages) will make
known
To their approvers, 31 they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not. 

Iach. If I have lost it, I should have lost the worth of it in gold. I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy A second night of such sweet shortness, which Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won. Post. The stone's too hard to come by. Iach. Not a whit, your lady being so easy. Post. Make not, sir, Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we Must not continue friends. Iach. Good sir, we must, If you keep covenant: had I not brought The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant We were to question further: but I now Profess myself the winner of her honour, Together with your ring; and not the wronger Of her, or you, having proceeded but by both your wills. Post. If you can make 't apparent That you have tasted her in bed, my hand, And ring, is yours: if not, the foul opinion You had of her pure honour, gains, or losses, Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both To who shall find them. Iach. Sir, my circumstances, Being so near the truth, as I will make them, Must first induce you to believe: whose strength I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not, You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find You need it not. Post. Proceed. Iach. First, her bed-chamber, (where, I confess, I slept not: but, profess, Had that was well worth watching.) It was hang'd With tapestry of silk and silver; the story Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd, Could be so rarely and exactly wrought, Since the true life on't was— Post. This is true; And this you might have heard of here, by me, Or by some other. Iach. More particulars Must justify my knowledge. Post. So they must, Or do your honour injury. Iach. The chimney

Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece, Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures So likely to report themselves: the cutter Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her, Motion and breath left out. Post. This is a thing, Which you might from relation likewise reap; Being, as it is, much spoke of. Iach. The roof o' the chamber With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons (I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely Depending on their brands. Post. This is her honour!— Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise Be given to your remembrance,) the description Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves The wager you have laid. Iach. Then, if you can, [pulling out the bracelet. Be pale,32 I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!— And now 'tis up again: It must be married To that your diamond; I'll keep them. Post. Jove!— Once more let me behold it: Is it that Which I left with her? Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that: She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet; Her pretty action did outsell her gift, And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said, She priz'd it once. Post. May be, she pluck'd it off, To send it me. Iach. She writes so to you? doth she? Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too; [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 stolen it from her. Post. Very true; And so, I hope, he came by't:—back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

    Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
    Post. Mark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—may, keep the ring;—'tis true; I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—They indued to
steal it!
And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

    Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

    Post. Never talk on't,
She hath been colt'd by him.

    Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mule, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging:—By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

    Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

    Iach. Will you hear more?

    Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the
turns;
Once, and a million!

    Iach. I'll be sworn,—

    Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

    Iach. I will deny nothing.

    Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!
I will go there, and do't; 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.

    Iach. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Posthumus.

    Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
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, o'er, forbearance; did it with
A pendency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
her
As chaste as unsin'd snow:—O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spake not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd bear, a German one,
Cry'd, oh! and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For ev'n 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.
SCENE I.—Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline’s Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords, at one Door; and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?
Luc. When Julius Caesar (whose remembrance yet Lives in men’s eyes; and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme, and hearing ever, was in this Britain, And conquer’d it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, (Famous in Caesar’s praises, no whit less, Than in his feats deserving it.) for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left intender’d.
Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.
Clo. There be many Caesars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay, For wearing our own noses.
Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors; together with The natural bravery of your isle; which stands As Neptune’s park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters; With sands, that will not bear your enemies’ boats, But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest Caesar 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 ship, (Poor ignorant babbles!) on our terrible seas, Like egg-shells mov’d upon their surges, crack’d As easily ‘gainst our rocks: for joy whereof, The fam’d Cassibelan, who was once at point (O, giglot fortune!) to master Caesar’s sword, Made Lud’s town with rejoicing fires bright, And Britons strait with courage.
Clo. Come there’s no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Caesars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light: else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know, Till the injurious Romans did extort This tribute from us, we were free: Caesar’s ambition, (Which swell’d so much, that it did almost stretch The sides o’ the world,) against all colour, here Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off, Becomes a warlike people, whom we reekon Ourselves to be. We do say then to Caesar, Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which Ordain’d our laws; (whose use the sword of Caesar Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise, Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius, Who was the first of Britain, which did put His brows within a golden crown, and call’d Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline, That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar (Cesar, that hath more kings his servants, than Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy!: Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion, In Caesar’s name pronounce I ‘gainst thee: look For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied, I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius. Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him; of him I gather’d honour; Which he, to seek of me again, perforce, Behoves me keep at utterance; I am perfect, That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold So Caesar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make wastime with us a day, or two, longer: If you
SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Pisania.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster’s her accuser?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection.
Is fallen into thy car? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongue’d, as handed,32) hath prevail’d
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal! No:
She’s punish’d for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wit-like, such assaults.
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? “Do’t: The
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,38 and look’dst
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes

Enter Imogen

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.37

Imo. How now, Pisania?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn’d indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He’d huy 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 wax, thy leave.—Bless’d be

You bless, that make these looks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeitors you cast in prison, yet
You shall young cupids’ talisman. —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 decease
of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes.
Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your
own love will, out of this, advise you follow. So, he showers
you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your
increasing in love.

Leonatus Petrarchus.

O, for a horse with wings?—Hearst thou, Pisania?
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 Pisania,
(Who long’st, like me, to see thy lord; who
long’st,—
O, let me bate,—but not like me:—yet long’st,—
But in a fainer kind:—O, not like me;
For mine’s beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,38
(Love’s counsellor should fill the boxes 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. Pr’ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride:
‘Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, ’twixt sun and sun,
Madam, ’s enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his 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, pre-
sently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin’s housewife.39

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 pr’ythee:

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Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say; Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Wales. A mountainous Country, with a cave.

Enter Belarius, Guderi us, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through And keep their impious turbands on, without Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven! We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to you hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con
erider,
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 babe; \\
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uneross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: wo, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best: sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not 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 bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak! Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the act of the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
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,
Mast court'sey 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 lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one
night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Fellow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these desmesnes, have been my
world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the moun
tains;
This is not 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. [ExitGui andArv.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king:
Not Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are misers; 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 prince it, much.
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom,
The king his father call'd Guiderius.—Jove!
When on my three-foot' sted I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—"Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck;" even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once, Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou resist'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.—Near Milford Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Pis. 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 interpret'd a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a humour of less fear, cre wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed? Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some joy of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,43 hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

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Since I receiv'd command to do this business, I have not slept one wink.

A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That craves my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
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 betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that did'st 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 disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

O gracious lady,
In a great pool, a swan's nest; Pr'ythee, think
There's lives out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: you, 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,) to a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the wascel: nay, you must
Forget that earnest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great 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 are happy, (which you'll make him
know,
If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubting 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. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
ACT III.

Cymbeline.

Scene V.

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 retir'd Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord, 'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty, Forebear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes, And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How Can her contempt be answer'd?

Attendant. Please you, sir, Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her, She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close; Whereunto constrain'd by her infirmity, She should that duty leave unpaid to you, Which daily she was bound to proffer: this She wish'd me to make known; but our great court Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd? Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear Prove false!

Queen. [Exit. 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 Clo.

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 seiz'd her; Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is To death, or to dishonour; and my end Can make good use of either: She being down, I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Clooten.

How now, my son?

Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May This night forestall him of the coming day! [Exit Queen.

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal; And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one The best she hath, and she, of all compounded, Oultsells them all: I love her therefore; But, Disdaining me, and throwing favours on The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment, That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point, I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed, To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter Pisanio.

Shall—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.

Pisanio. 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

Pisanio. 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?

Pisanio. 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.

Pisanio. 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.

Pisanio. Or this, or perish. She's far enough; and what he learns by this, May prove his travel, not her danger.
CLO. 

Humph! 

PIS. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen, Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [Aside. 

CLO. Sirrah, is this letter true? 

PIS. Sir, as I think. 

CLO. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undertake those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villain never 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. 

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.
Enter Belarius, Guiderus, and Arviragus.

Bel. You. Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I, Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match: The sweat of industry would dry, and die, But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here, Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arc. 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. Stay; come not in: [Looking in]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not, An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness No elder than a boy!

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 stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat: I would have left it on the board, so soon As I had made my meal; and parted With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arc. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt! As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger, I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth, Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd! 'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.— Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth, I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honestly, I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arc. I'll make 't my comfort, He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:— And such a welcome as I'd give to him, After long absence, such as yours:—Most wel- come! Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends! If brothers?—'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.50

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would I could free 't!

Arc. 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' false.52

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fairest youth, come in: Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd, We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story, So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arc. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arc. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1st 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 fallen-off Britons; that we do indeed
The genty to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter CLODEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanius have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her 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 meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Before the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. You are not well: [To Imo.] remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me
Stick to 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'm 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?

Are. If it be a 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. O noble strain! [Aside
O worthiness of nature!—breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Are. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Are. Your health.—So please you, sir.
Imo. [Aside.] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard! Our courtiers say, all’s savage, but at court: Experience, O, thou disprov’st 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.

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Ave. 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.

Ave. We’ll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Iomo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And so shalt be ever. [Exit Iomo.
This youth, howe’er distress’d, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Ave. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots
in characters;
And sauc’d our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Ave. 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.

Ave. 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.

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Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [Execute Bel. and Ave.
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, 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’t toad, or adder, spider,
’Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I’m son to the queen.

Gui. I’m sorry for’t; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand, I’ll follow those that even now fled hence, And on the gates of Lud’s town set your heads: Yield, rustic mountaineer. [Execute, fighting.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company’s abroad.

Ave. 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 smudges in his voice, And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute, 'Twas very Cloten.

Arc. In this place we left them: I wish my brother make good time with him, You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up, I mean, to man, he had not apprehension Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment. Is oft the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty puree, 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'd take us in, Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow, And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose, But, that he swore, to take our lives? The law Protects not us: Then why should we be tender, To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us; Play 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 rav'd, To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps, It may be heard at court, that such as we Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time May make some stronger head: the which he hearing, (As it is like him,) might break out, and swear He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable To come alone, either he so undertaking, Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear, If we do fear this body hath a tail More perilsous than the head.

Arc. Let ordinance Come as the gods foresay it; howsoever, My brother hath done well.

Bel. That 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 it into the crook Behind our rock; and let it to the sea, And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten: That's all I seek. [Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be revenge: 'Would, Polydore, thou hast not done't! though valour Becomes thee well enough.

Arc. 'Would I had done't, So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore, I love thee brotherly; but envy much, Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenge, That possible strength might meet, would seek us 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. 1 pr'ythee, to our rock; You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him To dinner presently.

Arc. Poor sick Fidele! I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour, I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood, And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess, Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st In these two princely boys! They are as gentle As zephyrs, blowing below the violet, Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough, Their royal blood enchant'd, as the rust'st wind, That by the top doth take the mountain pine, And make him stop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful, 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. 261
Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
dear’st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus, bearing Imogen as dead, in
his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp’d from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn’d my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
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 crare
Might easiest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might’st have made;
but I,
Thou dielest, 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
check
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O’ the floor;
His arms thus leagu’d: I thought, he slept; and
put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rude-
ness
Answer’d my steps too loud.
Gui. Why, 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
Act IV.

**Cymbeline.**

**Scene 11.**

**Arv.**

**The Body of Cloten.**

**Gui.** Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rage,
Then 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 crown o' the great
Then art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the veil 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 finished joy and mirth:
**Both.** All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

**Gui.** No exerciser harm thee!
**Arv.** Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
**Gui.** Ghost unaided forbear thee!
**Arv.** Nothing ill come near thee!
**Both.** Quiet consumption have;
And renowned be thy grave!

**Re-enter Belarius, with the Body of Cloten.**

**Gui.** We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

**Bel.** Here's a few flowers; but about midnight,
more:
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

**Exit Gui., Bel., and Arv.**

**Imo.** [Awaking.] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
Which is the way?—
I thank you.—By you bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—
I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[Seeing the Body.

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a 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 hopes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind: Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurexil, his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murther in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses maddened Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, he darts on these! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irreligious 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? Ah 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 lure in them;
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murdr'rous to the senses? That confirms it home
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

**Enter Lucius, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.**

**Cap.** To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

**Luc.**

But what from Rome?—

**Cap.** The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

**Luc.**

When expect you them?

**Cap.** With the next benefit o' the wind.

**Luc.**

This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?
Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,)
Thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.
Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.
Cap. He is alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreak? 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 are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth! Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[Aside. They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele.
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 below'd. 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 have 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 many duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest dai'sed plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: Come, arm him. —Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be inter'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisania.

Gym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.
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.
1st 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 loyal.
For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will, no doubt, be found.

_Exit._

**SCENE IV.—Before the Cave.**

_Enter_ Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

**Gui.** The noise is round about us.

**Bel.** Let us from it.

**Arc.** What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it from action and adventure?

**Gui.** Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans

Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us

For barbarous and unnatural revolts

During their use, and slay us after.

**Bel.** Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.

**Arc.** To the king's party there's no going; newness

Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not master'd)

Among the hands) may drive us to a reader

Where we have liv'd, and so extort from us

That which we've done, whose answer would be death

Drawn on with tortures.

**Gui.** This is, sir, a doubt,

In such a time, nothing becoming you,

Nor satisfying us.

**Arc.** It is not likely,

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,

Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes

And ears so d'v'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 describ'd my service, nor your loves;

Who find in my exile the want of breeding,

The certainty of this hard life; nay, hopeless

To have the courtesy your cradle promise'd,

But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and

The shrinking slaves of winter.

**Gui.** Than be so,

Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:

I and my brother are not known; yourself,

So out of thought, and thereto so d'ergrown,

Cannot be question'd.

**Arc.** 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 never wore rowel

Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed

To look upon the holy sun, to have

The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining

So long a poor unknown.

**Gui.** By heavens, I'll go:

If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,

I'll take the better care; but if you will not,

The hazard therefore due fall on me, by

The hands of Romans!

**Arc.** So say I: Amen.

**Bel.** No reason I, since on your lives you set

So slight a valuation, should reserve

Chorus of the Romans.

**Gui.** In such a time, nothing becoming you,

Nor satisfying us.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—A field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I’ll keep thee;[41] for I wish’d
Thou should’st be coloured thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves.
For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta’en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv’d to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
slack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that’s
love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the doer’s thrift.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless’d to obey!—I am brought
hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady’s kingdom: ’Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill’d thy mistress! peace!
I’ll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I’ll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself.
As does a Briton peasant: so I’ll fight
Against the part I come with; so I’ll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied ner 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.—The Same.

Enter at one Side, Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army; at the other Side, the British Army; Leonatus Posthumus following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish. Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and dis- armeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on’t,
Revenge ingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature’s, have subdued me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, bome,
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 villany of our fears.

Gui. Ave. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter Posthumus, and secundus the Britons: They rescue Cymbeline, and execunt. Then enter, Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder’s such
As war were hoodwink’d.

Iach. ’Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn’d strangely: Or betimes
Let’s re-enforce, or fly.

[Execunt.
SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Canst thou from where they made the stand?

Post. Though you, it seems, come from the fliers; I did.

Lord. 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 slaughter's work; more plentiful Than tools to do, struck down some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damn'd With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf; Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, An honest one, I warrant, who deserv'd So long a breeding, as his white beard came to In doing this for his 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; cry'd to those that fled, "Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men: To darkness fleet's, souls that fly backwards! Stand; Or we are Romans, and will give you that Like beasts, which you shum 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 't the chaser, a retire; anon,
Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1st Cap. Great Jupiter be prais’d! Lucius is taken:
’Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.  
2nd Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,55
That gave the affront with them.

1st Cap. So ’tis reported: But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?
Post. A Roman;  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds Had answer’d him.  

2nd 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, attended; Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

Enter Posthumus and Two Gaolers.

1st Gaol. You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;  
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2nd Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.  
[Exeunt Gaolers.  

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,  
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better Than one that’s sick o’ the gout: since he had rather  
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur’d  
By the sure physician, death; who is the key  
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter’d  
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods give me  
The 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,  
Desir’d, more than constrain’d: to satisfy,  
If of my freedom ’tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more 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.  

[He sleeps.

Sicil Music. Enter, as an Apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to Posthumus, with Music before them. Then, after other Music, follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to Posthumus, with Wounds, as they died in the Wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show  
Thy spite on mortal flies:  
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
That thy adulteries  
Rates and revenges.  
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
Whose face I never saw?  
I died, whilst in the womb he stay’d  
Attending Nature’s law.  
Whose father then (as men report,  
Thou orphans’ father art,)  
Thou should’st have been, and shielded him  
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,  
But took me in my throes;  
That from me was Posthumus ript,  
Came crying ’mongst his foes,  
A thing of pity!  

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,  
Moulded the stuff so fair,  
That he deserve’d the praise o’ the world,  
As great Sicilius’ heir.  

1st 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 exit'd, and thrown.
From Leonati seat, and cast  
From her his dearest one,  
Sweet Imogen?  
Sici. Why did you suffer Inchino,  
Slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy;  
And to become the jeck and scorn  
O' the other's villainy?  
2nd 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 Tenantius' right,  
With honour to maintain.
1st Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
To Cymbeline perform'd:  
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
The graces for his merits due;  
Being all to doleous turn'd?  
Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;  
No longer exercise,  
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh  
And potent injuries:  
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
Take off his miseries.  
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!  
Or we poor ghosts will cry  
To the shining synod of the rest,  
Against thy deity.  
2nd 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 opprest;  
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.  
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,  
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;  
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.  
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
And happier much by his 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.

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath  
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle  
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is  
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird  
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,  
As when his god is pleas'd.

All.  
Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement cloists, he is enter'd  
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,  
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[Ghost's vanish.

Post. [Waking.] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot  
A father to me: and thou hast created  
A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)  
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.  
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;  
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:  
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
And yet are 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 fanged 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 known,  
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, it but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

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: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: But a man that were to sleep the sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

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.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [Exit Post. and Mess.

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.66 Yet, on my conscience, there are verrier 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 gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preference in 't. [Exit Gaol.

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 sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targe 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 promis'd nought But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tiding 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; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain, [To Bel, Guis, and Arv. 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. Whom worse than a physician Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet checks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd 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 flight prevented it, she
Tá'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, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; yes, 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?
Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been
vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute: that

The Britons have ran'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made
suit,
That their good souls may be appease'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which yourself have granted:
So, think of your estates.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war, the way
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, 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 serv'd a Roman: save him sir
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy; ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: slack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorces me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldest live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd 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
Among'st the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made bare 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.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sorts.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spoke of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold; Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst which this then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to thy highness; who, being born your vessel,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore cy'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[Cym. and Imo. converse apart.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arc. One sand 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. It is my mistress:

[Aside.

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[Cym. and Imo. come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [To Iach.] 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.

Post. What's that to him. [Aside.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constram'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
Grieve thee,

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Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phinebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post. I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus
quench'd.

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gainst in your dullest Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevent'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown.

With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it?) may, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [Coming forward.

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justice! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen!
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—
Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,
There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggerers on me? 

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike
me
To death with mortal joy.

Post. How faces my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;

Thou gave'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princess 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 Posth

Imo. Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What 's this, Cornelia.

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from

Post. Thou again. [Embracing him.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?

Thou didst thou make a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye

You had a motive for 't. [To Gui. and Arv.

Cym. My tears, that fall,

You had 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 truith. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foamed 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 infor'd 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: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art 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 he me know,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Cloten's
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[To the Guard.
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
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Arr. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for't.
Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arr. Your danger is
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
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd 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 mov'd her to 't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious, sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the 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 pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true, Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd:
In a most 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 male, 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
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may 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 brother,
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?

**Arc.** Ay, my good lord.

**Gui.** And at first meeting lov'd;
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 abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies.

From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices—
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[To Bel.]

**Imo.** You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

**Cym.**

All o'erjoy'd,
Save those 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 becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

**Post.**

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.

**Iach.**

I am down again:

[Kneeling.]

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

**Post.**

Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

**Cym.**

Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

**Arc.**

You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

**Post.**

Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appeard to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing

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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. [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:
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 stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cyn. Well,
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,) Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[Exeunt.]
NOTES TO CYMBELINE.

1 You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more owe the heavens, than our courtiers:
Still seem as does the king's.

This passage is very obscure, the sense appears to be, our bloods and dispositions no longer are influenced by the seasons, but, like our courtiers, take their cue from the temper of the king. Mr. Tyrwhitt says we should omit the s in the word kings, the sense is then certainly clearer.

2 I do extend him, sir, within himself:
My praise, however great, is less than, or within, his merits.

And sear up my embracements, from a next
With bonds of death!
To sear up, is strictly to close up with burning, and may here mean to solder up in a lead coffin; some of the commentators are, however, of opinion that it merely meant to close up in grave clothes, or otherwise.

3 O dishonourable thing,
That shouldst repair my youth: thou heapest
A year's age on me!

This passage is probably corrupt; for Cymbeline to say that his daughter's conduct had made him exactly one year older would be ludicrous. Sir T. Hanmer reads:—

Thou heapest many
A year's age on me!

And Dr. Johnson alters the last line thus:—

Years, ages on me.

4 And did avoid a puttock.
A puttock is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training.

5 Out of your best advice.
Out of your reflection or consideration.

7 'Tis true a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is.
The meaning appears to be, that the paper is to the speaker as valuable as offered mercy to a condemned criminal, and that the loss of it would be as much to be regretted as the loss of such a pardon.

8 To encounter me with orisons.
That is, meet me with reciprocal prayers.

Words him, I doubt not, a good deal from the matter.

Gives rise to very exaggerated descriptions of him.

10 Rather shamed to go even with what I heard, than in
my every action to be guided by other's experiences.

Posthumus admits himself to have been a presumptuous young man, and implies, that he rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experiences.

11 To convince the honour of my mistresse.
To convince is used far to overcome.

12 You are a good deal abused.
That is, deceived.

15 You are a friend, and therein the wiser.

Dr. Warburton reads—you are afraid, &c. Dr. Johnson interprets it thus—you are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard.

14 To shift his being.
That is, to change his abode.

15 And the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach.

In what sense can the beach be called numbered? who can number the sands of the sea shore? We might read—

Upon th' unnumber'd beach,
with more propriety. Twinn'd stones, says Dr. Johnson, I do not understand, but twinn'd shells, or pairs of shells, are very common. The pebbles on the sea-shore are so much of the same size and shape, that twinned may mean as like as twins.

16 He
Is strange and peevish.
Strange is shy, or backward; peevish may be used in its modern acceptation as irritable, but it anciently meant silly.

17 What both you spur and stop.
What is it that at once incites you to speak and restrains you from it? what is it that you seem anxious to utter and yet withhold.

18 And fastened to an empery.

That is allied to royalty; empery is an obsolete word which signified sovereign command.

19 With tomboys, he'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield.

That is, with strumpets hired with the pension which you allow your husband. It would appear that the ladies of pleasure in the time of Shakspeare often went
NOTES TO CYMBELINE.

habited as young men, hence, probably, the name of tomboy. In W. Warren’s *Nurserie of Names*, 1581:—

She comes not unto Bacchus’ feastes,
Or Flora’s routes by night,
Like tomboys, such as live in Rome
For every knave’s delight.

20 **Being strange**, i.e., being a stranger.

21 *When I kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away!*

He is describing a game at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed; he who throws the nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is an expression denoting a state of great advantage in the game.

22 **To have smell like a fool.**

A poor quibble is intended on the word *rank* in the preceding speech.

23 *And you crow, cock, with your comb on.***

The intention of the speaker is to call Cloten a coxcomb; the allusion is to the cap worn by a fool or jester having on it a comb like a cock’s.

24 **Under these windows**, i.e. her eyelids.

25 *She hath been reading late*

The tale of Tereus.

*Tereus and Propea* is the second tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, printed in quarto, 1576. The same tale is related in Gower’s *poem, De Confessione Amantis*, and in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*.

26 **One, two, three,—Time, time.**

Mr. Malone has very truly observed that Shakspere is hardly ever exact in his computation of time. Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed that it was *almost midnight*. Immediately after she has fallen asleep, Iachimo comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have occupied more than a few minutes; yet we are now told that it is *three o’clock*.

27 **His steeds to water at those springs**

On chafic’d flowers that lies.

A poetical allusion to the morning sun drying up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. We should read *lie* instead of *lies* in the last line, but inaccuracies of this character are frequent in our poet’s writings, and in this instance, we cannot rectify the grammar without spoiling the rhyme.

28 *If twere made* Comparative for your virtues.

If it were to be considered as a compensation adequate to your deserving; a reward for merit.

29 **I am sprightly with a fool.**

That is, haunted by a fool as by a spright.

30 **Statist, i.e. statesman.***

31 *To their approvers, i.e. to those who try them.*

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22 *Then if you can,*

Be pale.

That is, if you can be patient; forbear to flush your cheek with rage.

31 **The fam’d Cassibelan, who was once at point (O, ignatl fortune!) to master Caesar’s sword.**

Shaksper has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. “The same historic,” says Holinshed, “also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassilellane, who in fight happened to get Caesar’s sword fastened in his shield, by a blow which Caesar struck at him. But Nennius died within fifteen days after the battle, of the hurt received at Caesar’s hand, although after he was hurt, he slew Labienus, one of the Roman tribunes.”

24 I am perfect, i.e. I am well informed.

35 *What false Italian As poisonous tongue’d, as handed.***

In the time of Shaksper, the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the art carried : great perfection by certain villainous physicians.

36 **Art thou a feodary for this art.**

That is, art thou a confederate or accomplice. So in *The Winter’s Tale*, Leontes says of Hermione:—

More, she’s a traitor, and Camillo is A feodary with her.

37 **I am ignorant in what I am commanded.**

That is, I am ignorant of, or unpractised in the arts of murder.

38 **Stay and speak thick.**

Crowd one word upon another as fast as possible; speak rapidly, even “to the smothering of the sense.”

39 **A franklin’s housewife.**

A franklin is, literally, a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal.

40 *That giants may jet through And keep their impious turbans on.***

The idea of a giant was, among the readers of romances, always confounded with that of a Saracen.

41 **Richer, than doing nothing for a babe.**

This is evidently a corruption. Sir T. Hamner substitutes the word *bride* for that of *babe*, and Dr. Warburton reads *bible*, that is, vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. Dr. Johnson proposes to read *brave*, and says that *Brabant* is a badge of honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity.

42 **To stride a limit, i.e. to overpass his bound.***

43 **Some joy of Italy, Whose mother was her painting.***

Some abandoned woman made by art, the creature
not of nature, but of painting. In All's Well that Ends Well, we have a similar expression:

Whose judgments are
More fathers of their garments.

When thou shalt be dissembled by her
That now thou tir'st on.

That is, when you shall be satisfied by her who now attracts you. A hawk is said to tire upon that which she pecks; from tirer, French.

Now, if you could hear a mind
Dark as your fortune is.

To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. Darkness, applied to the mind is secrecy; applied to the fortune is obscurity.

Wherein you are happy.

That is, in what you are accomplished.

Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you.

This is but a senseless repetition, we should read his grace and you; or your grace and yours, i.e., your kindred.

May
This night forestall him of the coming day.

May his grief to-night urge him to some act of premature destruction, so that he may never see the morrow.

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman.

The passage is rendered obscure by its brevity, but Cloten means to say that, she has all accomplishments more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

Then had my prize
Been less; and more equal ballasting
To thee. Posthumus.

If these youths had been my brothers I should not be heir to the throne, not so great a prize as I now am, but more the equal of my husband.

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Mr. Mason would read—is false, but this addition clogs the metre. Shakspere, who takes many freedoms in this way, doubtless used the word false for falsehood, or want of faith.

And to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission.

That is, he commands the commission to be given to the tribunes, arms them with his authority to raise the levy.

This impermeable thing.

Sir T. Harington reads all-pervasive, but impermeable may mean no more than perceivable, like unsubmerged, impassioned, unmasked.

Thy garments put to pieces before the face.

It could not injure or annoy Posthumus to have his garments cut to pieces before his face after he was dead. We should read before his face, i.e., Imogen's.

But his facial face.

Jove's face here signifies not a marry but a noble face, such a one as belongs to Jove.

Conspir'd with that irreconcilable devil.

Perhaps we should read irreconciliably, but irreconcilable may be a word of Shakspere's own coinage, intended for lawless, licentious.

I fast and prayed.

Fast is here improperly used for fasted.

Richard du Camp.

The use of this name to denominate an ancient Briton is one of the numerous anachronisms which occur in this play. In the fifth act Cymbeline is made to knight Bellarius and his sons on the field of battle by dubbing them according to the fashion of the middle ages.

Come arm him.

That is, raise him in your arms.

Even to the note of the king.

I will so distinguish myself that the king shall remark it.

Yes, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee.

This bloody cloth is the token of Imogen's death, which in the foregoing act Pisario had determined to send.

The country base.

A rustic game called prison-bare, or prisoners-bare.

In a silly habit.

Silly is simple or rustic.

Our faulty, and Tenanius' right.

Tenanius was the father of Cymbeline. According to some authorities Tenanius paid to Rome the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; but other accounts say that he refused it, and warred against the Romans.

And cloys his beak.

Perhaps we should read clave his beak, which is a frequent action with hawks and eagles.

I never saw one so prone: i.e., so forward.

How come these stoppers on me?

This delirious agitation: the stoppers is a disease of the horse, resembling apoplexy.

H. T.
Coriolanus.

IN Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, and Antony and Cleopatra, the Roman tragedies of Shakspere, the poet introduces his readers to a new mode of life and feeling; times past are revivified, the heroes of the elder ages of the world recalled from their oblivious graves, ruined cities rebuilt, and Rome, in all its ancient glory, with its palaces, columns, and statues, its walks and fountains, its patricians and its people, appear as on some magic orb before us. The busy hum of life is over all, and the heroes of Plutarch seem to live and breathe again; and we analyze their actions and penetrate their motives, as critically as if they were no more remote from us than Cromwell or Napoleon. The great poet throws a bridge over time, and brings us face to face with antiquity; this is peculiarly the case with Shakspere’s Roman dramas; he has given us better and far more accurate pictures of life in the eternal city—

"That sat on her seven hills
And from her throne of beauty ruled the world."

Than he has done of the early history of his own country. Coriolanus, Antony, Brutus, Cæsar, and Cassius, are all poetical Daguerrotypes, in which it is almost difficult to say whether poetry or history are most indebted to our bard.

Coriolanus is, in my estimation, the least interesting of the three tragedies I have named; it displays less variety of character than is contained in Julius Cæsar, and less beauty and poetry than the story of the Roman Antony and his voluptuous Egyptian Queen. It has been highly popular in the present age, certainly, but that is partially attributable to the excellence of the late John Kemble in the character of the unbending Marcius, whose perfect identification of himself with it, made this tragedy attractive at the theatre; and has, since his time, roused a spirit of emulation in other tragedians, who have courted comparison with Kemble in a character for which nature had eminently fitted him. The character of Marcius is unamiable almost to repulsiveness; his stern and tyrannical disposition is shewn on his first entrance, when, because the starved citizens complain of hunger, and presume to call in question the wisdom of their governors, he exclaims, had he permission, he would slay as many of them as would make a heap as high as he could hurl his lance. He is praised constantly in the play, but surely the poet never wished to excite our sympathy for this insolent and unfeeling man, but rather intended to show that such a nature could not live in peace with men of any order. He wishes to slay the people, because they offend the patricians; then he would destroy the patricians, because they have offended him; and that he may execute his hate on Rome, having fled to the Volcians, who protect and honour him, he finally quarrels with them. He has no patriotism, but a mere selfish love of glory; he is the mercenary of his own feelings, and fights for or against Rome, as it offends or pleases him. It is himself he worships, not his country or his kind; “being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.” His love to his mother arises from the similarity of their natures, and because she is as haughty and arrogant as he. Menenius truly says, “there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger;” the only act of kindness which he does, is to beg the freedom of the poor Volcian at whose house he had lodged; but even this grace he mars by forgetting the name of the man whom he would benefit. His scorn and contempt of the common people is more than he can give utterance to; in his language they are rats, crows, ears, and the “musty superfluity” of the city. He would govern them most absolutely, pluck out their
"multitudinous tongue," and take from them all political power. The tribune, Brutus, reproves him justly, by saying:

You speak o' the people
As if you were a god to punish, not.
A man of their infirmity.

He would realize despotism in its most hateful shape, and looks upon the people as a mass of bones and muscles, born only to toil and be despised.

Such a man is unfit for peace; he is a brand in the hands of those who lead him; his actions are the death of order—

Before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears."

By blood he flourishes, and in blood he falls.

Coleridge says—"This play illustrates the wonderfully philosophic impartiality of Shakespeare's politics." The poet, however, shows himself something of an aristocrat, both here and in Julius Caesar. He seems to entertain a contempt for the common order of people, and places them in a very ridiculous light. The citizens are made mere creatures of fear and contradiction, wafted about by every wind, and won by every suppliant. More stress is laid on the folly of the plebeian than on the vices of the patricians; and if history has recorded the former as fiends, it has not left the latter stainless. Their courage and self-denial sometimes made them regarded as demi-gods, but their vices sunk them below the brutes. The Roman satirists give pictures of life in the great city which fill modern readers with disgust and loathing. Shakespeare laughs at the people; but if he intended Coriolanus to represent the principle of aristocracy, he places that in no very attractive light.

Some apologists for the turbulent character of Marcus have been found who urge the prejudices he had derived from birth and education; from the fact that he was a spoiled child of fortune; and because that, in his day, there were no connecting links between the higher and lower classes, by which they might become known to and respect each other; but these excuses fall very short of a reasonable defence of his haughtiness.

Volumnia, also, has been much praised as a noble character; but she possesses too much of the pride and arrogance of her son, though his nature is certainly softened in her: she is an Amazonian scold, that holds the lives of the Roman citizens in less estimation than a mere whim of her son's; when they have irritated him, she wishes that they may all hang and burn too. She has more experience and wisdom than he; and though she despises and hates the people as much, she truly values she has a brain "that leads her use of anger to better advantage."

The softer character of Virginia shows pale beside her, but it is far more pleasing; the sound of flutes is sweeter than the clang of trumpets; and the tender solicitude of the wife more interesting than the stately ambition of the mother.

Menenius is something between a patrician and a buffoon; his connexions are aristocratic, but his sympathies are with the people: out of his love for Coriolanus he becomes his parasite, and is, in the end, treated by that proud and selfish man with insolence and ingratitude. His application of the fable of the belly and its members to the mutiny of the citizens is apt enough; but we see that, after all, he loves the poor rogues whom he traduces. His great objects of abuse are the tribunes; but they show far more sense than he: they were chosen guardians of the liberty of the people; and in opposing Coriolanus in his attempt at arbitrary power, they but performed their duty. To have done less, would have proved them unworthy of their great trust.

This tragedy, says Mr. Malone, "comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer, in the year of Rome, 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A.U.C. 266." It is attributed to the year 1608 or '9, and the historical events are copied with singular fidelity, and even some of the language borrowed from The Life of Coriolanus, in Plutarch.

H. T.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a Roman Patrician.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 8; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

COMINUS, the Roman General.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

TITUS LARTIUS, joined with Cominius in the Command.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1.

MENENIUS AGrippa, Friend to Coriolanus.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

SICINIUS VELLUTUS, a Tribune of the People.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

JUNIUS BRUTUS, also a Tribune.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1

YOUNG MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.
Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

NICANOR, a Roman in the service of the Volcians.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

A ROMAN HERALD.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

TULLUS AUFIIDUS, General of the Volcians.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

LIEUTENANT to AUFIIDUS.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 7.

CONSPIRATORS with AUFIIDUS.
Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

ADRIAN, a Volcian Citizen.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

TWO VOLCIAN GUARDS.
Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians and Soldiers, Ladies, Ædiles, Liators, Citizens, Messengers, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—Partly in Rome, and partly in the Territories of the Volcians and Antiates.
Coriolanus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1st Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [Several speaking at once.

1st Cit. You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1st Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know 't, we know 't.

1st Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away.

2nd Cit. One word, good citizens.

1st 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 revenge.

2nd Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2nd Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1st Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2nd Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1st Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscience'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2nd Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1st 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.

Cit. Come, come.

1st Cit. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Meneius Agrippa.

2nd Cit. Worthy Meneius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1st Cit. He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!


1st Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inking, 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?

1st 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

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The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1st 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 accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale 't a little more.1

1st Cit. Well, I'll bear 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 accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
Y' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments?2

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate,3 did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1st 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.

1st 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?

1st Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1st 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, a while, you 'l hear the belly's answer.

1st Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
"True is it, my 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,—

1st 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?

1st 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?—

1st 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.4—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter Caius Marius.

Mar. Thanks,—What's the matter, you dissen-
tious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves ends?  

1st 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 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 great-  
ness,  
Deserves your hate: and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours, 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 mat-  
ter,  
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 seek-  
ing?  

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they  
say,  
The city is well stor'd.  

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done? 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 persua-  
ded;  
For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech  
you,  
What says the other troop?  

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Then, worthy Marius, 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 still? stand'st out? Tit. No, Caius Marius; I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other, Ere stay behind this business. Men. O, true bred! 1st Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know, Our greatest friends attend us. Tit. Lead you on: Follow, Cominius; we must follow you; Right worthy you priority. Com. Noble Lartius! 1st Sen. Hence! to your homes, be gone. [To the Citizens. Mar. Nay, let them follow: The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither, To gnaw their garner.—Worshipful mutineers, Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow. [Exeunt Senators, Com., Mar., Tit., and Men. Citizens steal away. Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marius? Bru. He has no equal. Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,— Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes? Sic. Nay, but his taunts. Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.10 Sic. Be-mock the modest moon. Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown Too proud to be so valiant. Sic. Such a nature, Tickled with good success, 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 is well grace,—cannot Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by A place below the first: for what miscarries Shall be the general's fault, though he perform To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure Will then cry out of Marius, "O, if he Had borne the business!" Sic. Besides, if things go well, Opinion, that so sticks on Marius, shall Of his demerits rob Cominius.11

Bru. Come: Half all Cominius' honours are to Marius, Though Marius earn'd them not; and all his faults To Marius shall be honours, though, indeed, In aught he merit not. Sic. Let's hence, and hear How the despatch is made; and in what fashion, More than in singularity, he goes Upon his present action. Bru. Let's along. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Coriolanus. The Senate-House.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, and certain Senators.

1st 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 hath 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, Marius 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."

1st 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;12 ere, almost, Rome Should know we were afoot.

2nd Sen. Noble Aufidius, Take your commission; be you to your bands: Let us alone to guard Corioli: If they set down before us, for the remove Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find They have not prepar'd for us. Auf. O, doubt not that; I speak from certainties. Nay, more.

Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia: They sit down on two low stools, and see.

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 embracings 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 king’s 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 seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely.—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband’s drum; See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;

As children from a bear, the Volscis shaming 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 now 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 Hector, When she did suckle Hector, look’d not lovelier Than Hector’s forehead, when it spit forth blood At Grecian swords’ contending.—Tell Valeria, We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He ’ll beat Aufidius’ head below his knee, And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with Valeria and her Usher.

Vol. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Vol. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Vol. O’ my word, the father’s son: I ’ll swear, ’tis a very pretty boy. O’ my troth, I looked upon him o’ Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught 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 manmocked it!

Vol. One of his father’s moods.

Vol. Indeed la, ’tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Vol. Come, lay aside your stitches; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Vol. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Vol. Fye, 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 Voices have an army forth;
against whom Cominius the general is gone, with
one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus
Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli;
they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief
wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I
pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey
you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will
but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you
well then.—Come, good sweet lady,—Pr'ythee,
Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go
along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must
not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Marcius, Titus
Lartius, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a
Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have
met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you
him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they
ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from
hence,

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, some
Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1st Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than
he,

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Alarums off. Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our
walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with
russes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[Other Alarums. There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes

Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders,
ho!

The Voices enter and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my
fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Voice,
And he shall feel mine age.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Voices, fighting.
The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches.
Re-enter Marcius.

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 abhor'd
Further than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile! You souls of gesso,  
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! Meet, and charge home,  
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you: look to 't: Come on;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Voices and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Voices retire into Corioli, and Marcius follows them to the Gates.

So, now the gates are ope,—Now prove good seconds:  
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like,  
[He enters the Gates, and is shut in.
1st Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.  
2nd Sol. Nor I.  
3rd Sol. See, they.  
Have shut him in. [Alarum continues.  
All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Martius?  
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.  
1st Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,  
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.  
Lart. O noble fellow!  
Who, sensible, outdare his senseless sword,  
And, when it blows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:  
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes, but, with thy grim looks, and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1st Sol. Look, sir.  
Lart. 'Tis Marcius:  
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike. [They fight, and all enter the City.

SCENE V.—Within the Town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with Shields.

1st Rom. This will I carry to Rome.  
2nd Rom. And I thin.  
3rd Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver. [Alarum continues still after off.

Enter Marcius, and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours.  
At a crack'd drum! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Crowns 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 Titius, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city;  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will hasten  
To help Corinmias.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou blestest;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent for  
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:  
My work hath yet not warmed me: Fare you well,  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.  
Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opponents' swords! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page!  
Mar. Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.  
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [Exit Mar.  
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;  
Call thither all the officers of the town,  
Where they shall know our mind: Away.  
[Exit.

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of Corinmias.

Enter Corinmias and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we  
are come off  
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd 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 encoun-
tering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't
since?
Mess. Above an hour, my lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late.
Mess. Spies of the Volscos
Held me in chase, that I was fore'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who 's yonder,
That does appear as he were fly'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
thabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I 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, threat'ning 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.

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As cause will be obey’d.  Please you to march;  And four shall quickly draw out my command,  Which men are best inclin’d.

Com.  March on, my fellow!  Make good this ostentation, and you shall  Divide in all with us.  [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a Guard upon Corioli,  going with a Drum and Trumpet toward Cori-  snus and CAIUS MARCUS, enters with a Lieu- tenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart.  So, let the portal be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down.  If I do send, despatch  These centuries to our aid; the rest will serve  For a short holding: if we lose the field,  We cannot keep the town.

Lien.  Fear not our care, sir.

Lart.  Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  Our guardier, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.  [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—A Field of Battle between the  Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Marcia.  Enter MARCIUS and AFIINIUS.

Mar.  I’ll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee  Worse than a promise-breaker.

Afl.  We hate alike;  Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar.  Let the first beget die the other’s slave,  And the gods doom him after!

Afl.  If I fly, Marcius,  Halloo me like a hare.

Mar.  Within these three hours, Tallus,  Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,  And made what work I pleas’d; ’Tis not my blood,  Wherein thou seest me mask’d; for thy revenge,  Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Afl.  Wert thou the Hector,  That was the whip of thy bragg’d progeny,  Thou should’st not scape me here.—  [They fight, and certain Voices come to the aid  of Aun.

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham’d me  In your condemned seconds.

[Exeunt fighting, driven in by Mar.

SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

Marcia.  A Retreat is sounded.  Flourish.  Enter  at one side, COMICUS, and ROMANS; at the other  side, MARCIUS, with his Men in a Scarf, and  other Romans.  

Com.  If I should tell thee over 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 shrou,  ’Tis the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,  And, gladly quak’d, hear more; where the dull  Tribunes,  That, with the musty plebeians, hate thine honours,  Shall say, against their hearts,— “We thank the gods,  Our Rome hath such a soldier?”—  Yet can’t thou to a morsel of this feast,  Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the  pursuit.

Lart.  O general,  Here is the steed, we the caparison;  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; induc’d  As you have been; that’s for my country:  He, that has but effected his good will,  Hath overtaken 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 tradecument,  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 achiev’d, and city,  We render you the tenth; to be ta’en forth 201
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 Cops and Lances:
Com. and Lart. 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-fac’d soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite’s silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash’d my nose that bled,
Or foil’d some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here’s many else have done,—you shew me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauc’d with lies.

**Com.** Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If ’gainst yourself you be incens’d, 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 underest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

**Com.** So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

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**Lart.** I shall, my lord.

**Cor.** The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus’d most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

**Com.** Take it: ’tis yours.—What is’t?

**Cor.** I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man’s house; he us’d me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But when Ausilius was within my view,
And wrath o’erwhelm’d my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

**Com.** O, well begg’d!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

**Lart.** Marcius, his name?

**Cor.** By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir’d.—
Have we no wine here?

**Com.** Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: ’tis time
It should be look’d to: come.

[Exeunt.

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**SCENE X.**—The Camp of the Volces.

**A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUSIDIUS,
bloody, with Two or Three Soldiers.**

**Aus.** The town is ta’en!

**1st Sol.** ’Twill be deliver’d back on good condition.

**Aus.** Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, 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 would’st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If o’er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in’t, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I’ll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

**1st Sol.** He’s the devil.

**Aus.** Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour’s poison’d,
With only suffering stay by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor fame, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarcaments 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,19 even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I.
Wash my fierce hand in his heart: Go you to the
city;
Learn, how ‘tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Menenius, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news
to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not 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-
bianus would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He’s a lamb indeed, that bares like a bear.

Men. He’s a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb.
You two are old men; tell me one thing that I
shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that
you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He’s poor in no one fault, but stored with
all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know
how you are censured here in the city, I mean of
us o’ the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you
not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, ’tis no great matter; for a very lit-
tle thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal
of patience: give your disposition 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 towards
the maps 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
umartering, 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 Tyber in’t; said to be something
imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty,
and tender-like, upon too trivial motion: one that
converses more with the buttoc of the night,21
than with the forehead of the morning. What I
think, I utter; and spend my malice in my
breath: Meeting two such weak-men as you are,
(I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you
gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a
crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worship
has 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 have good faces. If you see
this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I
am known well enough too? What harm can
your bison conspicuities glean out of this cha-
acter, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well
eough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any
thing: You are ambitious for poor knaves’ caps
and legs;22 you wear out a good wholesome fore-
noon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wrife
and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controv-
ersy 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 choliack, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience: and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knives; You are a pair of strange ones.

**Brut.** Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benceher 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 boucher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worship; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.  

**[Brut. and Sic. retire to the back of the Scene.**

**Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria, &c.**

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:

**Vol.** Hoo! Marcius coming home!

**Two Ladies.** Nay, 'tis true.

**Vol.** Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

**Men.** I will make my very house reel to-night:

**Vol.** A letter for me?

**Vir.** Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

**Men.** A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a tip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricistick: 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.
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.  [Knocks.]
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife—
Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come collin'd
home,
That weep' st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Coriol wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men. Now the gods crown thee!  
Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.
[To Val.
Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;
And welcome, general:—And you are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee?—You are three.
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that
will not
Be 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. Your hand, and yours:  [To his Wife and Mother.
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd 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
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Car.,

Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com.,

On, to the Capitol.

Br. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectated to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapure lets her baby cry.

While she chat'st him: the kitchen maids join
Her richest looks on 'bout her reedy neck.

Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulk's,
windows,
Are mother'd up, leads fill'd, and robes hov'd
With variable complections: all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: sold-shown famers
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-gawed checks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Br.,

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 that he hath won.

Br. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he 'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Br. 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.

Br. It was his word: O, he would miss it,
rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

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Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.
Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction. 26
Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silence'd their pleaders, and
Dispropriety their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their
gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. The Capitol.

Enter Two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1st Off. Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?
2nd Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of
every one, Coriolanus will carry it.
1st Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's venge-
cease proud, and loves not the common people.
2nd Off. 'Tis 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, let's them plainly see 't.

1st Off. If he did not care whether he had their
love, or no, he waived differently 'twixt doing
them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their
hatred 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.

2nd Off. He hath deserved worthily of his coun-
try: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as
those, who, having been supple and courteous to
the people, bonnetted, without any further deed
(heave them at all into their estimation and report:
but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes,
and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues
be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind
of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a
malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck re-
proof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1st Off. No more of him; he is a worthy man:
Make way, they are coming.

A Sonnet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Comi-
nius the Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, many
other Senators, Sicinius, and Brutus. The
Senators take their places; the Tribunes take
theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of theVolces, 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 successees, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Ca'iush Marc'iush Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1st 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. 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 convened
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclined to honour and advance.
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off; that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their boffellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[Cor. rises, and offers to go away.

1st Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet off,
When blows have made me stay. I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarm was struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit Cor.

Men. Masters o' 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 of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Cor. 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 countepon'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his mood
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He hurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him homes: He stopp'd the fiers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shameless destiny, nickless 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 fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run recking 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!

1st 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 o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1st Sen. Call for Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot

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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.

Sir. Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Mark you that?

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.

To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[Flourish. Then exspect Sen.

You see how he intends to use the people.

May they perceive his intent! He that will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1st Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2nd Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3rd Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have nothing 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.

1st Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3rd Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2nd Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3rd 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.

2nd Cit. Why that way?

3rd 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.

2nd Cit. You are never without your tricks:—

You may, you may.

3rd Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices?

But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus and Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [Exeunt.

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done it?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring

My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my

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 them.
Enter Two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace, You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1st Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to it.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2nd Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1st Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir:

'Twas never my desire yet, To trouble the poor with begging.

1st Cit. You must think, if we give you anything, We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o’ the consulship?

1st Cit. The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me have: I have wounds to show you,

Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;

What say you?

2nd Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg’d:—

I have your alma; adieu.

1st Cit. But this is something odd.

2nd Cit. An ’twere to give again,—But ’tis no matter.

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.

3rd Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3rd Cit. You have been a scourgé 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 practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeetly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4th Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3rd Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not sell your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this woolish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to’t:—
What custom wills, in all things we should do’t,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap’d
For truth to over-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 other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch’d for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5th Cit. He has done nobly, ans cannot go
without any honest man’s voice.

6th Cit. Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! [Exit Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus, and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people’s voice; Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Amen do meet the senate.
Cor. Is this done?
Sic. The custom of request you have discharge'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet, anon, upon your approbation.
Cor. Where? at the senate-house?
Sic. There, Coriolanus.
Cor. May I then change these garments?
Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I'll go 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 Cor. and Men.
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his 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?
1st Cit. He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.
2nd Cit. Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.
3rd Cit. Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.
1st Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not
mock us.
2nd Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but
says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
Cit. No; no man saw 'em.
[Several speak.
3rd 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: 35
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 mock-
ery?
Sic. Why, either, you were 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 less'n'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-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have 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 unelected.
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, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?
3rd Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
2nd Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
1st 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 gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay a fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour’d
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures
to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house of the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numia’s daughter’s son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam’d so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

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,
Sealing his present bearing with his past,
That he’s your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you no’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. We will so: almost all [Several speak.]
Reopen in their election. [Exeunt Cit.
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’ll be there before the stream o’the
people;
And this shall seem, as partly ’tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.


ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullius Aufidius then had made new head? Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus’d
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me;28 and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir’d to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call’d your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [To Lart.

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.
CORIOLANUS.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

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 nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1st Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop, or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—Must these have voices, that can yield them now, And straight disdain their tongues?—What are your offices? You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth? Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm,

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot, To curb the will of the nobility:— Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule, Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot: The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late, When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd; Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By you, clouds, Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me Your fellow tribune.

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 abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring

Becomes not Rome; nor has Corioliannas Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1st Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My noble 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 ploughed 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.

1st 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 lung Coin words till their decay, against those meazels, 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 infinitry.

Sic. Twere well, We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I 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 peremptory "shall," being but The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch, And make your channel his? If he have power, Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common bards; if you are not.
Let them have cushions by you. You are pedlars,
If they be senators: and they are no less.
When both your voices blended, the greatest facts
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 frowned in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o’ the store-house gratis, as ’twas us’d
Sometimes in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. (Though there the people had more absolu-
tate 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 assur’d
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 their demands.”—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cases fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o’ the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—

Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; whose gently, title, wis-
dom
Cannot conclude, but by the yes and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while.
To unstable slightness; purpose so hard’d, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of’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 be
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o’erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?—
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what’s not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i’ the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ediles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.
Sic. Go, call the people; [Exit Bru.,] in whose name,
I myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We’ll surely him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.


Re-enter Brutus, with the Ediles, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here’s he, that would
Take from you all your power.

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ACT III.

CORIOLANUS.

SCENE I.

01

[Several speak.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath:

Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes

To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fye, fye, fye!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1st Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. 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, Marcius 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. Ediles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Edili. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would

Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous

Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,

And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.

[Drawing his Sword.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius! help, you that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ediles, and the People, are all beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,

All will be naught else.

2nd Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1st Sen. The gods forbid!

I pray thee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,

You cannot tent yourselves: 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;

One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;

And mankind 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 Cor. Com., and Others.

1st Pat. This man has marred his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his 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!
2nd Pat. I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Res-enter Brutus, and Sicinius, with the Rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes.—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1st Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on 't.

[Several speak together.

Men. Word.

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc, where you should but
hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, 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. The consul Coriolanus.
Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Brut. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then:
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is smell'd,
In Jove's own breast, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.
Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he drop'd it for his country;
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it.
A brand to the end of the world.

Sic. This is clean faire.²

Brut. Merely aware: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Brut. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unsann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Lie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process,
Lost parties (as he is below'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we had not a taste of his obedience?
Our .Ediles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:

Men. Consider this;—He has been brief i'the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boul'ded 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.

1st 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.

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:—
ACT III.  

CORIOLANUS.  

SCENE II.—A Room in Coriolarus's House.

Enter Coriolanus, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses's heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

1st Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vessels, 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. I talk of you; [To Vol.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me

Vol. False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

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 you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
Something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.

1st Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,
What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies on you to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but 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, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles; 40
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand.
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,) Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant. More learned than the ears,) waving thy head, Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart, That humble, as the ripost mulberry, Now 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, henceafter theirs, so far As thou hast power, and person.  

Men. This but done, Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours: For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free As words to little purpose.  

Vol. Pr'ythee now, Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hast not 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 calunnies, 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:—  
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.  

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I With my base tongue, give to my noble heart A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't: Yet were there but this single plot to lose, This mould of Marcins, they to dust should grind it, And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—  
You have put me now to such a part, which never I shall discharge to the life.  

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.  

Vol. I pr'ythee, now, sweet son: as thou hast said, My praises made thee first a soldier, so To have my praise for this, perform a part Thou hast not done before.  

Cor. Well, I must do 't.  
Away, my disposition, and possess me Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd, Which quired with my drum, 1 into a pipe Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice That lulls all asleep! The smiles of knaves Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue. Make motion through my lips; and my arm's kness, Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't: Lest I succease 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 rain; 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 valiancet 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 mountebank their loves, Cog their hearts from them, and come home below'd. Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going Condemn 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 prepar'd  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong Than are upon you yet.  

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go: Let them accuse me by invention, I Will answer in mine honour.  

Men. Ay, but mildly.  

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [Exeunt.  

SCENE III.—The same. The Forum.  

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.  

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects Tyrannical power: If he evade us there, Enforce him with his envy to the people; And that the spoil, got on the Antiates, Was never distributed. —  

Enter an Ædile.  

What, will he come?  
ÆEd. He's coming.
Btu. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. 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.
Æd. I shall inform them.
Btu. And when such time they have begun to
cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.
Btu. Go about it.—
[Exit Æd.
Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chast'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius,
Senators, and Patricians.
Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd
gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

Sic. Amen, amen!
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.
Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.
Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this pre-
sent?
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 prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars,
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 contriv'd to
take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
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 with him; to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace.
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—
the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,

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?

Bro. There’s no more to be said, but he is
banish’d,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of ours! whose breath I hate
As rock of the rotten foundation, 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! Despairing,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[Exeunt Cor., Com., Men., Sen., and Pat.

AEd. The people’s enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy’s banish’d! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[The People shout, and throw up their Caps.

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow’d you, with all despite;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[Exeunt.
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that cou'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sa'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Drop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime
general
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—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 a while: 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 may'st hear of
us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet 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 with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—

Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Street near the
Gate.

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and an Edile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll
no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

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 Æd.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

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, you're well met: The hoarded plague
o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[To Brut.]—

Vir. You shall stay too: [To Sic.] 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!
IV. 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'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continu'd 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 incend'd 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.—I would the gods had nothing else to do,
[Exeunt Tribunes.
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.
Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fye, fye, fye!
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Voice, meeting.
Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?
Rom. The same, sir.
Vol. You had more heard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue.
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.
Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.
Vol. Hath been! Is it 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, Nescior.
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.
Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.
Rom. Well let us go together.

[Exeunt.]
Enter Coriolanus, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City, 'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not; Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones, Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state, At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.[Exit Cit.]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn, Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart, Whose hours, whose bed, whose men, 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 bitterest enmity: So, fallest 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.—The Same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1st Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter another Servant.


Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1st Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2nd Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2nd Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome. 2nd Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3rd Serv. What fellow's this?

1st Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3rd Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3rd Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3rd Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3rd Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go! And batten on cold bits. [Pushes him away.

3rd Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2nd Serv. And I shall. [Exit 3rd Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3rd Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3rd Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3rd Serv. 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.

3rd Serv. How, sir? Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress;
Thou prat’st, and prat’st; serve with thy treacher, hence! [Beats him away.

Enter Aufidius and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow? 2nd Serv. Here, sir; I’d have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name?
Why speak’st thou not? Speak, man: What’s thy name?
Cor. If, Tullus, [Unmasquing. Not yet thou know’st me, and seeing me, dost not Think me for the man I am, necessity Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants retire.

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcins’ 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 Marcus, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volcins, 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 should’st 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 suffered me by the voice of slaves to be Whoop’d out of Rome. Now, this extremity Hath brought me to thy heath; 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 mains Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight, And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it, That my revengeful services may prove As benefits to thee; for I will fight

Against my canker’d country with the spleen Of all the under feuds. But if so be Thou dar’st not this, and that to prove more for- tunes Thou art tied, then, in a word, I also am Longer to live must 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 Marcus, Marcus, Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from you cloud speak divine things, and say, “Thou art true!” I’d not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcins.—O, let me twine Mine arms about that bow, where against My grained ash an hundred times hath broke, And scar’d the moon with splinters! Here I clip The anvil of my sword, and do contest As hotly and as nobly with thy love, As ever in ambitious strength I did Contend against thy valour. Know thou first, I loved the maid I married; never man Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here, Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart, Than when I first my wedded mistress saw 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 best 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, fistsing each other’s throat, And walk’d half dead with nothing. Worthy Mar- cius, Had we no 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 prepar’d against your territories, Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods! 313
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 experience'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, "yea," to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome! [Exeunt Cor. and AUF.
1st Serv. [Advancing.] Here's a strange alteration!
2nd Serv. 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.
1st Serv. What an arm he has! He turned me
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would
set up a top.
2nd Serv. 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.
1st Serv. He had so; looking as it were,—
'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was
more in him than I could think.
2nd Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply
the rarest man i' the world.
1st Serv. I think, he is: but a greater soldier
than he, you not one.
2nd Serv. Who? my master?
1st Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.
2nd Serv. Worth six of him.
1st Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to
be the greater soldier.
2nd Serv. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how
to say that: for the defence of a town, our general
is excellent.
1st Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3rd Serv. O, slaves, I can tell you news; news,
you rascals.
3rd Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations;
I had as lye be a condemned man.
1st and 2nd Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?
3rd Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to
thwack our general,—Caious Marcius.
1st Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?
SCENE VI.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i’ the present peace
And quietness o’ 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.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to’t in good time. 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, sir, is not much miss’d,
But with his friends; the common-wealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All’s well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz’d.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-c’en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-c’en to you all, good-c’en to you all:

1st 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 lov’d you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [Exeunt Cit.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,

Then 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 sound, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Adilus.

Ad. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter’d in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. ’Tis Ausilius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius’ banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were insh’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 cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. I know, this cannot be.

Tell not me
I know, this cannot be.

Men. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house; some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. ’Tis this slave;—
Go whip him ’fore the people’s eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave’s report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver’d.
ACT IV.  
CORIOLANUS.  
SCENE VI.

Sic.  What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic.  This is most likely!
Brus. Rais'd 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 alone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.
Mess. 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, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.
Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augro'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 Volcians,—
Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair work!

Brus. 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 only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made fair 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.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! was it we? We lov'd 'im; but,
like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to 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 excombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.
SCENE VII.—A Camp: at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, and his Lieutenant.

**Auf.** Do they still fly to the Roman?  
**Lieut.** 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.  
**Lieut.** Yet I wish, sir,  
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not joined 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.  
When'er we come to our account.  
**Lieut.** 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 oyster 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 Liec 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, Brutus, and Others.

Men. No, I 'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbid all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of 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-heeded help, yet do not Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
SCENE II.—An advanced Post of the Volscian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their Stations.

Enter to them, Menenius.

1st G. Stay: Whence are you?

2nd G. 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.

1st G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1st G. You may not pass, you must return: our general Will no more hear from thence.

2nd G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends, If you have heard your general talk of Rome, And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks, My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1st G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow, Thy general is my lover: I have been The book of his good acts, whence men have read His fame unparallel'd, haply, 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.

1st G. '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 chastly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2nd G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1st G. You are a Roman, are you? Men. I am as thy general is.

2nd G. Than 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 revenge with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a desayed 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.

2nd G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1st G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood— back,—that's the utmost of your having,—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueler in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious 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 myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
I urge 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 lov’d thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Give a Letter]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold’st—

AUF. You keep a constant temper.

[Execute Cor. and Auf.]

1st G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?
2nd G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:
You know the way home again.

1st G. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?
2nd G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there’s any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself,²⁹ fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increse with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

[Exit.

1st G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.
2nd G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Execute.

SCENE III.—The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

AUF. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp’d your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack’d heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I shov’d sourly to him,) once more offer’d
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter

Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?
[Shouts within.

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time ‘tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning Habits, Virgilia, Volumnia,
leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour’d mould
Wherein this trunk was fram’d, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obtinate.—
What is that curt’sey 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 suppliance nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, “Deny not.”—Let the Volscian
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I’ll never
Be such a goasin to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang’d,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, “Forgive our Romans.”—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virginn’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 bless’d!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this?
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;
Mur'dring 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 icle,
That's curled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dion'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 may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick it 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.

Vol. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have foresworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome’s mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To ally 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 Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nothing 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; thus barest 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,
Where to we are bound; together with thy victory,
Where to 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 recrunt, be led
With maimed legs through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country’s rain;
And hear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children’s blood. For myself, and
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.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, “This mercy we have show’d;” the
Romans,
“This we receiv’d;” and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, “Be bless’d
For making up this peace!” Thou know’st, great son,
The end o’ 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 wip’d it out;
Destroy’d his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhor’d.” Speak to me, son;
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunders the wide cheeks o’ the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but live 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 is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one 'twixt 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 us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny '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 despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!

[ Holding Vol. by the hands, silent.]

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 him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Auridius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Auridius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Auridius?

Aur. I was mov'd 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!

Aur. 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.

[Aside.]

[The Ladies make signs to Cor.

Cor. Ay, by and by;

[To Vol, Vir., &c.

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Rome. A public Place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it 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 difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

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 tартness 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 corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find; and all this is 'long of 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.

Mess. 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 another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd, The Voices are dialog'd, and Marcia 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?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire: Where have you hark'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 and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psaltries, and fifes, Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark you! [Shouting again. 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! [Shouting and Music.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them, And help the joy. [Going.

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the Stage.

1st 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 Marcia; Repeat him with the welcome of his mother; Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies! Welcome! [A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Antium. A public Place.

Enter Tellus Aemilius, with Attendants.

Aem. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here; Deliver them this paper: having read it, Bid them repair to the market-place; where I, Even in theirs and in the commons' ears, Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse, The city ports by this hath enter'd, and Intends to appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[Exeunt Attend.

Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aemilius' Faction.

Most welcome! 1st Con. How is it with our general?

Aem. Even so, As with a man by his own alma empoison'd, And with his charity slain.

2nd Con. Most noble sir, If you do hold the same intent wherein You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you Of your great danger.

Aem. Sir, I cannot tell; We must proceed, as we do find the people. 3rd Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst 'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either Makes the survivor heir of all.

Aem. I know it; And my pretext to strike at him admits A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd Mine honour for his truth: Who being so 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. 3rd Con. Sir, his stoutness, When he did stand for consul, which he lost By lack of stooping,—

Aem. That I would have spoke of: Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth; Presented to my knife his throat: I took hin;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; may, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his desigments
In mine own person; holp to reap the same,
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.

1st 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 renewe in his fall. But, hark!

[Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts
of the People.

1st Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2nd Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3rd 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 pronounce'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not desert'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1st Lord. And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy lines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The 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, with Drums and Colours; a
Crowd of Citizens with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned 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,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abuse'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Mareius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caecus Marcius; Dost thou
think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but, at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Ha!

Cor.

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave
lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that
must bear
My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1st Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscs; 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 Volscs 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?  

CON. Let him die for't.  

CIT. [Speaking promiscuously.] Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father.—  

2nd Lord. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.  
The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth. His last offence to us  
Shall have judicious hearing,55—Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace.  

Cor. O, that I had him,  
With six Aufidises, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword!  

AUF. Insolent villain!  

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.  

[AUF. and the Con. draw, and kill Con., who  
falls, and AUF. stands on him.  

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.  

AUF. My noble masters, hear me speak.  

1st Lord. O Tullus,—  

2nd Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour  
will weep.  

3rd Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be  
quiet;  
Put up your swords.  

AUF. My lords, when you shall know (as in this  
rage,  
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoico  
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.  

1st Lord. Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded  
As the most noble cors, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.  

2nd 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 be  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—  
Assist. [Exeunt, bearing the Body of Coriolanus.  

A Dead March sounded.  

A.
To scale it a little more.

To scale, is to disperse. The meaning of the whole passage is, though many of you may have heard the story, still I will venture to repeat it, to spread a knowledge of it still wider.

Where the other instruments.

Where is here used as whereas; instruments are limbs or members.

Mutually participate.

Participate is used for participant, or participating.

The one side must have bale.

Bale is an old Saxon word for misery or calamity. Mr. Mason observes, that bale, as well as base, signified poison, in Shakspere’s time. Mr. Malone says the word was antiquated in our poet’s age; still, it is to be found in Spencer’s Fairy Queen,—

For light she hated as the deadly bale.

Your virtue is

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,

And curse that justice did it.

This is an obscure passage, but the meaning appears to be, your virtue consists in speaking well of the vicious man, and in cursing the justice that condemns him.

Their ruth, i.e. their pity, compassion.

As high as I could pick my lance.

Pitch my lance, is the meaning; but pick is correct, and was anciently synonymous with pitch. Thus, in Froissart’s Chronicle, “and as he stouped downe to take up his swerde, the Frenche squyer dyd pycke his swerde at hym, and by hap strake hym through bothe the thyes.”

To break the heart of generosity.

To give the final blow to the nobles. Marcius uses generosity to signify high birth.

Marcius, ’tis true, that you have lately told us;

The Volces are in arms.

Marcius had himself only been just told that the Volces were in arms, and could not therefore have told the senate. The meaning is,—you were right in your opinion as to what they would do, for they are now ready for the war which you anticipated.

Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.

To gird, is to taunt, or sneer at. Mr. Malone says that an anonymous correspondent informs him, that in some parts of England, it means to push vehemently. To gird, likewise signified to pluck or twinge; hence, probably, it was metaphorically used in the sense of, to taunt or annoy by sarcasm.

Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Merits and demerits had anciently the same meaning. Thus, in Othello:—

— And my demerits

May speak unbonnetted.

Again, in Hall’s Chronicle, Henry VI., fol. 69:—

“This noble prince, for his demerits called the good Duke of Gloucester.”

To take in many towns.

To take in, signified to overcome, to take possession of.

A crack madam.

A crack, literally means a hoy; it is here used in answer to the assertion of Valeria, that he is a noble child, to imply that he will do—he will pass muster.

Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato’s wish, not fierce and terrible

Only in strokes.

Plutarch, in The Life of Coriolanus, has this passage: “For he was even such another as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afraid with the sound of his voice and the grimness of his countenance.” This passage led Shakspere into a great chronological error—that of making Cato anterior to Coriolanus.

Let’s fetch him off, or make remain alike.

To make remain is an ancient and obsolete mode of speaking, which merely means—to remain. Time has pruned our language of many redundancies of expression.

See here these movers, that do prize their hours.

Pope reads—prize their honours: an ingenious alteration; but the text is doubtless correct. Hours is used as time.

The parts, i.e., the gates.

Centuries were companies of soldiers, consisting each of a hundred men. Hence the military title of Centurion, a commander of one of these regiments.
19 At home, upon my brother's guard.

Even were he in my own house, and with my brother stationed to protect him, still would I slay him.

20 I am attended at the cypress grove.

That is, waited for there.

21 One that converses more with the buttlock of the night, &c.

That is, one that often goes to bed late, but seldom rises early.

22 You are ambitious for poor men's caps and legs.

Anxious for their obeisance and respect, shown by bowing and humility.

23 Set up the bloody flag against all patience.

That is, declare war against patience. Dr. Johnson truly observes, that there is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness.

24 The most sovereign prescription in Galen is hot empiricick.

This sentence contains an anachronism of near six hundred and fifty years. Menenius flourished about four hundred and ninety years before Christ, and Galen was born in the hundred and thirtieth year of the Christian era. Empiricick is an adjective arbitrarily formed by our poet from the word empire, a quack.

25 Into a rupture lets her baby cry.

Possibly into a rupture, to which children are liable from extreme fits of crying; or, a rupture may signify a fit; as we still say, that a child will cry itself into fits.

26 ——— The kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reecheck neck.

The kitchen malkin is the kitchen wench; a munkin or malkin, is properly a sort of mop, made of clouts, for the use of sweeping ovens: thence a figure of rags, dressed up, was so called; and from thence the name was transferred to any negligent, dirty woman. Lockram was a kind of cheap linen; and reecheck is sweaty, greasy.

27 Sold-shown flaomens.

That is, priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view.

28 It shall be to him, then, as our good wills:
A sure destruction.

Mr. Tyrwhitt says wills should be written will is; that is, it shall be to him of the same nature as our dispositions towards him—deadly.

29 You soothe'd not, therefore hurt not.

You did not flatter me, and therefore did not offend me.

30 When with his Amazonian chin.

That is, his chin smooth as a woman's; a chin on which there was no beard.

31 And struck him on his knee.

That is, to his knee; he did not give Tarquin a blow on the knee, but such a blow as made him fall upon his knee.

32 When he might not the woman in the sense.

Shakspeare was here thinking of the theatre, where the characters of women were represented by boys; but he falls into a great anachronism, as there were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus.

33 I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

That is, I wish they would forget me as effectually as they do the virtuous precepts which the divines preach to them, and by so doing, lose their labour.

34 ——— Aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me.

Shakspeare is seldom particular about time and dates. the Romans had but lately changed the regal for the consular government; for Coriolanus was banished in the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings.

35 On safe-guard he came to me.

That is, with a convoy—a guard appointed to protect him.

36 Against those menzeis.

Mezzell is a scurvy or low fellow. In The London Prodigal, Oliver, the Devonshire man, says—"I wad you were ye split, and you let the meszel have a penny?" Mezzell is used in Pierce Plowman's Vision for a leper.

37 They would not thread the gates.

That is, pass them, go through them. So in King Lear—

——— Threading dark-ey'd night.

38 To jump a body.

To jump is not unfrequently used by the old writers for jolt; therefore to jump a body may mean to put it in a violent agitation or commotion. Shakspeare appears to have used the word elsewhere in the sense of risk or hazard; thus in Macbeth—

We'd jump the life to come.

Again in Antony and Cleopatra—

— Our fortune lies
Upon this jump.

It may also fairly have this meaning attributed to it in the present passage.

39 This is clean kam.

Kam is crooked, awry; a crooked stick is called a cambrel, and the Welsh word for crooked is kam. Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted clean kam into him kam, which phrase occurs several times in the old translation of Gusman de Alfarache, of which the following is an
NOTES TO CORIOLANUS.

instance:—"All goes topsie turvy; all kim, kam; all is tricks and devices; all riddles and unknown mysteries."

40 ———— I am in this,

Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles.

That is, in thus persuading you I act as your wife, your son, as these senators and nobles, who all join with me in a desire for your welfare, and whose interests you sacrifice by a refusal.

41 Which quired with my drum.

That is, played in concert with it. My spirits sympathised with warlike sounds.

42 Abated captives, i.e. dejected, subdued captives.

43 Caution, i.e. wary, cunning, cautious.

44 ———— Here I clip
The anvil of my sword.

To clip is to embrace. Antonius calls Coriolanus the anvil of his sword, because he had struck as heavy blows at him, as a smith strikes on his anvil.

45 Sanctifies himself with his hand.

That is, considers the touch of his hand as holy, and clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would the hand of his mistress.

46 He'll go, he says, and sowele the porter of Rome gates by the ears.

That is, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. Skinner says the word is derived from sow; i.e. to take hold of a person by the ears as a dog seizes one of those animals. So Heywood, in a comedy called Love's Mistress, 1636:—

Venus will sovele me by the ears for this.

To sovele is still in use for pulling, lugging, and dragging, in the west of England.

47 As is the osprey to the fish.

An osprey is a kind of eagle, or a large and rare species of hawk; it hovers over streams, and feeds on fish. In Michael Drayton's Polyolbion, song twenty-five, is the following account of the osprey, which shows the appropriateness of Shakspere's simile:—

The osprey, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds, Which over them the fish no sooner doth espy, But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy, Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw, They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw.

48 Nay if he cog'd.

Unwillingly condescended, acted with reserve and coldness.

49 Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions.

This is obscure, and apparently corrupt; we might read, to yield no new conditions.

50 ———— And in his praise
Hace, almost, stamp'd the leasing.

In his praise I have told falsehoods so plausibly, that they have passed as current, as if they had the stamp of truth.

51 A jack guardant.

An insolent officer; it is equivalent to a term still in use, namely, a Jack in office.

52 He that hath a will to die by himself.

He that is tired of life, and desires to die by his own hands.

53 But we will drink together.

This would represent the wife and mother of Coriolanus as rather jovial than delicate; drinking together was certainly used as a sign of amity, but I am inclined to adopt Dr. Farmer's emendation, and read—think together.

54 ———— Answering us
With our own charge.

Rewarding us with our own expenses, throwing away the victory, and making the mere cost of war its recompense.

55 Judicious hearing.

Judicious is here either a corruption of judicial; i.e. such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of judicature; or the word was ancintely used in the same sense, as imperious is used by our author for imperial.

H. T.
Julius Caesar.

THE whole life of a hero is too comprehensive a subject, and usually embraces far too many incidents, to be effectively treated within the limits of a single tragedy. Many a dark and fearful act has required but an hour for its perpetration, and with the greatly active mind every year is equivalent to an ordinary life. We are made strongly sensible of this, in pursuing the present tragedy; its subject is, not the life and deeds of Caesar, but his death, and the punishment of his assassins; not Caesar, but Brutus is the hero of the drama. But vigorously as Shakspere has delineated the character of the great warrior and historian, the brilliant and noble military despot, during the brief time that he appears upon the scene; still, we are disappointed that he disappears so soon, and would willingly that the play had commenced with an earlier period of his life, and that he had remained the hero to its conclusion. The subsequent adventures of Brutus and Cassius would have afforded the great poet ample materials for another tragedy; the first terminating with the death of Caesar, and the second with the defeat and suicide of his chief assassins.

Julius Caesar was a character worthy of the closest analytical investigation by the master-mind of Shakspere; his attainment of power, and his great influence with the Roman people, was entirely attributable to his lofty talents and indomitable courage; his patience under toil, his industry in the pursuit of success, his wise deliberation, and the unshaken steadiness with which he carried out his wonderful resolutions, were the terror of his adversaries, and the astonishment of the world.

Slender and feeble in person, and subject to violent headaches and epileptic fits, he never suffered these natural imperfections to interfere with his plans, or allure him into effeminacy; on one occasion, being out upon an excursion with some friends, they were overtaken by a violent storm, and sought for shelter in a mean hut, consisting of a single room, and that only large enough for one man to sleep in. This was, of course, offered to Caesar, but he declined it, and saying, “Honours for the great, and necessities for the infirm,” gave it up to his friend Oppius; and himself, and the rest of the company, slept under a shed at the door.

His lofty ambition was shown in many acts of early life: when passing the Alps, he and his friends came to a little town, when one of them said, jestingly, “Can there here be any disputes for offices, any contentions for precedence, or such envy and ambition as we see among the great?” To this, Caesar replied proudly—“I assure you, I had rather be the first man here, than the second man in Rome.”

When in Spain, he bestowed his leisure time in reading the history of Alexander, and once, after sitting over it for a long time in a pensive attitude, he burst into tears. His friends inquired the reason of his distress; “Do you think,” he replied, “I have not sufficient cause for concern, when Alexander at my age reigned over so many conquered countries, and I have not one glorious achievement to boast.”

Plutarch apologises for Caesar’s attempt at sovereignty, and says that his tyranny was merely nominal, for no tyrannical act could be laid to his charge; and he adds—“Nay, such was the condition of Rome, that it evidently required a master; and Caesar was no more than a tender and skilful physician appointed by Providence to heal the distemper of the state. Perhaps the darkest spot upon his character was his treatment of his son-in-law, Pompey the Great, upon whose destruction he had resolved, for the consolidation of his own power; and whose treacherous murder by the Egyptians formed a dark and fearful close to a brilliant career, spent chiefly in promoting the true interests of mankind. Almost the last words spoken by Pompey were these lines from Sophocles:

Seek’st thou a tyrant’s door? then farewell freedom!
Though free as air before.
Shakspere has very artistically alluded to the greatness and the fall of Pompey in the first scene of his tragedy, but he in no way points out Caesar as the cause of Pompey's ruin and cruel death.

Brutus is delineated with great subtlety; his lofty integrity and wonderful self-denial, the purity of his life, his gentleness to his dependents, (so touchingly shown in his fatherly consideration for the boy Lucius,) and his noble patriotism, all are exquisitely pictured by the poet. His humanity also appears prominently even at the moment that he is consenting to the death of Caesar, and he deplores that they cannot destroy him painlessly—come at his spirit without shedding his blood. Brutus is chiefly blamed for his ingratitude to Caesar, against whom he had fought in conjunction with Pompey; and Caesar had not only pardoned him, and sought his friendship, but also forgave all for whom he interceded. Brutus says—

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned;

and the unbending republican sacrifices his friend to his country; and sheds the blood of Caesar, not for what he had done, but, for what he feared he would ultimately do. This is an act of injustice, for which Brutus is punished by the failure of his cause, and his own premature and violent death.

"Brutus," says Mr. Drake, "the favourite of the poet, is brought forward, not only adorned with all the virtues attributed to him by Plutarch, but, in order to excite a deeper interest in his favour, and to prove that not jealousy, ambition, or revenge; but unalloyed patriotism, was the sole director of his conduct—our author has drawn him as possessing the utmost sweetness and gentleness of disposition, sympathising with all that suffer, and unwilling to inflict pain, but from motives of the strongest moral necessity. He has most feelingly and beautifully painted him in the relations of a master, a friend, and a husband; his kindness to his domestics, his attachment to his friends, and his love to Portia, demonstrating that nothing but a high sense of public duty could have induced him to lift his hand against Caesar. It is this struggle between the humanity of his temper, and his ardent and hereditary love of liberty, now threatened with extinction, by the despotism of Caesar, that gives to Brutus that grandeur of character, and that predominancy over his associates in purity of intention, which secured to him the admiration of his contemporaries, and to which posterity has done ample justice, through the medium of Shakspere, who has placed the virtues of Brutus, and the contest in his bosom between private regard and patriotic duty, in the noblest light; wringing, even from the lips of his bitterest enemy, the fullest eulogium on the rectitude of his principles and the goodness of his heart."

Cassius is a man of more worldly wisdom than Brutus: his great tact and knowledge of human nature is displayed in his remark to Antony, to reconcile him to the murder of Caesar:—

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Many touches of this worldliness appear in him: he is eminently fitted for a conspirator; but is still noble. We feel that Mark Antony, in his hour of triumph, stands the memory of Cassius, in attributing his conspiring against Caesar merely to envy. The scene in the streets of Rome, where Cassius walks through the storm at night, amid the prodigies that foretell the death of the ambitious dictator, and bares his "bosom to the thunder-stone," is the sublime of tragedy; it raises our expectations to the highest pitch, and is a fitting prelude to the approaching catastrophe; when Caesar, surrounded by fierce looks and glittering swords, and gashed with three-and-twenty hideous wounds, falls dead on the base of his rival's statue, which is bespattered with his blood, and is supposed to look down, with grim satisfaction, on the death of his destroyer. The following scene, where Brutus, in his orchard, meditates the death of Caesar, is finer still: his struggle between tenderness and duty—his love for his friend, and his love for his country—his high bearing to his fellow-conspirators, where he deprecates the necessity of an oath to bind just men "that have spoke the word, and will not palter"—and his generous yielding of the secret to his heroic and noble wife—are all pregnant with the vivid fire of genius—all
point to Shakspere as the master-hard, who, with exquisite and unerring colouring, has filled up the spirited sketches of Plutarch.

The speech of Brutus, in justification of his conduct, is a cold and feeble oration, but perhaps consistent with the stoical calmness of his temper; the fiery and eager Cassius would have made an infinitely better one. Antony's oration is a master-piece of eloquence—appealing, convincing, and then urging his listeners to vengeance. Shakspere treats the Roman people with too much levity. He certainly makes them very amusing, and brings them in, in admirable contrast to the serious characters and events of his tragedy. But they did not deserve this sarcasm; any people would have been affected by the brilliant and touching speech of Antony; and the Romans were, in reality, disposed to side with him, rather than with the conspirators. They only wanted reminding of the benefits Caesar had conferred upon them, to break out into lamentation for his fall. Plutarch tells us—"The people lamented his death, and were implacably enraged against his assassins." But Shakspere forcibly points out the fatal consequences of popular excitement and fury, by representing the people, in the wildness of their ungoverned passion, tearing to pieces the unfortunate poet, Cinna, because he had the misfortune to possess the same name as one of the conspirators.

The parting of Brutus and Cassius on the eve of the battle at Philippi is beautifully touching; a cloud of sadness hangs over them; an ominous feeling that this is their "everlasting farewell," appears to strike them both, and despondency struggles with natural courage and determination. Cassius meets with a reverse of fortune, and then doubt of his partner's success—doubt, that "hateful error, melancholy's child," overcomes his failing heart, and urges him to the Roman hero's last refuge—suicide. The death of Brutus is melancholy in the extreme; the painful loss of his beloved Portia first shakes his heart, then follows the death of his friend Cassius, the defeat of his army, and with it the destruction of the republican cause. He recognises the hand of fate in it, and believing the gods to be adverse to his enterprise, exclaims:

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

The cold and selfish character of Octavius is strongly traced; his first act of power is one of cruelty, that of the proscription of the senators; the rest of his conduct is marked by littleness and cunning. In the early part of the tragedy, Shakspere introduces one of that class of characters that are almost peculiar to his pen, Casca, whose humorous bluntness lends variety and contrast to the opening scenes; "his rudeness" is truly, "a sauce to his good wit." It would have been interesting to the readers of the Roman classics, if Shakspere had introduced the orator Cicero more prominently; at present he is lost in the crowd of illustrious men who fill the scene and support the action, and when brought forward, is treated rather contemptuously than otherwise; but the great mass of materials the poet had in hand would not permit any further elaboration. Indeed, those who will trouble themselves to trace the history of the period will be astonished at the consummate art which Shakspere has used in the arrangement of events, and in the manner in which he has thrown the less important ones into perspective.

This tragedy, which Shakspere founded on events related by Plutarch, is attributed to the year 1607; in the same year, a tragedy upon the fate of Caesar was published by William Alexander, afterwards Earl Sterline, but was not adapted for representation; and Gosson, in his School of Abuse, 1579, mentions a play by an anonymous author, entitled The History of Cesar and Pompey. It does not appear that Shakspere was indebted to either of these tragedies for any hint for his own, although in Earl Sterline's drama, some passages are found bearing a feeble resemblance to others in Shakspere; but these, probably, have proceeded only from the two authors writing upon the same subject, and both borrowing their materials from the same source.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CESAR.


OCTAVIUS CESAR, a Triumvir after the death of Julius Caesar.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

MARCUS ANTONIUS, a Triumvir after the death of Julius Caesar.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.

M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS, a Triumvir after the death of Julius Caesar.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

CICERO, a Senator.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PUBLIUS, a Senator.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

POPILIUS LENA, a Senator.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

MARCUS BRUTUS, a Conspirator against Julius Caesar.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

CASSIUS, a Conspirator against Julius Caesar.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

CASCA, also a Conspirator.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

TREBONIUS, also a Conspirator.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

LIGARIUS, also a Conspirator.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

DEClius BRUTUS, also a Conspirator.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

METELLUS CIMBER, also a Conspirator.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

CINNA, also a Conspirator.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

FLAVIUS, } 
MARCCELLUS, } Tribunes.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

A SOOTHSAYER.


CINNA, a Poet.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

A Poet.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

LUCILIUS, Friend to Brutus and Cassius.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

TITINIUS, Friend to Brutus and Cassius.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MESSALA, Friend to Brutus and Cassius.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

YOUNG CATO, Friend to Brutus and Cassius.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

VOLUMNIUS, Friend to Brutus and Cassius.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

VARRO, }

CLAUDIUS, } Servants to Brutus.

Appear, Act IV. sc. 3.

CLITUS, Servant to Brutus.

Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

STRATO, Servant to Brutus.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

LUCIUS, Servant to Brutus.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

DARDANIUS, Servant to Brutus.

Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cassius.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—During a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.
SCENE I.—Rome.  A Street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and a Rabble of Citizens.

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?

1st Cit.  Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar.  Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2nd Cit.  Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am butt, as you would say, a cobler.


1st Cit.  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?

2nd Cit.  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?

2nd Cit.  Why, sir, cobble you.

Fla.  Thou art a cobler, art thou?

2nd Cit.  Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman’s matters, nor woman’s matters, but with awl.  I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them.  As proper men as ever trod upon neat-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Fla.  But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?  Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2nd Cit.  Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work.  But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar.  Wherefore rejoice?  What conquest brings
in 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 infernal in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now pull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey’s blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Fla.  Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Execunt Citizens.

See, who’er their basest metal be not mov’d;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck’d with ceremonies.

Mar.  May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Fla.  It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar’s trophies.  I’ll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
SCENE II.—The same. A public Place.

Enter, in Procession, with Music, Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca, a great Crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cas. Calphurnia,—

Cas. Caesar, my lord,
Cas. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Caesar says, “Do this,” it is perform’d.

Cas. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Caesar.
Cas. Ha! Who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise he still:—Peace yet again.

Cas. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Caesar: Speak; Caesar is turn’d to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cas. What man is that!

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cas. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Caesar.
Cas. What say’st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cas. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[Senecet. Exeunt all but Bru. and Cas.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not game some: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires
I’ll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Be not deceiv’d: 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 grieve’d;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;) Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. ’Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Caesar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age’s yoke,
Have wish’d that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar’d 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 of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugh, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor; 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 banquetting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish, and Shout.
Act I.

**Brutus.** What means this shouting? I do fear, the people

Choose Caesar for their king.

**Cassius.** Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

**Brutus.** I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye, and death in the other,

And I will look on both indifferently:

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death.

**Cassius.** I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story:

I cannot tell, 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 Caesar: so were you:

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter’s cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,

Cassius said to me, “Darst thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?” — Upon the word,

Accouter’d as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow: so indeed, he did.

The torrent roar’d; and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews; throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive the point propos’d,

Cæsar cried, “Help me, Cassius, or I sink.”

I, as Àneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber

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.

**Brutus.** Another general shout!

I do believe, that these envoys are,

For some new honours that are heap’d on Cæsar.

**Cassius.** Why, man, he doth besride 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 fate:

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 them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [Shout.

Now in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat dost 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 fam’d with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talk’d of Rome,

That her wide walks encompass’d but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once, that would have brook’d

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,

As easily as a king.

**Brutus.** That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me, I have some aim;

How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present,

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further mov’d. What you have said,

I will consider: what you have to say,

I will with patience hear: and find a time

Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;

Brutus had rather be a villager,

Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under these hard conditions as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

**Cassius.** I am glad, that my weak words

Have struck but thus much show of fire from

Brutus.

Re-enter Cæsar, and his Train.

**Brutus.** 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. 

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius, The angry spot doth glow on Caesar’s brow, And all the rest look like a chidden train: Calphurnia’s check 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. Casca will tell us what the matter is. 

Cas. Casca. 

Ant. Caesar. 

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat; Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ nights: Yond’ Cassius has a lean and hungry look; He thinks too much: such men are dangerous. 

Ant. Fear him not, Caesar, he’s not dangerous: He is a noble Roman, and well given. 

Cas. ’Would he were fatter.—But I fear him not: Yet if my name were liable to fear, I do not know the man I should avoid So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much; He is a great observer, and he looks Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays, As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music: Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort, As if he mock’d himself, and scorn’d his spirit That could be mov’d to smile at any thing. Such men as he be never at heart’s ease, Whiles they behold a greater than themselves; And therefore are they very dangerous. I rather tell thee what is to be fear’d, Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar. Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf, And tell me truly what thou think’st of him. 

[Exeunt Cæs. and his Train. Casca stays behind. 

Casca. You pull’d me by the cloak; Would you speak with me? 

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc’d to-day, That Caesar looks so sad. 

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not? 

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc’d. 

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer’d him: and being offer’d him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting. 

Bru. What was the second noise for? 

Casca. Why, for that too.
them: if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they
would have done no less.

Brut. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Cass. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Cass. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Cass. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look
you i' the face again: But these, 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 scarts off Caesar's images, are put
to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery
yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Cassa?

Cas. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Cass. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,
and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Cass. Do so: Farewell, both. [Exit Cassa.

Brut. 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.

Brut. And so it is. For this time I will leave
you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home with me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brut.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduce'd?
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Caesar see him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

SCENE III.—The same. A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
   Caesar, with his Sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Cassa. Brought you Caesar home? Why are you breathless? and why scarce you so?

Cass. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning 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 anything more wonderful?

Cass. A common slave (you know him well by
   night,) Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches joint'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,) Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly 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 Caesar to the capitol to-morrow?

Cass. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Cassa: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Cass. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cic.

Enter Cassius.

Cass. Who's there?

Cass. A Roman.

Cass. Casca, by your voice.
Cas. Your car is good, Cassius, what night is this?
Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Cas. 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 unbreast, Cassa, as you see,
Have bar’d 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.
Cas. 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 pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, 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 Caesar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes 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 Caesar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then,
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the week 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 shoke oﬀ at pleasure.
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans binds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what oﬀal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar? But, O, grie! 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 ﬂecing tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.
Cas. There’s a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov’d already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
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,
Is favour’d, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, ﬁery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cass. 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 staid 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.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. 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.—

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here. 

Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spur him,
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 Cesar,
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,
Whereeto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome,
The Tarquin drive, when he was call’d a king.
"Speak, strike, repress!"—Am I entreated then
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.

Bru. ’Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, ’tis your brother Cassius\textsuperscript{14} at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck’d about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.\footnote{Exit Luc.}

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham’st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,\footnote{Not Erebus itself were dim enough}
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,

But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? \footnote{They whisper.}

Dec. Here lies the cast: Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and you grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv’d.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,\footnote{The suffrance of our souls, the time’s abuse,—}
The suffrance 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.\footnote{But if these, As I am sure they do, bear fire enough}

To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag’d,
That this shall be, or we will fail for it?

Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautious,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the insupportive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cic. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Cass. Let us not leave him out.

Cic. 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 rul'd 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.
Cass. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Cesar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cesar,
Should outlive Cesar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cesar, 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 Cesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cesar's spirit,
And not dismember Cesar! But, alas,
Cesar 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 carcase fit for hounds:15
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. 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 Cesar's arm,
When Cesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him: For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cesar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cesar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought, and die for Cesar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Tro. 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 struck ten.

Tro. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Who's Cesar 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 unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his auxiliaries,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolve'd,
I can overshaw 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?

Cis. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutus:

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Bru.]

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 have ungently, Brutus, Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper, You suddenly arose, and walk’d about, Musing, and sighing, with your arms across: And when I ask’d you what the matter was, You star’d upon me with ungentle looks: I urg’d you further; then you scratch’d your head, And too impatently stamp’d with your foot: Yet I insisted, yet you answer’d not; But, with an angry wrath, of your air, 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 unpurged air To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus; You have some sick offence within your mind, Which, by the right and virtue of my place, I ought to know of: And, upon my knees, I charm you, by my once commended beauty, By all your vows of love, and that great vow Which did incorporate and make us one, That you unfold to me, yourself, your half, Why you are heavy; and what men to-night Have had resort to you: for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness.  
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus. Within the bond of marriage, tell me Brutus, Is it excepted, I should know no secrets That appertain to you? Am I yourself, But, as it were, in sort, or limitation; To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus’ harlot, not his wife.  
Bru. You are my true and honourable wife; As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart.  
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 them I have made strong proof of my constancy, Giving myself a voluntary wound Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience, And not my husband’s secrets?  
Bru. O ye gods, Render me worthy of this noble wife! [Knocking within.  
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while; 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:17— Leave me with haste. [Exit Por.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.  
Lucius, who is that, knocks?  
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, deriv'd from honourable joint!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now, bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yet, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bruc. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bruc. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufliceth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bruc. Follow me then. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in Caesar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Caesar, in his Night-gown.

Ces. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murder Caesar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Ces. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Ces. Caesar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cal. Caesar, 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 fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadron's, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Ces. What can be avoid'd,
Whose end is purport'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

Cal. When boggars die, there are no omens seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Ces. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once,
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Ces. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Caesar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Ces. 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. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Ces. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

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ACT II.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE III.—IV.

Ces. Shall Caesar send a lie? Have I in conquest stretch’d mine arm so far, To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth? Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause, Lest I be laugh’d at, when I tell them so.

Ces. The cause is in my will, I will not come; That is enough to satisfy the senate. But, for your private satisfaction, Because I love you, I will let you know. Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home: She dreamt to-night she saw my statue, Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts, Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it. And these do she apply for warnings, 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 bath’d, Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck Reviving blood; and that great men shall press For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance. This by Calpurnia’s dream is signified.

Ces. 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 Caesar. If you shall send them word, you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock Apt to be render’d, for some one to say, “Break up the senate till another time, When Caesar’s wife shall meet with better dreams.” If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper, “Lo, Caesar is afraid?”

Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear, dear love To your proceeding bids me tell you this; And reason to my love is liable.

Ces. 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, Caesar.

Ces. Welcome, Publius.— What, Brutus, are you stirr’d so early too?—
ACT III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE I.—The same. The Capitol: the Senate sitting.

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIMUS, METELLUS, TIBERIUS, Cinna, Antony, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.

Ces. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit That touches Caesar nearer: Read it, great Caesar.

Ces. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

T. 2

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar; hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady; if it will please Caesar To be so good to Caesar, as to hear me, I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow: The throng that follows Caesar at the heels, Of senators, of praetors, common suitors, Will crowd a feeble man almost to death: I'll get me to a place more void, and there Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing The heart of woman is! O Brutus! The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise! Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit, That Caesar will not grant. 18—O, I grow faint:— Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord; Say, I am merry: come to me again, And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exit.

ACT III.
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,¹⁹
For I will slay myself.

**Bru.** Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

*Cas. Trebonius knows his time;* for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*[Exit Ant. and Tre. Ces. and the Senators take their Seats.]*

**Dec.** Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

**Bru.** He is address'd;¹⁰ press near, and second him.

**Cin.** Casea, you are the first that rears your hand.

*Cas. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,*
That Caesar, and his senate, must redress?

**Met.** Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [Kneeling.]

**Ces.** I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couragings, and these lowly courtseys,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'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, Caesar 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 Caesar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

**Bru.** I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

**Ces.** What, Brutus!

**Ces.** Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, 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-fixed, 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;²¹
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion:²² and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

**Cin.** O Caesar,—

**Ces.** Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

**Dec.** Great Caesar,—

**Ces.** Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca. Speak, hands, for me.*

*[Casca stabs Ces. in the neck. Ces. catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.]*

**Cas.** Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Caesar.

*[Dies. The Sen. and People retire in confusion.]*

**Cin.** Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

**Cas.** Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

**Bru.** People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

**Dec.** And Cassius too.

**Bru.** Where's Publius?

**Cin.** Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

**Met.** Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's Should chance—

**Bru.** Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;—
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else:—so tell them, Publius.

**Cas.** And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

**Bru.** Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

*[Re-enter Trebonius.]*

**Ces.** Where's Antony.

**Tre.** Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

**Bru.** Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

**Cas.** Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Br. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abrig'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar'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?
Br. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heeds
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus be 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 Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd 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,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Br. 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.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[Exit Serv.

Br. 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.

Re-enter Antony.

Br. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dust thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunken to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let bleed, 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 purple hands do rest 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.

Br. 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 brother's 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.

Br. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love 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 Trebonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceive me.
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?  
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 Caesar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.  
Cas. I blame you not for praising Caesar so;  
But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?  
Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar,  
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,  
Why and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.  
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,  
You should be satisfied.  
Ant. That's all I seek;  
And am moreover suitor, that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And 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,—  
You know not what you do; Do not consent,  
[Aside.  
That Antony speak in his funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter?  
Bru. By your pardon;—  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission:  

And that we are contented, Caesar shall  
Have all true rights, and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.  
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.  
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar:  
And say you 'tis by our permission;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral: And you shall speak  
In the same pulpit where to I am going,  
After my speech is ended.  
Ant. Be it so;  
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.  
[Exeunt all but Ant.  
Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding 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 hands 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 chok'd with custom of fell deeds:  
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.  

Enter a Servant.  
You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?  
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.  
Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.  
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—  
O Caesar!—  
[Seeing the Body.  
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes.  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?  
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chance’d: Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.\(^7\) His hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while; Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse Into the market-place: there shall I try, In my oration, how the people take The cruel issue of these bloody men; According to the which, thou shalt discourse To young Octavius of the state of things. Lend me your hand. [Exit, with Cæs. Body.]  

SCENE II.—The same. The Forum.  
Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a Throng of Citizens.  
Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.  
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—Cassius, go you into the other street, And part the numbers.—Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here; Those that will follow Cassius, go with him; And public reasons shall be rendered Of Cæsar’s death.  
1st Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.  
2nd Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, When severally we hear them rendered.  
[Exit Cas., with some of the Cit. Brut. goes into the Rostrum.]  
3rd Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence! Brut. Be patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and lovers!\(^58\) 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, my 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.  
Cit. None, Brutus, none.  
[Several speaking at once.]  
Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extant here, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses so actual, for which he suffered death.  
Enter Antony and Others, with Cæsar’s Body.  
Here comes his body, mourning 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.  
Cit. Live, Brutus! live! live!  
1st Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.  
2nd Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.  
3rd Cit. Let him be Cæsar.  
4th Cit. Cæsar’s better parts Shall now be crown’d in Brutus.  
1st Cit. We’ll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.  
Bru. My countrymen,—  
2nd Cit. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.  
1st 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.  
1st Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.  
3rd Cit. Let him go up into the public chair; We’ll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.  
Ant. For Brutus’ sake, I am beholden to you.  
4th Cit. What does he say of Brutus?  
3rd Cit. He says, for Brutus’ sake, He finds himself beholden to us all.  
4th Cit. ‘Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.  
1st Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.  
3rd Cit. Nay, that’s certain: We are bless’d, that Rome is rid of him.  

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ACT III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE II.

2nd Cit. Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it,
Here under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;) Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fitter to the earth
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1st Cit. Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2nd Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

3rd Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4th Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1st Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2nd Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3rd Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4th Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar,
I found it in his closet, '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 Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4th Cit. We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4th Cit. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Caesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it,
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

4th Cit. They were traitors: Honourable men!
Cit. The will! the testament!

2nd Cit. They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2nd Cit. Descend.

[He comes down from the Pulpit.

3rd Cit. You shall have leave.

4th Cit. A ring; stand round.
1st Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2nd Cit. Room for Antony—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! hear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent:
That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it:
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him?
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle mulling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, 20 great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1st Cit. O pitieous spectacle!

2nd Cit. O noble Caesar!

3rd Cit. O woeful day!

4th Cit. O traitors, villains!

1st Cit. O most bloody sight!

2nd Cit. We will be revenged: revenge; about,
—seek, —burn, —fire, —kill, —slay! —let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit. Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2nd 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 't; 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 Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb months,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1st Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3rd Cit. Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true:—the will;—let 's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2nd Cit. Most noble Caesar!—we 'll revenge his death.

3rd Cit. O royal Caesar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private harbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber: 30 he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever: common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar: When comes such another?

1st 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.

2nd Cit. Go, fetch fire.

3rd Cit. Pluck down benches.

4th Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[Exeunt Cit., with the Body.

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Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot, 
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, 
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. 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 mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. 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.

1st Cit. What is your name?
2nd Cit. Whither are you going?
3rd Cit. Where do you dwell?
4th Cit. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2nd Cit. Answer every man directly.
1st Cit. Ay, and briefly.
4th Cit. Ay, and wisely.
3rd 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.
2nd Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:
—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.
Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.
1st Cit. As a friend, or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
2nd Cit. That matter is answered directly
4th Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
3rd Cit. Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
1st Cit. Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
4th Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him
for his bad verses.
2nd Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna;
pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him
going.
3rd Cit. Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho!
fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all.
Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's;
some to Ligarius: away; go.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in Antony's House.31

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.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I
damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house:
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

2nd Cit. Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol.
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, arts, and imitations;33
Which, out of use, and staid by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property.33 And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,
Are levy'ing powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
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 mischief. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers: Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
to do you salutation from his master.

[Pin. gives a Letter to Bru.

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 receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy; and with respect enough;

But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. They last descried
A hot friend meeting: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to shun and decay,
It needs 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?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to bivouac'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within.

Bru. Hark, he is arris'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. 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 the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Within the Tent of Brutus. Lucius

and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in
this:

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You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ide of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
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 grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ny, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd 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 riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear a 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.
Brut. 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 awary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother:
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and commit't 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 Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Brut. Sheath thy dagger
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Brut. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!—
Brut. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me, When that rash humour, which my mother gave me, Makes me forgetful?
Brut. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[Noise within.
Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals; There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet They be alone.
Luc. [Within.] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.54
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 am sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha; how widly doth this rhyme rhyme! Brut. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Brut. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools? Companion, hence.
Cas. Away, away, he gone.

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.
Brut. 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. [Exeunt Luc. and Tit.
Brut. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.
Brut. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use, If you give place to accidental evils.
Brut. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia?
Brut. She is dead.
Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!— Upon what sickness?
Brut. 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, swallowed fire.55
Cas. And died so?
Brut. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with Wine and Tapers.
Brut. 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'er-whelm the cup: I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.
Brut. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-aided, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. 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, my gown. [Exit Luc.] 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. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[Exeunt Cas., Trt., and Mes.

Re-enter Lucius, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not: thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
ACT V.

Julius Caesar

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.

Mess. Prepare you, generals: The enemy comes on in gallant show; Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on, Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent? Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and Others.

Brut. They stand, and would have parley.

Cass. Stand fast, Titinius; We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge. Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Brut. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brut. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart, Crying, "Long live! hail, Caesar!"

Antony, The posture of your blows are yet unknown; But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Brut. O, yes, and soundless too: 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 Caesar: You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds, And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet; Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind, Struck Caesar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cass. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself: This tongue had not offended so to-day, If Cassius might have rul'd.

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 Caesar's three and twenty wounds Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brut. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors, Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope; I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brut. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain, Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cass. 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.


Cass. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brut. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

My lord.

[Brut. and Luc. converse apart.

Cass. Messala,—

Mess. What says my general?

Cass. This is my birth-day; as this very day Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala: Be thou my witness, that, against my will, As Pompey was, am I compelled to set Upon one battle all our liberties. You know, that I held Epicurus strong, And his opinion: now I change my mind, And partly credit things that do presage. Coming from Sardis, on our 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.

Mess. Believe not so.

I but believe it party;
ACT V.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE III.—The same. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cass. O, look, Titinius; look, the villains by! 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 enclo’d.

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.

Cass. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius; Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire? Tit. They are, my lord.

Cass. Titinius, if thou lov’st me, Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him, Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops, And here again; that I may rest assur’d, Whether yond’ troops are friend or enemy. Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

Cit. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius, And tell me what thou not’st about the field.—[Exit.

Cass. This day I breathed first: time is come round, And where I did begin, there I shall end; My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news? Pin. [Above.] O my lord! Cass. What news? Pin. Titinius is Enclosed round about with horsemen, that Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius! Now some ‘light:—O, he ‘lights too:—he’s ta’en; —and, hark! [Shout. They shout for joy.

Cass. Come down, behold no more.—O, coward that I am, to live so long, To see my best friend ta’en before my face! 

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee prisoner And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
ACT V.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

SCENE IV.

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts; And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd 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 overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. 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 conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But killest the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus? Where art thou, Pinda-

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Mes.

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 't 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.

[Dies.

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, whe'r 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 more tears
To this dead man, than ye shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos 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.—
Labec, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try our fortune in a second fight.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then Brutus, 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!

[Charges the Enemy.
V. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the Enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down? Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1st Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
Ofering Money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1st Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2nd Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1st Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead.
He will be found like Brutus, like himself,

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend: but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see who's Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd.

[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.

Clit. Statilius show'd 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.

Clit. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Clit. I'll rather kill myself.


Act V. JULIUS CAESAR. Sc. V.

Dor. I do such a deed?

Clit. O, Dardanius!

Dor. O, Clitus!

Clit. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dor. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Clit. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippa's fields.

I know, my hour is come.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum, still.

Clit. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

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.

Clit. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

[Exeunt Clit., Dor., and Vol.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strat. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his sword, and dies.
Alarum. 

Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and their Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Strat. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala; 
The conquerors can but make a fire of him; 
For Brutus only overcame himself, 
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus, 
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them. 
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strat. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Strat. I held the sword, and he did run on it. 

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee, 
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all: 
All the conspirators, save only he, 
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar; 
He, only, in a general honest thought, 
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements 
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up, 
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him, 
With all respect, and rites of burial. 
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie, 
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.— 
So, call the field to rest: and let's away, 
To part the glories of this happy day. 

[Exeunt.]
NOTES TO JULIUS CESAR.

1 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Ceremonies were ceremonious ornaments, trophies, or crowns placed upon the statues of Caesar. So Plutarch:—"A few days after, his statues were adorned with royal diadems; and Flavius and Marullus, two of the tribunes, went and tore them off." In the next scene Casca says:—"Marullus and Flavius for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence."

2 Decius.

Shakspere followed Plutarch in calling this character Decius, but his proper name was Decimus Brutus. See Appian and Suetonius. Decimus Brutus was the most cherished by Caesar of all his friends, while Marcus kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours as the other had constantly accepted; being suspicious of the tendency of Caesar's ambition, and also remembering that he had fought with Pompey against Caesar at the battle of Pharsalia.

3 Stand you directly in Antonius' way.

When he doth run his course.

This passage alludes to a singular superstition which is explained in the following passage from Plutarch's Life of Caesar:—"In the Impericia, which, according to most writers, is an ancient pastoral feast, and which answers in many respects to the Lycea amongst the Arcadians: young men of noble families, and indeed many of the magistrates, ran about the streets naked, and, by way of diversion, strike all they meet with leathern thongs with the hair upon them. Numbers of women of the first quality put themselves in their way, and presented their hands for stripes (as scholars do to a master), being persuaded that the pregnant gain an easy delivery by it, and that the barren are enabled to conceive."

4 Brutus, I do observe you now of late.

Mr. Steevens, with his usual ingenuity, proposes to omit the words you now, which as they encumber the metre, he suspects of being an interpolation. The measure would then become regular, thus:—

I'll leave you.

Brutus, I do observe of late.

5 I have much mistook your passion.

Passion is here used to imply mental disturbance, commotion of the mind. The meaning is—I have misunderstood the troubled state of your feelings.

6 There was a Brutus once.

He alludes to the ancestor of Brutus, Lucius Junius, who freed Rome from the tyranny of the Tarquins, and to whom the ancient Romans erected a statue of brass, and placed it in the capitol amongst their kings. "He was," says Plutarch, "represented with a drawn sword in his hand, to signify the spirit and firmness with which he vanquished the Tarquins; but hard-tempered as the steel of which that sword was composed, and in no degree humanised by education, the same obdurate severity which impelled him against the tyrant, shot up his natural affection from his children, when he found those children conspiring for the support of tyranny." 7 The eternal devil.

Dr. Johnson says, "I think our author wrote infernal devil; Mr. Steevens says, in support of the present reading (which if an error, is one that by no means enfeebles the line), that Cassius infers that "Lucius Junius Brutus would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a demon, as to the lasting government of a king." 8 Let me have men about me that are fat: Sleek-headed men.

Cæsar was a close observer of men, and, according to Plutarch, actually made this observation:—"Cæsar too, had some suspicion of him (Cassius), and he even said one day to his friends, 'What think you of Cassius? I do not like his pale looks.' Another time, when Antony and Dolabella were accused of some designs against his person and government, he said, 'I have no apprehensions from those fat and sleek men; I rather fear the pale and lean ones,' meaning Brutus and Cassius."

9 An I had been a man of any occupation.

That is, had he been a mechanic, one of the common people.

10 Brought you Cæsar home?

That is, did you attend him home?

11 Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius.

Cassius had married Junia the sister of Brutus.

12 For if thou path thy native semblance on.

Dr. Johnson endeavours to explain this line, by saying, to path thy native semblance, is to walk in thy true form; but this is not very satisfactory; should it not read put instead of path.

13 No, not an oath: If not the face of men.

Face is probably a misprint for faith. The sense is then clear; if an honourable sense of fidelity will not bind men, oaths also will be without effect.
This page contains a selection of notes to "Julius Caesar," discussing various literary elements and historical contexts. The notes are numbered 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, each providing insights into the text, characters, and themes. The notes cover topics such as the use of lottery, the character of Brutus, and the historical context of the play. The notes are written in a clear, informative style, aimed at enhancing the reader's understanding of the text. The page is likely part of a larger collection of notes or commentary on "Julius Caesar."
His private arbours, and new-plantled orchards,
On this side Tyber.

Antony is speaking in the most frequented part of the city, the forum, near the capitol; a place very remote from Caesar's gardens, which were separated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum. Plutarch, in the life of Brutus, says that Caesar left to the public his gardens and walks beyond the Tyber. The old translation from which Shakspere borrowed his materials has on this side Tyber, and Shakspere copied the error.

A room in Antony's house.

Rowe and Pope have both marked the scene here to be at Rome, but the old copies say nothing of the place; and those who will consult Plutarch's Life of Antony will find that they met on a small island in the Rhine, not far from Bologna. Shakspere being familiar with Plutarch's work, was doubtless acquainted with this circumstance, though he has not particularised it.

A barren-spirited fellow: one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations.

Theobald says—"Tis hard to conceive why he should be called a barren-spirited fellow: that could feed either on objects or arts: that is, as I presume, form his ideas and judgment upon them; stale and obsolete imitation, indeed, fixes such a character. I am persuaded, to make the poet consonant to himself, we must read—On object arts; i.e., on the scraps and fragments of things rejected and despised by others."

——Do not talk of him
But as a property.

That is, but as an agent of our will, a thing entirely at our disposal.

Enter Poet.

This incident Shakspere found in Plutarch, but the intruder is there mentioned as a cynic, not as a poet. "Favonius, an imitator of Cato, but rather an enthusiast than rational in his philosophy, attempted to enter. The servants in waiting endeavoured to prevent him, but it was not easy to stop the impetuous Favonius. He was violent in his whole conduct, and valued himself less on his dignity as a senator, than on a kind of cynical freedom in saying everything he pleased; nor was this unentertaining to those who could bear with his impertinence. However, he broke through the door, and entered the apartment, pronouncing in a theatrical tone, what Nestor says in Homer:——

Young men be ruled—I am older than you both.

Cassius laughed; but Brutus thrust him out, telling him that he pretended to be a cynic, but was in reality a dog."

And her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Portia is reported by Pliny to have died in consequence of a lingering illness, and not to have destroyed herself. Valerius Maximus says, that she survived Brutus, and killed herself on hearing of her husband's defeat and death at Philippi.

And died so?

Mr. Stevens suggests that this and the two following short speeches were meant to form a single verse, and originally stood as follows——

Cas. And died so!

Brut. Even so.

Cas. Immutable gods!

I have as much of this in art as you.

That is, theoretically, I am as much a statesman as you are.

Lay'at thou thy loaded lance upon my boy.

A mace is the ancient term for a sceptre.

Then I shall see thee again.

Mr. Stevens says that Shakspere has on this occasion deserted his original, as Plutarch does not say that the ghost of Caesar appeared to Brutus, but a vision of his own evil genius. The following is the account of this vision in Plutarch's Life of Caesar:——"We have a proof still more striking that the assassination of Caesar was displeasing to the gods, in the phantom that appeared to Brutus. The story of it is this:—Brutus was on the point of transporting his army from Abydos to the opposite continent; and the night before he lay in his tent, awake, according to custom, and in deep thought about what might be the event of the war; for it was natural for him a great part of the night, and no general ever required so little sleep. With all his senses about him, he heard a noise at the door of his tent, and looking towards the light, which now burned very low, he saw a terrible appearance in the human form, but of prodigious stature, and the most hideous aspect. At first he was struck with astonishment; but when he saw it neither did nor spoke anything to him, but stood in silence by his bed, he asked it 'Who is it?' The spectre answered, 'I am thy evil genius, Brutus; thou shalt see me at Philippi.' Brutus answered boldly, 'I'll meet thee there,' and the spectre immediately vanished."

They mean to warn us at Philippi here.

Steevens says that Shakspere uses the word warn, in the sense of summon: but I am inclined to think we should here read, warn; give us battle, warn us with the heat of action.

With fearful bravery.

In this passage, fearful, does not signify timid, but desperate.

I do not cross you; but I will do so.

That is, I do not this to cross or anger you, but because I am resolved to do it; and I will. All the future quarrels of Augustus and Antony are shadowed forth in this abrupt answer.

Never till Caesar's three-and-twenty wounds.

The old copy has, three-and-thirty, which, on the
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

joint authorities of Appian, Plutarch, and Suetonius, Mr. Theobald altered as in the text.

44 This is my birth-day, &c.

Our poet was largely indebted to Plutarch for both the incidents and language of this tragedy; the reader can compare this speech of Cassius with the following from the Life of Brutus.—"Messala says that Cassius supped in private with some of his most intimate friends; and that, contrary to his usual manner, he was pensive and silent. He adds, that after supper, he took him by the hand, and pressing it close, as he commonly did, in token of his friendship, he said in Greek, ‘Bear witness Messala, that I am reduced to the same necessity with Pompey the Great, of hazard of the liberty of my country on one battle. Yet I have confidence in our good fortune, on which we ought still to rely, though the measures we are resolved upon are indiscreet.’ These, Messala tells us, were the last words that Cassius spoke, before he bade him farewell; and that the next day, being his birthday, he invited Cassius to sup with him.”

45 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign.

Former, is used as foremost: Shakspeare sometimes uses the comparative, instead of the positive or superlative.

46 Even by the rule of that philosophy.

It has been very justly pointed out, that there is an apparent inconsistency between the sentiments of Brutus in this and the following speech given to him. In the first he reiterates his condemnation of suicide, but from the second we may infer, that if the day is lost, he will commit it. Mr. M. Mason observes, that "there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid down to himself, as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Nothing is more natural than this. We lay down a system of conduct for ourselves, but occurrences may happen that will force us to depart from it.”

Plutarch represents Brutus as renouncing his former condemnation of suicide, and thus replying to the question of Cassius, "In the younger and less experienced part of my life, I was led, upon philosophical principles to condemn the conduct of Cato in killing himself. I thought it at once impious and unmanly to sink beneath the stroke of fortune, and to refuse the lot that had befallen us. In my present situation, however, I am of a different opinion: so that if heaven should now be unfavourable to our wishes, I will no longer solicit my hopes or my fortune, but die contented with it such as it is. On the 1st of March I devoted myself to my country; and since that time, I have lived in liberty and glory.”

47 Must end that work, the 1st of March begun.

Shakspeare should have written began; it is an error for which he himself is probably answerable.

18 Rule, and give these bills.

Bills were written instructions, containing directions for the captains, &c.

45 This hill is far enough.

Shakspeare has here also closely followed Plutarch:— "At length he was obliged to retire, with a very small number, to a hill that overlooked the plain. Yet here he could discover nothing, for he was short-sighted; and it was with some difficulty that he could perceive his own camp plundered. His companions, however, saw a large detachment of horse, which Brutus had sent to their relief, making up to them. These Cassius concluded to be the enemy that were in pursuit of him; notwithstanding which, he dispatched Titinius to reconnoitre them. When the cavalry of Brutus saw this faithful friend of Cassius approach, they shouted for joy. His acquaintance leaped from their horses to embrace him, and the rest rode round him with clashing of arms, and all the clamorous expressions of gladness. This circumstance had a fatal effect. Cassius took it for granted that Titinius was seized by the enemy, and regretted that, through a weak desire of life, he had suffered his friend to fall into their hands. When he had expressed himself to this effect, he retired into an empty tent, accompanied only by his freed-man, Pindarus, whom, ever since the defeat of Crassus, he had retained for a particular purpose. In that defeat he escaped out of the hands of the Parthians; but now, wrapping his robe about his face, he laid bare his neck, and commanded Pindarus to cut off his head; this was done, for his head was found severed from his body; but whether Pindarus did it by his master’s command, has been suspected, because he never afterwards appeared.”

50 Statilus show’d the torch-light.

Statilus was a messenger whom Brutus had sent to the camp to know if many were slain in the battle; when he arrived there, if all was well, he was to lift up a lighted torch in the air. From the text it appears he did this, but was slain in returning.

H. T.
Antony and Cleopatra.

THIS varied and gorgeous historical tragedy, though perfect in itself, may yet be regarded as a continuation of Julius Caesar; in the commencement of that play absolute power is lodged in one man; a wide circle of terrible events roll on, every effort is made by the republican party, and much noble blood is spilt, to preserve the political freedom of Rome; but the wheel comes round, and the conclusion of Antony and Cleopatra sees a second Caesar in possession of that absolute power which the first met his death in attempting to consolidate, and the three divisions of the Roman world are at length united under one imperial ruler. How true is it that the history of most men’s lives is merely a record of wasted energy!

In Julius Caesar the character of Antony is but slightly sketched, but it is here elaborated with a truthful and powerful pen; there Antony is shown only as the orator, whose words have robbed their honey from the Hybla bees; here as the magnificent triumvir, the heroic soldier, and the imitator, in his dissipation, of his patron gods, Bacchus and Hercules.

Antony is a singular mixture of contending qualities; brave and generous, yet selfishly luxurious in his habits; a Hardy soldier, yet an effeminate man, condescending and affable so far as to drink and jest with his soldiers, yet so proud and imperious as to make princes his vassals, and to bestow upon his sons the vain-glorious title of “the kings of kings.” His virtues and his vices seemed to wrestle for the possession of the man; and although the latter triumphed, yet Antony so sinned that men often admired while they condemned. His enormous prodigality blinded the popular judgment; such was his liberality that while at Ephesus he gave his cook the estate of a Magnesian citizen for dressing one supper to his taste; and while there he was constantly attended by women in the dress of Bacchanals, and men and boys habited like Pan and the Satyrs marched before him; besides this, he entertained almost an army of players, dancers, and buffoons. After the death of Caesar, Antony, from motives of policy, made his peace with the conspirators, and on the same evening supped with Cassius. In his oration at the funeral, he was not only influenced by his personal affection for that distinguished man, but also by an ambitious longing, which induced him to believe that if Brutus were slain or banished, he would become the greatest man in Rome. That his motives were largely selfish in this transaction is shown by Antony retaining Caesar’s will, of which he made some unjust uses, giving legacies to his personal friends and supporters; and for some time he refused to acknowledge Octavius as his partner either in the wealth or power left by Julius; but Octavius not being easily repulsed, he at length admitted him.

The blackest spot on his character is his proscription and murder of Rome’s greatest orator, Cicero, with whom, notwithstanding his vanity, we, at the present day, will cordially exclaim:—

Let arms revere the robe, the warrior’s laurel
Yield to the palm of eloquence

Cicero, who had great influence with the people, incensed them against Antony, and prevailed on the senate to declare him an enemy of the state; when, therefore, Caesar and Lepidus had consented to the death of the aged orator, Antony, with a revolting malignity which the most partial historian must blush to record, had his head and hands struck off; and when they were brought to him, laughed and triumphed at the sight, and ordered them to be stuck up on the rostra in the forum, as though he was still addressing the people.

The personal appearance of Antony is thus described by Plutarch, from whom Shakspere borrowed the materials for this tragedy: “Antony had a noble dignity of countenance, a graceful length of beard,
a large forehead, an aquiline nose; and upon the whole the same manly aspect that we see in the pictures and statues of Hercules. There was, indeed, an ancient tradition, that his family was descended from Hercules, by a son of his, called Anteon; and it was no wonder if Antony sought to confirm this opinion, by affecting to resemble him in his air and in his dress."

Generous but rapacious, a great general but a greater voluptuary, "such was the frail, the flexible Antony, when the love of Cleopatra came in to the completion of his ruin. This awakened every dormant vice, inflamed every guilty passion, and totally extinguished the gleams of remaining virtue." His first meeting with the captivating Egyptian occurred thus: he sent her his commands to meet him in Cilicia to answer some accusations laid against her of assisting Cassius in his war against Antony and Octavius. The messenger, seeing the great beauty and fascination of Cleopatra, immediately concluded that she had nothing to fear from the gallant Antony:

Whom ne'er the word of 'No,' woman heard speak.

and therefore paid great court to her, and solicited her to go "in her best attire." This hint was not lost upon the quick-witted Egyptian: she went, but it was not to sue, but to conquer.

Shaksperes has closely followed Plutarch in his gorgeous description of Cleopatra sailing to meet Antony down the river Cydnus, though he has certainly beautified that exquisite narrative, throwing a soft voluptuous languor into it, singularly consistent with the scene, and breathing the very soul of beauty. Cleopatra was the widow of King Ptolemy, and had been the paramour of Caesar; the early spring of youth was therefore past, but she was still in the summer of her beauty; nay, she had not yet reached the full meridian of womanly maturity; her vivacity was even beyond her personal attractions, and her conversational powers were remarkably varied and brilliant, while her voice was singularly melodious, and had the softness of music. Her beauty, we are told, was not so remarkable as her manners were fascinating and irresistible. Her accomplishments also were very great, and she spoke most languages freely, giving audience herself, without the aid of interpreters, to the ambassadors of the Ethiopians, Hebrews, Arabs, Syrians, Medes, and Parthians. Besides, she had the gift of flattering in a very delicate and subtle manner: thus in the famous anecdote of Antony's fishing excursion, when one of her divers placed a salt fish on his hook, and he drew it up amidst general merriment (an incident which Shakspeare makes use of in the play), her comment was an instance of consummate tact in this direction—"Go, general!" said she, "leave fishing to us petty princes of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, kingdoms, and provinces."

Cleopatra completely enslaved the affections of Antony, and carried him in triumph with her to Alexandria, where they passed their time in feasts and revels, and established a society of their friends, whom they called the Inimitable Livers.

Antony's marriage with Octavia after the death of his first wife, Fulvia, was merely an act of political expediency; we feel that Enobarbus is right, when he says, Antony "will to his Egyptian dish again." In the play the incidents are drawn closely together, and Antony's desertion of Octavia seems immediately to follow his marriage, but this was not the case; he had lived with her long enough to become the father of three children, before he left her for the embraces of Cleopatra, to whom, on his return, he bestowed kingdoms for presents, and in his inordinate vanity, gave the names of the sun and the moon to the twins she bore him. Octavius Caesar was glad of a pretext to quarrel with Antony; he had disposed of his colleague, Lepidus, and could he also dispose of Antony, the whole Roman Empire would be under his authority; he therefore availed himself of the insult offered to his sister, and made war upon Cleopatra; the final result of which was the ruin and suicide both of her and her princely paramour. The superstition of the times heralded in this event with omens and prodigies, in the same manner as they did the assassination of Julius Caesar; Pisanrum, a colony of Antony's on the Adriatic, was swallowed by an earthquake, and his statue at Alba was said to have been covered with sweat for many days, although it was frequently wiped off; the statue thus showing a sympathy for the coming fall of its original.

Antony's power was sufficient to have made him conqueror of the civilised world; he had five hundred
antebellum vessels, each with eight or ten banks of oars, a hundred thousand foot soldiers, and twelve thousand horse; and Shakespeare has in the play, enumerated the kings and princes who fought under his banner. But his affection for Cleopatra had subdued both his judgment and his valor, and he fled disgracefully before Caesar; for a time he was deeply dejected, and lived in melancholy retirement, but he soon returned to Alexandria, and again gave way to festivity and enjoyment. In conjunction with Cleopatra, he now established a society which they called The Companions in Death, into which they admitted their immediate adherents, and spent their time in continual feasting and diversions.

After Octavius had returned a haughty refusal to Antony's challenge to single combat, the latter determined to risk all on one last battle; he did so, and lost it, for his fleet and cavalry deserted him, while his infantry were defeated. The rest of the story is both faithfully and elaborately told in Shakespeare's tragedy.

In the play there are four characters which stand out prominently from the canvas—Cleopatra, Antony, Caesar, and Enobarbus. Of Cleopatra, as painted by the pencil of history, I have already spoken; how exquisitely she is depicted by Shakespeare; what a soft glow of voluptuous languor is thrown around her, and with what irresistible fascinations she is invested, the reader of the tragedy can alone feel and appreciate. Great as her faults are, for her life is but a tissue of refined and poetical sensuality, such is her devotion to Antony, and so winning is the gigantic extravagance of her affection for him, that we not only forgive her errors, but admire and applaud the actor of them.

Antony and Caesar are placed in strong contrast to each other; the one brave, reckless and prodigal, the other cool, prudent, and avaricious. "Cesar gets money," says Pompey, "where he loses hearts." Antony is a warrior and a prodigal, and Octavius a statesman, whose feelings are strictly under command. Something of predestination reigns through this play; everything tends towards the downfall of Antony and the advancement of Caesar.

Enobarbus, although an historical character, and to be found in Plutarch, does not there appear very prominently, and may, to no small extent, be called a creation of the pen of Shakespeare. He found the name in history, but not the man he pictured. Enobarbus forms one of the rich sunlights of the picture; his plain bluntness has all the cheering hilarity of comedy. But his jocularity would be out of place in the latter scenes of the tragedy: how admirably does Shakespeare obviate this. The doleful and ill-fortune of Antony transform Enobarbus to a serious man, and finally corrupt this hitherto faithful soldier; he deserts his master, and flies to the service of Caesar. The munificent Antony sends after him his chests and treasure, which, in the hurry of flight, he had left behind; this act of kindness strikes the penitent fugitive to the heart, and wasting in grief, he goes forth to die; and alone, without the camp, breathing his deep sorrow to the cold moon, does Enobarbus end his life in the bitterness of despair.

As his final ruin draws on, Antony is alternately "valiant and dejected," looking upon his high rank and qualities, his unbounded but dazzling dissipation, his imperial generosity, great personal courage, and his gorgeous career; when hearing of his death, we feel inclined to say with Caesar—

The death of Antony
Is not a single doom: in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

That of Cleopatra follows; it is consistent with her brilliant and luxurious life; she robs death of its hideousness, and, enveloped in her royal robes and crown, still radiant in that seductive beauty which subdued Caesar and ruined Antony, she applies to her bosom the envenomed instrument of death, and falls into an everlasting slumber "as sweet as balm, as soft as air," where she yet looks:—

As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

This tragedy is attributed to the year 1603.

H. T.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Mark Antony, a Triumvir.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 9; sc. 11; Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10; sc. 12; sc. 13.

Octavius Caesar, a Triumvir.
Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 9; sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

M. Aemilius Lepidus, a Triumvir.
Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2.

Sextus Pompeius, the Son of Pompey the Great.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.

Domitius Enobarbus, a Friend of Antony.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 9.

Ventidius, a Friend of Antony.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

Eros, a Friend of Antony.
Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 9. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 12.

Scaurus, a Friend of Antony.
Appears, Act III. sc. 8. Act IV. sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10.

Dercetas, a Friend of Antony.

Demetrius, Philo,
Friends of Antony.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

Meccina, a Friend of Caesar.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Agrippa, a Friend of Caesar.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 1.

Dolabella, a Friend of Caesar.
Appears, Act III. sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Proculeius, a Friend of Caesar.
Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Thyreus, a Friend of Caesar.
Appears, Act III. sc. 10; sc. 11.

Gallus, a Friend of Caesar.
Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Menas, a Friend of Pompey.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.

Menecrates, Varrius,
Friends of Pompey.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

Taurus, Lieutenant-General to Caesar.
Appears, Act III. sc. 8.

Canadius, Lieutenant-General to Antony
Appears, Act III. sc. 7; sc. 8.

Silius, an Officer in Ventidius's Army.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

Euphronius, an Ambassador from Antony to Caesar.
Appears, Act III. sc. 10; sc. 11.

Alexas, an Attendant on Cleopatra.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.

Mardian, an Attendant on Cleopatra.
Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 11; sc. 12.

Diomedes, an Attendant on Cleopatra.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 11.

Seleucus, Treasurer to Cleopatra.
Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

A Soothsayer.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3.

Clown.
Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 7; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 8; sc. 10; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.

Octavia, Sister of Caesar and Wife of Antony.
Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.

Charmian, Iras,
Attendants on Cleopatra
Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—Dispersed; in several Parts of the Roman Empire.
Antony and Cleopatra.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra’s Palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo. 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 gypsy’s lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him The triple pillar of the world transform’d Into a strumpet’s fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There’s beggary in the love that can be reckon’d.

Cleo. I’ll set a bourn how far to be belov’d.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me.—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony: Fulvia, perchance, is angry: Or, who knows If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent His powerful mandate to you, “Do this, or this; Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that; Perform ’t, or else we damn thee.”

Ant. How, my love! Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like, You must not stay here longer, your dismissal Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.— Where’s Fulvia’s process? Caesar’s, I would say?— Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt’s queen, Thou bluest Antony; and that blood of thine Is Caesar’s homager; else so thy cheek pays shame, When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch Of the rang’d empire fall! Here is my space; Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

[Embracing.

And such a twain can do’t, in which, I bind On pain of punishment, the world to weep, We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?— I’ll seem the fool I am not; Antony Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr’d by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours, Let’s not confound the time with conference harsh:

There’s not a minute of our lives should stretch Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen! Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh, To weep; whose every passion fully strives To make itself, in thee, fair and admir’d! No messenger; but thine and all alone, To-night, we’ll wander through the streets, and note The qualities of people. Come, my queen; Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their Train.

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius priz’d so slight?

Philo. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony, He comes too short of that great property Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I’m full sorry, That he approves the common liar, who Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[Exeunt.

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SCENE II.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where’s the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands!  
Alex. Soothsayer.  
Sooth. Your will?  
Char. Is this the man?—Is’t you, sir, that know things?  
Sooth. In nature’s infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.  
Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra’s health to drink.  
Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.  
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.  
Char. Pray then, foresee me one.  
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.  
Char. He means, in flesh.  
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.  
Char. Wrinkles forbid!  
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.  
Char. Hush!  
Sooth. You shall be more beloved, than beloved.  
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.  
Alex. Nay, hear him.  
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.  
Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.  
Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.  
Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune  
Than that which is to approach.  
Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names? Pr’ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?  
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And fertile every wish, a million.  
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.  
Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.  
Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers...

Alex. We’ll know all our fortunes.  
Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.  
Iras. There’s a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.  
Char. Even as the o’erflowing Nilus presageth famine.  
Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.  
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr’ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.  
Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.  
Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.  
Sooth. I have said.  
Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?  
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?  
Iras. Not in my husband’s nose.  
Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!  
Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!  
Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they’d do’t.  
Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?  
Eno. No, lady.  
Cleo. Was he not here?  
Char. No, madam.  
Cleo. He was dispos’d to mirth; but on the sudden  
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—  
Eno. Madam.  
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where’s Alexas?
Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[Exit Cleo., Eno., Alex., Iras, Charm., Sooth., and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst
Caesar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drive them. 10

Ant. Well,
What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates; 11
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mine not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still; 12 and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1st Att. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2nd Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear,—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2nd Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where did she?

2nd Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a letter.

Ant. Forbear me—

[Exit Mess.

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hard 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 show'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ill I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Esobarus!

Enter Esobarus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the 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

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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 Cleo-
patra'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 expediency to the queen,
And get her love 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. [Exeunt.

_Eno._ I shall do 't.

**SCENE III.**

_Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas._

_Cleo._ Where is he?

_Iras._ I did not see him since.

_Cleo._ See where he is, who's with him, what he
does:—
I did not send you;—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[Exit Alex.

_Char._ Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

_Cleo._ What should I do, I do not?
_Char._ In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

_Cleo._ Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose
him.

_Char._ Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

_Cleo._ I am sick, and sullen.

_Ant._ I am sorry to give breathing to my pur-
pose,—

_Cleo._ Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fail;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

_Ant._ Now, my dearest queen,—

_Cleo._ Pray you, stand further from me.

_Ant._ What's the matter?

_Cleo._ I know, by that same eye, there's some
good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

_Ant._ The gods best know,—

_Cleo._ O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

_Ant._ Cleopatra.—

_Cleo._ Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

_Ant._ Most sweet queen,—

_Cleo._ Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then:—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

_Ant._ How now, lady!

_Cleo._ I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st
know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

_Ant._ Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps space
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should aye mygoing, 16
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,
It does from childhood:—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.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? 17 Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. 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.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword:—
Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman 18 does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten. 19

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. The sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra thou—But, sir, forgive me;
Since my esteemings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be dast to my unplied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strow'd 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 fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[Exeunt.


Enter Octavius Caesar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Ces. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate
One 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 Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafe'd 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 enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Ces. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipping with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knives that smell of sweat: say, this becomes
him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must An-
tony
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

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ACT I.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Scene V.

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.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Caesar, to the ports
The discontented repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Ces. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Caesar, 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.

Ces. 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 roudest 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 borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Ces. 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, Caesar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 't front this present time.

Ces. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know
mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Ces. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.

[Exeunt.

Scene V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him
Too much.
Cleo. O, treason!
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!
Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unsemin'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou be 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 mov'st?
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messma. A Room in Pompey's House.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. While is we are suitors to their throne, de-
cays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

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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 power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Caesar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
ACT II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE II.

Let Antony look over Caesar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' heard,
I would not shave to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Caesar.

Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cas. I do not know,
Mecenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd 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.

Cas. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cas. Sit, sir.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cas. Nay,

Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cas. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Caesar,
What was't to you?

Cas. No more than my residing here at Rome.
ACT II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE II.

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?

Ces. You may be pleas’d to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
never
Did urge me in his act. I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the 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.

Ces. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch’d up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on’t,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause ’gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars.
Which ’fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o’ the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. ’Would we had all such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Caesar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Ces. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did give my passive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i’ the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask’d him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Ces. You have broken

The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Caesar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour’s sacred which he talks on now.
Supposing that I lack’d it; But on, Caesar;
The article of my oath,—

Ces. To bend me arms, and aid, when I require’d 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 nobly 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. Worthy spoke, Mecenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another’s love for the
instant, you may, when you hear no more
words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have
time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak
no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Ces. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What loop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O’ the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Caesar,—

Ces. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother’s side,
Admir’d Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Ces. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well describ’d of rashness.

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ACT II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE II.

Ant. I am not married, Caesar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Caesar speak?

Ces. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?

Ces. The power of Caesar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Ces. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. 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,
Lost my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:

Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he?

Ces. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Ces. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

Would, we had spoke together? Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Ces. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.


Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Me-
Cenus!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild woos roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which wor-
thily desired noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she
pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus;

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter
devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,) O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-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 i' the eyes,
And made there bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming Mermaid steers; the silk'en tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
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. —

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cas. Good night. [Exeunt Cas. and Octa.

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. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's, or mine?

Sooth. Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Caesar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being 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. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him: —

[Exit Sooth.

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 hint
Under his chance: If we draw lots, he speedeth;
His cock do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails even
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

I the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it.

[Exeunt.
SCENE IV.—The same. A street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECENAS, 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.

MEE. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

LEP. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You’ll win two days upon me.

MEE. AGR. Sir, good success!

LEP. Farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

CLEO. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

CHAR. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

CLEO. As well a woman with an even play’d,
As with a woman;—Come, you’ll play with me, sir?

MARR. As well as I can, madam.

CLEO. And when good will is show’d, though it
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 fare off, I will betray
Tawny-finn’d fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I’ll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ah! you’re caught.

‘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.

CLEO. That time!—O times!—
I laugh’d him out of patience; and that night
I laugh’d him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippian. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

MESS. Madam, madam,—

CLEO. Antony’s dead?—

MESS. If thou say so, villain, thou kill’st thy mistress:
But well and free.

CLEO. If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp’d, and trembled kissing.

MESS. First, madam, he’s well.

CLEO. Why, there’s more gold. But, sirrah, mark;
we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MESS. Good madam, hear me.

CLEO. Well, go to, I will;
But there’s no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should’st come like a fury crown’d with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

MESS. Will ‘t please you hear me?

CLEO. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak’st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I’ll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

MESS. Madam, he’s well.

CLEO. Well said.

MESS. And friends with Caesar.

CLEO. Thou’rt an honest man.

MESS. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEO. Make thee a fortune from me.

MESS. But yet, madam,—

CLEO. I do not like “but yet,” it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon “but yet;”
But yet” is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr’ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He’s friend with
Caesar;
In state of health, thou say’st; and, thou say’st,
free.

MESS. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He’s bound unto Octavia.

CLEO. For what good turn?

MESS. For the best turn i’ the bed.

CLEO. I am pale, Charmian.

MESS. Madam, he’s married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[Strikes him down.

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. 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 whipp’d with wire, and staw’d in brine,

Smearing in ling’ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, ’tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hast
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He’s married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv’d too long.

[Draws a Dagger.

Mess. Nay, then I’ll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[Exit.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. 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.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worsen than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg’d, and made
A cistern for scald’ d snakes! Go, get thee hence;

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me.

Thou would’st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness’ pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend
you;

To punish me for what you make me do,

Seems much unequal; He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knife of thee,

That art not!—What? thou’rt sure of’ t?—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 Mess.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais’d Caesar,

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for ’t now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—’Tis no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit Alex.

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
T’other way he’s a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[To Mar.

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one side, with Drum

and Trumpet: at another, Caesar, Lepidus,

Antony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, with Soldiers

marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cas. 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 Caesar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Ces. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house,
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Ces. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Ces. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.


Pom. I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Caesar and your brothers 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 cast are soft; and thanks to you,

That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Ces. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune cast upon my face
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Ces. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and
let us
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 Caesar
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 Caesar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now; How far'st 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 lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Ces. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[Exeunt Pom., Ces., Ant., Lep., Sold., and
Attend.

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treaty.—[Aside.]—You and I have
known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.
Eso. You have done well by water.  
Men. And you by land.  
Eso. 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.  
Eso. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.  
Men. And you by land.  
Eso. 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, whatsoever their hands are.  
Eso. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.  
Men. No slander: they steal hearts.  
Eso. 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.  
Eso. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.  
Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?  
Eso. Caesar's sister is call'd Octavia.  
Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Cains Marcellus.  
Eso. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.  
Men. Pray you, sir?  
Eso. 'Tis true.  
Men. Then is Caesar, and he, for ever knit together.  
Eso. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophecy so.  
Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.  
Eso. 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?  
Eso. 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 Caesar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.  
Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eso. I shall take it, as we have used our threats in Egypt.  
Men. Come, let's away.  

SCENE VII.—On Board Pompey's Galley, lying near Missenian.  

Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a Banquet.  

1st Serv. Here they'll be, men! Some of their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind 't the world will blow them down.  
2nd Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.  
1st Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.  
2nd Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "No more?" recompenses them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.  
1st Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.  
2nd Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not hear.  
1st Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.  

A Sonnet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.  

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [To Ces.] 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 foizion, follow: The higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsmen  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.  

Lep. You have strange serpents there.  
Ant. Ay, Lepidus.  
Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.  

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.  
Eso. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.  
Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.  

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ACT II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE VII.

Men. Pompey, a word. [Aside.

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is 't?


And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet,

Cas. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [To Men. aside.] Go, hang, sir, hang!

Tell me of that! away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool. [Aside.

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

[Rises, and walks aside.

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith:

What's 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, Although 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 dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky indels, Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors, Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done, And not have spoke on 't! In me, 'tis villany; In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know, 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thin act: Being done unknown, I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,

Ant. 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. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attend., who carries off Lep.]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears The third part of the world, man; Seest 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!^38

Here is to Caesar.

Cas. I could well forbear it. It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain, And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cas. 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 Ant. Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchaneals, And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us 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.39

[Music plays. Eno. places them hand in hand.

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SONG.
Enter Ventidius, as after Conquest, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now Pleas'd 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.10

Sili. 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 leave undone, than by our deed acquire Too high a fame, when him we serve's away. Caesar, 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 achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.

ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

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.

Sili. Thou hast, Ventidius, That without 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 of the field.

Sili. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste The weight we must convey with us will permit, We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along. [Exit Ventidius, &c.


Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
ACT III.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE III.

The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Octa. 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.
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—
Ces. What, Octavia?
Octa. 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. Will Caesar weep? [Aside to Agr.]
Agr. He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, Enobarbus? When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum:
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe it, till I weep too.
Ces. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Ces. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Ces. Farewell, farewell! [Kisses Octa.
Ant. Farewell! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it. — Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good:—she cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive'—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part too
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low
As she would wish it.
Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Mess.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much.
That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. O, nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Let him defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
good Charmian—
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exit.

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 wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and
read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce 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.
Octa. 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:
And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which sees
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother; Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octa. 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.—The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.
Eno. What, man?
Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon 
Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?
Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in the 
wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him ri-
valty; 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 
spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepi-
dus!"
And threatens the throat of that his officer, 
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.
Eros. For Italy, and Caesar. More, Domitianus;
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. A Room in Caesar's House.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mecenas.

Ces. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: 
And more;
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,— 
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, 
 Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold

Were publicly enthron'd: at the feast, sat 
Cesarion, whom they call my father's son; 
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust 
Since then hath made between them. Unto her 
He gave the establishment of Egypt; made her 
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,

Mec. This in the public eye?
Ces. I' the common show-place, where they 
exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings: 
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia, 
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd 
Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia: She 
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience 
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence 
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Ces. The people know it; and have now receiv'd 
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?
Ces. Caesar: and that, having in Sicily 
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him 
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me 
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets, 
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain 
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Ces. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone. 
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel; 
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have con-
querd,
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.
Ces. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia.

Octa. Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear 
Cesar!
Ces. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!
Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you 
cause.
Ces. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You 
come not
Like Caesar's sister: The wife of Antony 
Should have an army for an usher, and
ACT III.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE VII.

Apr. Welcome, lady.
Mce. 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?
Cas. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Antony’s Camp, near the Province of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Euphorbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars;
And say’st, it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. Is’t not? Denounce 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.

Cleo. What is’t you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,
What should not then be sparr’d. He is already
Traduc’d for levity; and ’tis said in Rome,
That Phoebinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i’ the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is’t not strange, Canidius
That from Tarentium, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on’t sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir’d,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom’d the best of men,

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To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For he dares us to 't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Caesar fought with Pompey: But these offer,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Caesar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare: yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do 't at land.—Thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cesar has taken Torney.
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;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?
Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phoenicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[Exeunt Ant., Cleo., and Eno.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.
Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justicius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar's Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguil'd all spics.
Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls for Canidius.
Can. With news the time's with labour; and threes forth,
Each minute, some.

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

Enter Caesar, Taurus, Officers, and Others.

Ces. Taurus,—
Taur. My lord.
Ces. 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.]

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on you' side o' the hill,
In eye of Caesar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Canidius, marching with his Land Army
one Way over the Stage; and Taurus, the Lieu-
tenant of Caesar, the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight.

Alarum. Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer;
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To sea 't, mine eyes are blasted.
Enter Scævus.

Scæv. Gods, and goddesses, All the whole synod of them! Eno. What's thy passion? Scæv. The greater cause of the world is lost With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight? Scæv. On our side like the token'd pestilence, Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt, Whom leprosy o'ertake; 'tis the midst o' the fight,— When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd, Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,— The brize upon her, like a cow in June,49 Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not Endure a further view.

Scæv. She once being loof'd, The noble ruin of her magic, Antony, Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard, Leaving the fight in height, flies after her: I never saw an action of such shame; Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack! Enter Cæcilius.

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. [Aside.] Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled. Scæv. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend What further comes.

Can. To Caesar will I render My legions, and my horse; six kings already 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. [Exit.}

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon 't, It is asham'd to bear me;—Friends, come hither, 

I am so lat'd in the world, that I Have lost my way for ever.—I have a ship Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly, And make your peace with Caesar.

Att. Fly! not we. Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone; I have myself resolve'd upon a course, Which has no need of you; be gone: My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O, I follow'd that I blush to look upon; My very hairs do mutiny; for the white Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them For fear and doating.—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 he left Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway: I will possess you of that ship and treasure. Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:— Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command, Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by. [Sits down.

Enter Eros, and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras.

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unwise swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou know'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou 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.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And paltor in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O 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 head:
—Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE X.—Caesar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter Caesar, Dolabella, Thyreus, and Others.

Cas. 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 Euphorionius.

Cas. 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.

Cas. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.

Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cas. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cas. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Eup.

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [To Thyr.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will purg
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Caesar, I go.

Cas. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Caesar, I shall. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The merest question: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.
Enter Antony, with Euphronius.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she will yield us up.

Ant. He says so.

Eup. Let her know it.—To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brim with principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord!

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose of youth upon him; from which the world should note something particular; his coin, ships, legions, may be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail under the service of a child, as soon as it the command of Caesar: I dare him therefore to lay his gay comparisons apart, and answer me declin'd, sword against sword, ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[Exeunt Ant. and Eup.

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will unset his happiness, and be stag'd to the show, against a swearer. 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 subdu'd his judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Caesar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—Against the blown rose may they stop their nose, that kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.

[Aside. The loyalty, well held to fools, does make our faith mere folly: Yet, he, that can endure to follow with allegiance a fallen lord, does conquer him that did his master conquer, and earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Caesar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, imply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has; or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master will hap to be his friend. For us, you know, whose he is, we are; and that's, Caesar's.

Thyr. So—Thus then, thou most renowned; Caesar entreats, not to consider in what case thou stand'st, farther than he is Caesar.

Cleo. Go on; Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony as you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O! Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he does pity, as constrained blemishes, not as deserve'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows what is most right: Mine honour was not yielded, but conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [Aside I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, you're so leaky, that we must leave thee to thy sinking; for thy dearest quell thee. [Exit Eno. Thyr. Shall I say to Caesar what you require of him? for he partly begs to be desire'd to give. It much would please him, that of his fortunes you should make a staff to lean upon; but it would warm his spirits to hear from me you had left Antony, and put yourself under his shroud, the universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger, say to great Caesar this, in deputation I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt to lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel: tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear the doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course. Wisdom and fortune combating together, if that the former dare but what it can, no chance may shake it: give me grace to lay my duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Caesar's father oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in, bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place, as it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs 395
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey’d.

Eno. You will be whipp’d.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry’d,
“ho!”

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, “Your will?” Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. ’Tis better playing with a lion’s whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him:—Were’t twenty of the greatest tribunaries
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What’s her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp’d,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Caesar’s shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[Exeunt Attend. with Thyr.

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress’d in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus’d
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on ‘t!) the wise gods seal our eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make

us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Caesar’s trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey’s; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister’d in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick’d out:—For, I am sure,

Though you can guess what temperance should be,

You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, “God quit you!” be familiar with

My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were

Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;

And to proclaim it civilly, were like

A halter’d neck, which does the hangman thank

For being yare about him.—Is he whipp’d?

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyres.

1st Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry’d he? and begg’d he pardon?

1st Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter and be thou

sorry

To follow Caesar in his triumph, since

Thou hast been whipp’d for following him: hence-
forth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,

Shake thou to look on’t.—Get thee back to Caesar,

Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,

He makes me angry with him: for he seems

Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;

Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;

And at this time most easy ‘tis to do ‘t;

When my good stars, that were my former guides

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires

Into the abism of hell. If he dislike

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 Thyr.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon

Is now eclips’d; and it portends alone

The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes

With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if 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 Cesarion smite!

Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,

Together with my brave Egyptians all,

By the dissolving of this pelleted storm,

Lie graceless; 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 hand
 Hath nobly held; our sever'd may too
 Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.
Cleo. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.
Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my
lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
Ant. We'll yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant. Do so; we'll speak to them; and to-night
I'll force
The wine peep through their scarce.—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.
[Exit Ant., Cleo., and Attend.
Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning: To be
furious,
Is, to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the cartridge; 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.—Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, reading a Letter; Agrippa, Me-
cenas, and Others.

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; mean time,
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 serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[Exit.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Eobardus, Char-
man, Iras, Alexus, and Others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
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. Wool'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

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou:—
And thou,—and thou, and thou:—you have serv'd
me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this? 
Eno. '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.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: Scant not my cups; and make as much of me, As when mine empire was your fellow too, And suffer’d my command.

Cleo. What does he mean? 
Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night; May be, it is the period of your duty: Haply, you shall not see me more; or if, A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow You’ll serve another master. I look on you, As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends, I turn you not away; but, like a master Married to your good service, stay till death: Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more, And the gods yield you 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: I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts, I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you, Where rather I’ll expect victorious life, Than death and honour. Let’s to supper; come, And drown consideration. 

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. Before the Palace. 
Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard. 

1st Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2nd Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets? 

1st Sold. Nothing: What news?

2nd Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumour:

1st Sold. Good night to you.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2nd Sold. Soldiers, Have careful watch.

3rd Sold. And you: Good night, good night. 

[The first Two place themselves at their Posts. 4th Sold. Here we: [They take their Posts.] and if to-morrow Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope Our landmen will stand up.

3rd Sold. 'Tis a brave army, And full of purpose. 


3rd Sold. No.

1st Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2nd Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov’d, Now leaves him.

1st Sold. Walk; let’s see if other watchmen Do hear what we do. 

[They advance to another Post. 2nd Sold. How now, masters? Sold. How now?

How now? do you hear this? 

[Several speaking together. 1st Sold. Ay; Is’t not strange? 3rd Sold. Do you hear masters? do you hear?

1st Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter; Let’s see how ’t will give off. 

Sold. [Several speaking.] Content: ’Tis strange. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in the Palace. 
Enter Antony, and Cleopatra; Charmian and Others, attending. 

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros! 

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

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ACT IV.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE V.—Antony’s Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. ‘Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail’d
To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow’d thy heels.

Ant. Who’s gone this morning?

Sold. One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar’s camp
Say, “I am none of thine.”

Ant. What say’st thou?

Sold. Sir, He is with Caesar.

Eros. Sir, his chest and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after: do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieux, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men:—Eros, despatch. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Caesar’s Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter Caesar, with Agrippa, Enobarbus, and Others.

Cas. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.


Cas. 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.

Mess. Antony

Is come into the field.

Cas. Go, charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [Exeunt Cæs. and his Train.

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry.

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On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Caesar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus. The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best that you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office.
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit Sold.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrrippa,
and Others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Antony and Scarus, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st space.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to man a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, marching; Scarus,
and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all:
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but has it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honoured gashes whole.—Give me thy hand:

[To Scar.

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—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 triumphant.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our brown; yet have 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.
I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold: it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phoebus' ear. Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our lack'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 laboursines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-
gether,

Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Caesar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter Enobarbus.

1st Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: The night
Is shyny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour: the morne.

2nd Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
3rd Sold. What man is this?

2nd Sold. Stand close, and list to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revoluted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1st Sold. Enobarbus! Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy
The poisonous damp of night dispone upon me:
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardiness 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:
0 Antony! O Antony! [Dies.

2nd Sold. Let's speak
To him.

1st Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Caesar.

3rd Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps,

1st Sold. A swoons rather; for no had a prayer as
his
Was never yet for sleeping.

2nd Sold. Go we to him.

3rd Sold. Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2nd Sold. Hear you, sir?

1st Sold. The hand of death hath sought him.

Hark, the drums [Drums o'er off

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us hear him.
To the court of guard; he is of note; our hour
Is fully out.

3rd Sold. Come on them:
He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony and Scarpus, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scarpus. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they 'd fight i' the fire, or in the
air;
We 'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.

Enter Caesar, and his Forces, marching.

Ces. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleries. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Antony and Scarpus.

Ant. Yet they 're not join'd: Where yonder pine
does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

Scarpus. 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 o'er off, as at a Sea Fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:

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SCENE XI.—XII.

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
Has sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit Scar.

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, to discard, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eyebeck'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,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?
Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts;52 and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [Exit Cleo.] '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,
Allez, thou mine ancestor, thy rage;
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and
Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad

Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument.

[Exit.

SCENE XII.—The same. Another Room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these
signs;
They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought,
The rack dimisses; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Caesar, and false play'd my glory
Upto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony; My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saxy 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._ Eros, unarm; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly: Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[Exit _Mar._

_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 a while.—
[Exit _Eros._

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: 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 liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble 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 would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st 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, best aim, and could not?
_Ant._ Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with plac'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, brand'd
His baseness that ensnared?
_Eros._ I would not see't.
_Ant._ Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.

_Draw_ that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

_Eros._ O, sir, pardon me.
_Ant._ When I did make thee free, swor'at thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
_Eros._ Turn from me then that noble countenance,
_Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
_Ant._ Lo thee. [Turning from him]
_Eros._ My sword is drawn.
_Ant._ Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
_Eros._ My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
_Ant._ 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.
_Eros._ Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
_Ant._ Now, Eros.
_Eros._ Why, there then:—[Falls on his Sword
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.]
_Ant._ Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant _Eros_, what
I should, and thou could' st 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 yet dead? not dead?
_The guard!—ho!—despatch me._

_Enter Dercetas and Guard._

_1st Guard._ What's the noise?
_Ant._ I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
ACT IV.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE XIII.

I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends, And have my thanks for all. [Exeunt, bearing Ant.

SCENE XIII.—The same. A Monument.

Enter above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and Ieras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence. Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not; All strange and terrible events are welcome, But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow, Proportion’d to our cause, must be as great

Enter Diomedes.

As that which makes it,—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 Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun Burn the great sphere thou mov’st in!—Darkling stand The varying shore o’ the world!—O Antony! Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Ieras; Help, friends below; let’s draw him hither.

Ant. Peace: Not Caesar’s valour hath o’erthrown Antony, But Antony’s hath triumphed on itself. Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony Should conquer Antony; but woe ’tis so! Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying: only I here importune death a while, until Of many thousand kisses the poor last I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear, Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not, Lest I be taken: not the imperious show Of the full-fortun’d Caesar ever shall Be brooch’d with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe: Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes, And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour Demurring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,— Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;— Assist, good friends.

Ant. O quick, or I am gone. Cleo. Here’s sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord! Our strength is all gone into heaviness, That makes the weight: Had I great Juno’s power, The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up, And set thee by Jove’s side. Yet come a little,—
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and Others.

Caes. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall. [Exit Dol.

Enter Derceetas, with the Sword of Antony.

Caes. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
dar'st

Appear thus to us?  [3 F 2

And there is nothing left remarkable.
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.

Char. O, quickness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady.—
Iras. Madam.—
Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt! Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras.
Cleo. No more, but s’en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chores.—It was for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All’s but naught
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that’s mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it’s out.—Good sirs, take
heart:— [To the Guard below.
We’ll bury him; and then, what’s brave what’s
noble,
Let’s do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony’s Body.

ACT V.
ACT V.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE II.

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 doon; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Caesar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cas. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a 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. Caesar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cas. O Antony! I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stand together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confus'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cleopatra. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Caesar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.
Cas. Come hither, Proculeius! Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Caesar, I shall. [Exit Pro.
Cas. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [Exit GAL.

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!
Cas. 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.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Caesar:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, Proculeius,
Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [Within.] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [Within.] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you: but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquered Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of my own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing;
Make your full reference freely to my lord;
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel’d to.

Cleo. [Within.] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune’s vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i’ the face.

Pro. This I’ll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that can’s d it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz’d;
[Here Proc., and two of the Guard, ascend the
Monument by a Ladder placed against a
Window, and having descended, come behind
Cleo. Some of the Guard unbar and open
the Gates.

Guard her till Caesar come.

[To Proc. and the Guard. Exit Gal.

Tras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a Dagger.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[Seizes and disarms her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev’d, but not betray’d.

Cleo. 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.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I’ll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I’ll not sleep neither: This mortal house I’ll ruin,
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion’d at your master’s court;
Nor once be châs’tis’d with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varlety
Of calamitous Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grace to me! rather on Nilus’ maid
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flees
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country’s high pyramids my gibbet,与其
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Caesar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
I’ll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
To Caesar I will speak what you shall please,

If you’ll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[Exeunt Proc., and Soldiers.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or
known,
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is’t not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream’d, there was an emperor Anto-
ny;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein
stuck
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and
lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear’d arm
Crested the world: his voice was propitied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in’t; an autumn ’twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show’d his back above
The element they liv’d in: In his livery
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.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: ’tis yours; and we
Your scuttleons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Ces. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess’d of: ’tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where’s Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv’d
to myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather see my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Ces. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Caesar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow’d! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O, slave, of no more trust
Than love that’s hir’d;—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I’ll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Ces. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek;56 that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv’d,
Immoment 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 amuses
me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr’ythee, go hence;
[To Sel.
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a
man,
Thou would’st have mercy on me.
Cae.
Forbear, Seleneus.
[Exit Sel.
Cleo. 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.
Cae.
Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv’d, nor what acknowledg’d,
Put we i’ the roll of conquest; still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
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.
Cleo. My master, and my lord!
Cae.
Not so: Adieu.
[Exeunt Cæs. and his Train.
Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.
[Whispers Char.
Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will.
Re-enter Dolabella.
Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, sir. [Exit Char.
Cleo. 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.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. 1 your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dol.] Now,
Iras, what think’st thou then?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be encumber’d,
And fore’d to drink their vapour.
Iras.
The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, ’tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lectores
Will catch at us, like trumpets; and scamper
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
’T the posture of a whore.
Iras.
O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that is certain.
Iras. I’ll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that’s the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter Charmian.
Show me, my women, like a queen:—Go fetch
My best attire;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mack Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go —
Now, noble Charmian, we’ll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I’ll give thee
leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore ’s this noise?
[Exit Iras. A Noise within.
Enter one of the Guard.
Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness’ presence;
He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instru-
ment
[Exit Guard.
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution’s plac’d, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot

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I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a Basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be
the party that should desire you to touch him,
for his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do
seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard
of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very
honest woman, but something given to lie; as a
woman should not do, but in the way of honesty:
how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,
—Truly, she makes a very good report of the worm:
But he that will believe all that they say, shall
never be saved by half that they do: But this is
most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [Clown sets down the Basket.

Cleo. You must think this, look you, that the
worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted,
but in the keeping of wise people! for, indeed,
there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you,
for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but
I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I
know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the
devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson
devils do the gods great harm in their women; for
in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Cleo. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the
worm. [Exit.

Re-enter Iras, with a Robe, Crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I
have

Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras: quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him round himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock

The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to 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 aspick 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 desir'd. Dost thou lic still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I
may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. 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, mortal
wretch,

[To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Caesar, ass
Unpoliced!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Applying another Asp to her Arm.

What should I stay— [Falls on a bed, and dies.

Char. In this wise world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A less unparall'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1st Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1st Guard. Caesar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[ Applies the Asp.

O, come; space, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1st Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's
beguil'd.
2nd Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Caesar; — call him.

1st Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Charmian. It is well done, and fitting for a princess Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [Dies.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2nd Guard. All dead.

Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming To see perform'd the dreadful act, which thou So soughts to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Caesar!

Enter Caesar, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer; That you did fear, is done.

Cæsar. 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?

1st Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs;

This was his basket.

Cæsar. Poison'd them.

1st Guard. O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd hours; she stood, and spake; I found her stunning up the dikeon

On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood, And on a sudden dropp'd.

Cæsar. 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,

1st Guard. This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-leaves Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves

Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæsar. 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 sip in it A pair so famous. High events as these Strike those that make them: and their story is No less in pity, than his glory, which Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall, In solemn show, attend this funeral;

And then to Rome.—Come Dolabella, see High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.
NOTES TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

1. Renages, i.e. disowns, casts off.

2. The triple pillar of the world.

Triple is used inaccurately for third. The third pillar of the world; one of the triumvirs, or rulers of the civilized world.

3. Then must thou needst find out new heaven, new earth.

Antony means, there is no boundary to my love in the known universe; if you would limit my affection for you, that limit must be placed at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords.

4. Where’s Fulvia’s process.

Process is summons. Her summons or command to Antony to return to Rome.

5. To see, i.e. know.

6. But stirr’d by Cleopatra.

Cleopatra has just said, “Antony will be himself.” To which he replies as above; that is, if I am desired or stirred to it by Cleopatra, I will assert my dignity and my power.

7. That he approves the common liar.

The common liar is rumour; Antony by his conduct proves the truth of the reports current in Rome respecting him.

8. O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands.

Several emendations of this passage have been offered, but the following explanation by Mr. Steevens appears the most satisfactory:—”To change his horns with (i.e. for) garlands, signifies, to be a triumphant cuckold; a cuckold who will consider his state as an honourable one. Thus, says Benetick, in Much Abo about Nothing, ‘There is no staff more honourable than one tipt with horn.’ We are not to look for serious argument in such a skipping dialogue’ as that before us.”

9. Then, belike, my children shall have no names.

That is, perhaps they shall be illegitimate.

10. Upon the first encounter, draw them.

Draw is the ancient preterite of the verb to drive, and frequently occurs in the Bible. Thus in Joshua, xxiv. 12, “and draw them out before you.”

11. Extended Asia from Euphrates.

Extended his dominions, by conquest, in Asia from Euphrates to, &c. Dr. Johnson, however, says that to extend is a term used for to seize, and he thinks that is the sense in which it is employed here.

12. —— O, then we bring forth weeds,

When our quick winds lie still, &c.

Dr. Warburton has proposed to read minds for winds; we bring forth weeds when our minds are idle; but the following elucidation by Mr. Henley is so happy that I prefer it. Antony himself, “figuratively, is the idle soil; the malice that speaks home, the quick or cutting winds, whose frosty blasts destroy the profusion of weeds; whilst our ills (that is the truth faithfully told us) are a representation of our vices in their naked odiousness—is as our earing; serves to plough up the neglected soil, and enables it to produce a profitable crop. When the quick winds lie still, that is, in a mild winter, those weeds which ‘the tyrannous breathings of the north’ would have cut off, will continue to grow and feed, to the no small detriment of the crop to follow.”

13. Expedience, erroneously used for expedition.

14. Much is breeding,

Which, like the courser’s hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent’s poison.

This is an allusion to the idle notion still prevalent in some ignorant rural districts, that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water will turn to a worm or serpent. Mr. Coleridge says that this is true, so far as appearances go, and that the hair “will become the supporter of seemingly one worm, though probably of an immense number of small slimy water-lie. The hair will twirl round a finger, and sensibly compress it. It is a common experiment with school-boys in Cumberland and Westmorland.” Dr. Lister, in the Philosophical Transactions, showed that what were vulgarly called animated horsehairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow. This old supposition is alluded to in Holinshed’s Description of England, p. 224:—”A horse-haire laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certainity of these things is rather proved by few,” &c. Also in Churchyard’s Discourse of Rebellion, &c., 1570:—

Hit is of kinde much worse than horses’ heare
That lyes in dung, where on vile serpents breede.

15. But was a race of heaven.

That is, had a taste or flavour of heavenly enjoyment.

16. And that which most with you should safe my going.

That is, reconcile you to my going; make my departure not likely to produce mischief to you.
NOTES TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

17 Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water?

An allusion to the lacrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. So, in The Two Noble Kinsmen, said to be written by Fletcher and Shakespeare:

Balsam and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials filled with tears.

18 How this Herodotean Roman.

Antony was very proud of his supposed descent from Antœus, a son of Hercules. This has been alluded to in the introduction to this play. He sought to give a colouring to this report by his dress and manners.

"Thus," says Plutarch, "when he appeared in public, he wore his vest girt on the hips, a large sword, and over all a coarse mantle. That kind of conduct which would seem disagreeable to others, rendered him the darling of the army. He talked with the soldiers in their own swaggering and ribald strain, ate and drank with them in public, and would stand to take his victuals at their common table."

19 O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Oblivion or forgetfulness, as if it were another Antony, so entirely possesses her, that she has quite forgotten what she wished to utter.

20 ——— He is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Caesar.

That is, Pompey is loved and followed by those who from fear have professed allegiance to Caesar.

21 The gilded puddle.

"There is frequently observable," says Mr. Henley, "on the surface of stagnant pools that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold-coloured slime—to this appearance the poet here refers."

22 I knew it for my bond.

That is, I knew it to be my agreement, recognize it for my duty.

23 And burgonet of men.

That is, the cap or chief of men; a burgonet is a kind of helmet.

24 And soberly did Mount a termagant steed.

That is, a fiery, impatient steed. The furious Douglas, in Henry IV., is called the termagant Scot.

25 ——— And their contention
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Shakspere has here committed one of those errors in expression, which are not unfrequent in his writings. The quarrel of the wife and brother of Antony was not a theme for him; he did not in any way assist them against Caesar, or indeed trouble himself at all about the matter. What the poet means is, that Antony was their theme, or subject of war; he was the cause of the dispute.

26 My brother never
Did urge me in his nest.

That is, never did make use of my name as an excuse for his war upon you.

27 And made the wars alike against my stomach.

Having alike your cause.

It must be remembered that Antony and Caesar are joined in office as triumvirs; the wars which were made against Caesar also set the authority of Antony at defiance. The sense is clear, if we read—Having alike your cause. Dr. Johnson proposes to read—Having alike our cause; but the alteration is, I think, needless.

28 Go to them: your considerate stone.

Mr. Steevens says, this passage, "I believe means only this:—If I must be childen, henceforward I will be quite as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. As silent as a stone, however, might have been once a common phrase."

29 When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

The poet is here inconsistent with himself; from Enobarbus's own description, it appears that Antony had not seen Cleopatra on the river; for, that while she was there, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him, that they might witness her approach.

30 Bless her, when she is rijgish.

Rigg is an ancient word, meaning a strumpet. So, in Whetstone's Castle of Delight, 1576:

Then loath they will both lust and wanton love,
Or else be sure such ryggys my care shall prove.

Dryden, who has given an emulative imitation of this exquisite description of Cleopatra, expresses this passage more delicately, thus:

The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes.

31 Would I had never come from thence, nor you Thither.

Mr. M. Mason very justly observes that both sense and grammar require that we should read hither instead of thither.

32 Beat mine, inhoop'd at odds.

Inhoop'd is an obsolete word, meaning enclosed, confined. Placed within a hoop or circle that they may fight.

33 Let us to billiards.

This is one of the numerous anachronisms to be found in our poet; this game was unknown in ancient times.

34 Ghosted, i.e. haunted.

35 At land indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house.
O'er-count is here probably used equivocally to mean
you have over-reached me of my father's house; obtained it dishonestly, which was literally the truth. Plutarch tells us "Antony purchased Pompey's house; but, when he was required to make the payment, he expressed himself in very angry terms; and this he tells us was the reason why he would not go with Caesar into Africa. His former services he thought insufficiently repaid." Again: "When Antony asked him (Sextus Pompey,) where they should sup: 'There,' said he, pointing to the admiral-galley of six oars, 'that is the only patrimonial mansion-house that is left to Pompey; and it implied, at the same time, a sarcasm on Antony, who was then in possession of his father's house."

36 Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already.

Plants is used metaphorically for feet; they stagger in their walk, are unsteady from the effects of intoxication.

37 They have made him drink alms-drink.

To drink alms-drink, is when one man at a feast will drink another's share, to relieve him of that which is not good for his health. He out of kindness will drink what his companion cannot. Antony and the rest were playing upon Lepidus, by making him in his nearly intoxicated state, drink both his own wine and theirs also.

38 Strike the vessels, ho!

This is not an order relating to the ships, as they were under the command of Pompey, but an invitation to his fellow-revellers to chink the drinking vessels one against the other, as a mark of sociality and friendship. The custom is still common in modern society.

39 The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

That is, every man was to join in the burden or chorus of the song, which the poet styles the holding. The breast and sides are called into action in an attempt to sing loud and forcibly.

40 Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
 Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Pacorus was the son of Orodes, King of Parthia. Crassus was a Roman general, who was defeated and treacherously murdered by the Parthians. Orodes grieved so much on account of the death of his son Pacorus, that he fell into a languishing illness; when his second son Phraates, anxious for his death, administered poison to him, but not finding it effectual, afterwards strangled him.

41 O thou Arabian bird.

That is, the phoenix. The immortal bird which was supposed to live single, and to rise again from its own ashes.

42 They are his shards, and he their beetle.

The wings of the beetle are called his shards, as they are hard and brittle, like a tile or shard, i.e. a fragment of an earthen vessel; thus, in Macbeth, we have, "the shard-borne beetle." Enobarbus likens Lepidus to a beetle, which is a dull, heavy insect, and Antony and Caesar to the wings by which he is maintained in his elevated position.

43 Denied him rivalry.

Rivalry, from the Latin rivalitas; an obsolete word meaning emulation, competition. Shakspere here uses it for equal rank or glory in the action.

44 Upon his own appeal.

To appeal, is used by Shakspere in the sense of to accuse; upon his own accusation of Lepidus does Caesar arrest him; thus being both complainant and judge.

45 And gives his potent regiment.

Regiment, is government, authority; he gives up his power into the hands of an abandoned woman.

46 Away my Thetis!

Antony probably addresses Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she was about to assist in his naval expedition.

47 His power went out in such distractions.

In such minute detachments, small separate companies.

48 The greater cattle.

A cattle, says Pope, is a piece or lump; on which Dr. Johnson exclaims, "Cattle is rather a corner. Caesar, in this play, mentions the 'three-nook'd world.' Of this triangular world, every triumvir had a corner."

49 The brize upon her, like a cow in June.

The brize, is the gad-fly; the fly that stings cattle.

50 ——— He alone
Dealt on lieutenant.

On is probably used in the sense of in. Caesar fought chiefly by proxy, in the persons of his lieutenants. Thus in a former scene, Ventidius says:——

Cesar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person.

51 Tell him from his all-obeying breath.

This is an infelicitous expression; all-commanding breath, is what Cleopatra meant: but all-obeying breath is, in Shakspere's language, breath which all obey Obeying, for obeyed.

52 Like boys unto a muss.

A muss, is a scramble. This word is used by Dryden in his prologue to The Widow Ranter, by Mrs. Behn.

Babble and cap no sooner are thrown down
But there's a muss of more than half the town.

53 The next Cesarion smile.

Cesarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Caesar.

54 It signs well.

It is a good sign, a favourable omen.

55 'Tis strange.

This curious phenomenon, which was received as
ominous of the defeat of Antony, is thus related by Plutarch:—"At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city, a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day, on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanaals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy, concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him."

69 And our oppression.
That is, our opposition: the force by which we are oppressed or overpowered.

66 Our rattling tabourines.
A tabourin was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances.

68 This grave charm.
That is, destructive beauty, deadly piece of witchcraft.

69 —— Most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives to dolts.

Be exhibited to the most stupid and vulgar of spectators for very small pieces of money.

69 Pleach'd arms, i.e. folded arms.

60 —— O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world.

"According to the philosophy," says Mr. Heath, "which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakspere, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed. If the sun, therefore, was to set fire to the sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence must be, that itself, for want of support, must drop through, and wander in endless space; and in this case, the earth would be involved in endless night."

70 Dear my lord pardon, I dare not,
Lest I be taken.

Both metre and sense are here defective: she does not fear to kiss Antony, as he requests, but she is apprehensive that if she descends from her monument she may be made a prisoner. Mr. Malone thinks that the poet wrote—I dare not descend. Mr. Theobald amends the passage differently, and reads—dare not come down.

71 The soldiers' pole is fallen.
That is, their standard, the object of their love and admiration.

72 My country's high pyramids my gibbet.
The poet intended we should read pyramides, Latin, instead of pyramids; the verse will otherwise be defective. There are several examples of the use of this word. Thus, in Dr. Fairfusus, 1606:—

Besides the gates and high pyramids,
That Julius Caesar brought from Africa.

73 —— Realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Plates, mean some kind of silver money. In The Rich Jew of Malta:—

'As plates dropp'd from his pocket.'

74 Rat'st thon this Moor but at two hundred plates.

75 To one so meek, i.e. lowly, subdued by adversity.
Timon of Athens.

WHILE engaged in reading Plutarch, to obtain the facts on which he founded Antony and Cleopatra, Shakspere met with a passage which furnished him with a subject for a separate and very dissimilar tragedy. In Antony’s reverse of fortune, after one of his defeats by Octavius Caesar, he retired to a small house which he had built near Pharos, on a mound he had cast up in the sea, where he affected to live like Timon. “This Timon,” says the chatty Greek biographer, “was a citizen of Athens, and lived about the time of the Peloponnesian war, as appears from the comedies of Aristophanes and Plato, in which he is exposed as the hater of mankind. Yet though he hated mankind in general, he caressed the bold and impudent boy Alcibiades, and being asked the reason of this by Apemantus, who expressed some surprise at it, he answered, it was because he foresaw that he would plague the people of Athens. Apemantus was the only one he admitted to his society, and he was his friend in point of principle. At the feast of sacrifices for the dead, these two dined by themselves, and when Apemantus observed that the feast was excellent, Timon answered, ‘It would be so if you were not here.’ Once in an assembly of the people, he mounted the rostrum, and the novelty of the thing occasioned an universal silence and expectation; at length he said, ‘People of Athens, there is a fig-tree in my yard, on which many worthy citizens have hanged themselves; and as I have determined to build upon the spot, I thought it necessary to give this public notice, that such as choose to have recourse to this tree for the aforesaid purpose may repair to it before it is cut down.’”

From this passage Shakspere derived that portion of his tragedy which relates to Timon, though, perhaps, he was also indebted to a manuscript play upon the same subject which “appears to have been written, or transcribed,” says Mr. Malone, “about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspere’s banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of warm water he sets before them stones painted like artichokes, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent in King Lear) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master; Timon in the last act is followed by his fickle mistress, &c., after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academic) is a very wretched one.”

The plot of Shakspere’s tragedy is very simple: the principal event is Timon’s loss of faith in humanity, and the consequent change of the generous and unsuspecting noble, who regrets that he has not kingdoms to bestow upon his friends, into the bitter and malignant misanthrope whose fearful denunciations of mankind strike his listeners into “strong shudders.” The play is full of violent contrasts; luxury and abstemiousness, pomp and poverty, prodigality and avarice, love and hate, succeed each other rapidly. It is like a dissolving view which melts from bright day, made lovely with natural beauties, the songs of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the rich and varied foliage, and the spray of the waterfall, gilded by the cheering sunshine; to black midnight in which even the stars are hid. The change is abrupt, startling, and complete, and the gay generous Timon disappears in the bitter savage, who repudiates civilization, and spends the residue of his life in breathing eloquent curses upon his ungrateful countrymen.

Timon’s is a wordy sorrow; he does not shut himself up in sullen impenetrability, but enters into converse with all who seek him, and relieves his feelings by bitter invectives. Like Coriolanus he abandons his native city, but he cannot, like the stern Roman, enfold himself in his own pride and estimation, and despise his countrymen. Coriolanus addressed himself to revenge his supposed wrongs; Timon contents himself with cursing the authors of his real ones. There is, besides, a quaintness and
pithiness about the speeches of Timon that seems hardly consistent with a heart-broken and dying man. Like a spleenetic wrangler he is anxious to get the best of the argument: he endeavours to rival Apeamantus in abuse, invents an apology for the thieves, and is bitterly pleasant with the poet and the painter. He is full of life and energy all the time he is before us; he disappears suddenly from the scene, and his death is a mystery. He calculates upon it, knows its precise period, and even builds his own tomb; but the immediate cause of it is unknown. Perhaps the poet intends to imply that Timon lays violent hands upon himself, for his death seems to follow too rapidly upon his misfortunes to be the mere effect of grief and passion.

Apeamantus is another Diogenes, bitter and cynical by nature, naturally perverse, and loving singularity, but possessed of a keen caustic wit, and uttering many moral and wise aphorisms. He also has been called a misanthrope, though from different motives than Timon, but he rather dislikes and despises men than hates them. He dwells perpetually on what is gross and evil in the world, and his ideas become oblique and one-sided. He is keen in the detection of vice or folly, and on his first entrance we see that he knows the weakness of Timon's character, when he tells him, that "he who loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer." But Apeamantus is dull and obtuse in the appreciation of virtue or loveliness of character; not understanding them he disbelieves their existence. His gaze is fixed for ever upon the earth; he cannot look up and see the heavens. He would sooner meet with deformity than beauty, and with vice than virtue, because he can more readily pour out his rancour upon it. Even in his religious moments he can scarcely be civil to the gods, and his prayer resembles a malediction.

Quiet virtue sometimes runs a risk of falling into inaptness and apathy or inaction: thus we find Flavius, the faithful steward, the single truly honest heart in the drama, a rather feeble character; he reserves his exhortations until his master's ruin, and then utters that which, if strongly urged before, might have checked Timon's wild course of reckless extravagance. The honesty of the weak is too often eclipsed by the worldliness of the strong, and energy of character is so admirable that it excuses many minor vices.

Even to the least important characters Shakspere has extended his fullest consideration. The poet and the painter each speaks his own peculiar language; the artist idolises his own work, and the poet describes it in elevated diction. The first speaks the language of every day life, and the latter that of the study; his words remind us of the chamber and the lamp, and like the speeches of the Roman orator Cicero, seemed studied for the occasion. Again the servants of Timon describe their master's ruin with great feeling; one says:—

And his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

This is the language of a nameless character, a second servant; some authors would have given it to the hero of their play, but Shakspere was a very Timon in respect of his lavishness of poetical beauty; exquisite thoughts appear in his pages like the smaller stars, in radiant clusters. Still this liberality seems to have been involuntary, for words of strength and beauty fall from his pen with the same profusion as diamonds and roses fell from the lips of the little girl in the fairy tale; which we have all read and wondered at when children. But the language of the poet is not a cloying collection of sweets; his power is greater than his beauty. The words of Timon in his adversity are like poisoned arrows, bitter, rancorous, and deadly. His curses are a collection of horrors, aimed without reservation upon all mankind, upon the young and laughing girl just bursting from childhood, and on the "old limping sire," tottering to the grave. He supplicates the demons of lust and murder to confound his native city, and to desolate the world, and implores the earth itself no longer to bring forth ungrateful man, but to "teem with new monsters," and "go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears," as being less corrupt and mischievous.

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

It is to be regretted, however, that Shakspere should so often have recurrence to offensive and loathsome ideas; Timon's language is not only bitter and malignant, but frequently revolting; all that is disgusting in the annals of disease is eagerly seized upon by the misanthrope, and pictures are presented which make the vicious shudder and the pure recoil in amazement.

The tragedy includes two incidents, each arising from a similar cause,—the flight of Timon and the banishment of Alcibiades; let us now turn our attention to the latter. Shakspere also found his life in Plutarch, but the poet has not very fully elaborated the character of the Athenian general. Alcibiades was famous for his great personal beauty, his stubborn and ambitious temper, his eloquence, craftiness, and dissipation. His resolution was strongly shown even in his boyhood; for it is related that on one occasion he was playing at dice with some other boys in the street, when a loaded waggon coming up interrupted the game; Alcibiades called to the driver to stop, as it was his turn to throw, but the man disregarded him and drove on; while the other boys got out of the way, Alcibiades however was not to be so readily overcome, for throwing himself flat upon his face directly before the waggon, he told the rustic to drive on if he pleased. Upon this the man was so startled that he instantly stopped his horses, and the resolute boy got up and had his throw with the dice. Brought up in luxury, and universally courted, he gave way to every dissipation, but was still exceedingly attached to the philosopher Socrates.

When still a young man, Alcibiades happened to enter a grammar school, and asked the master for a copy of Homer. The pedagogue replied that he had nothing of Homer's, and immediately received a box on the ear from the indignant young soldier, for his neglect of the works of the great father of ancient poetry. Another story is told of him which shows an unhealthy love of distinction of any kind. He purchased a dog of remarkable size and beauty, for the extravagant sum of seventy mina.* The chief beauty of this dog was his tail, which Alcibiades immediately caused to be cut off. This singular act furnished conversation for the whole city, and he was much censured for his folly and extravagance. He then laughed and said, "this is the very thing I wanted, for I would have the Athenians talk of this, lest they should find something worse to say of me." Shakspere might have drawn a striking contrast between the characters of Alcibiades and Timon, but he has neglected the former for the perfect development of the latter. Both leave their native city through the ingratitude of their countrymen, but the resolute and worldly man returns in conquest and in honour, while the effeminate and feeble one perishes in solitude and despair. Plutarch compares Alcibiades with Coriolanus, but their circumstances only were alike; both returned from banishment with an army at their heels, bent upon the destruction of their native cities; but the haughty and self-denying Roman is in most other matters the reverse of the subtle and luxurious Greek, of whom Plutarch tells us that, "his great abilities in politics, his eloquence, his reach of genius, and keenness of apprehension, were tarnished by his luxurious living, his drinking and debauches, his effeminacy of dress, and his insolent profusion."

Shakspere does not adhere to history respecting the cause of the banishment of Alcibiades. He was accused of sacrilege towards the goddesses Ceres and Proserpine, and condemned to death, but he saved himself by taking refuge among the Spartans; to whose hospitality he made a vile return by seducing the wife of their king Agis. After a life spent in dissipation, war, and political intrigue, he was at length assassinated by a secret order of the magistrates of Sparta. He was at that time living in a small village in Phrygia with his mistress Timandra. His murderers surrounded the house at night and set it on fire, and on his issuing out sword in hand they fled to a distance and slew him with their darts and arrows. He was buried by Timandra as honourably as her circumstances would permit.

Timon of Athens is supposed to have been written by Shakspere in the year 1609, and to have immediately followed the composition of Antony and Cleopatra.

H. T.

* The mina was equivalent to £3 4s. 7d. of our money. Alcibiades' dog therefore cost him £226 0s. 10d. A talent was sixty minae or £193 15s.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, an Athenian Noble.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Lucius, a Noble, and a Flatterer of Timon.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6.

Lucullus, a Noble, and a Flatterer of Timon.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 6.

Sempronius, a Noble, and a Flatterer of Timon.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 6.

Ventidius, one of Timon’s false Friends.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 6.

Apeemantus, a churlish Philosopher.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3.

Acébiades, an Athenian General.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.

'Flavius, Steward to Timon.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

Flaminius, Servant to Timon.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

Lucilius, Servant to Timon.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

Servilius, Servant to Timon.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5.

Caphus, a Servant to one of Timon’s Creditors.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Philotus, Titus, Hortensius, Philotus, Titus, Hortensius,
\{ Also Servants to the Creditors of Timon. \}
Appears Act III. sc. 4.

Serdants to Varti and Eubore, Creditors of Timon.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4.

Cupid and Markers.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

Three Strangers.
Appears, Act III. sc. 2.

A Poet, A Painter, \{ Parasites to Timon. \}
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Senators.
Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

A Jeweller and A Merchant.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

An Old Athenian.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

A Fool and A Page.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

Thieves.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

Phrynia, Timandra, \{ Mistresses to Alcibiades. \}
Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Athens; and the Woods adjoining.
Timon of Athens.

ACT I.


Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several Doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; 't other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continent goodness:
He passes.1

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see 't: For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate:2 But, for that—

Poet. "When we for recompense have prais'd
The vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."3

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[Looking at the Jewel.]

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire 't the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—And when comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

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.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is 't good?

Poet. I'll say of it, it tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens: — Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd 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:4 no levell'd malice
Infests one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of gib 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-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things love better Than to abhor himself: even he drops down The knee before him, and returns in peace Most rich in Timon's mood.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill, Fagon'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base of 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 wafts to her; Whose present grace to present slaves and servants Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.6

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.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood, Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants, Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top, Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down, Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show, That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well, To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, attended; the Servant of Ventidius talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him, 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.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him
Tim. Command me to him: I will send his ransom:
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour!

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant man'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrust;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a tenderch.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may conferr 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 pr'ythee, 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.6
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
Enter Apeamantus.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apeamantus!

Apeam. Till I be gentle, stay 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.

Apeam. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apeam. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apeamantus.

Apeam. Thou knowest, I do: I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apeamantus.

Apeam. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apeam. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That 's a deed thou 'tIte for.

Apeam. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apeamantus?

Apeam. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apeam. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apeam. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apeamantus?

Apeam. No: I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apeam. O, they eat lords; so they come by great belliess.

Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.

Apeam. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apeamantus?

Apeam. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apeam. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apeam. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apeam. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou hast: look in thy last work, where thou last sign’d him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That’s not sign’d, he is so.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy of the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What wouldst thou then, Apemantus?
Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.3—
Art not thou a merchant?
Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffic ’s thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.
Tim. What trumpet ’s that?
Srv. ’Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, all of companionship.
Tim. Pray, entertain them: give them guide to us.—
[Exeunt some Attend.
You must needs dine with me;—Go not you hence, Till I have thank’d you; and, when dinner’s done, Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—
Enter Alcibiades, with his Company.
Most welcome, sir! [They salute.
Apem. So, so; there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love ’mongst these sweet knives, And all this court’sy! The strain of man’s bred out Into baboon and monkey.
Aleib. Sir, you have sav’d my longing, and I feel 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 but Apem.

Enter Two Lords.
1st Lord. What time a day is ’t, Apemantus?
Apem. Time to be honest.
1st Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, think still omit’t at it.
2nd Lord. Thus art going to lord Timon’s feast.
Apem. Ay; to see most fill knaves, and wise heat fools.
2nd Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.
2nd Lord. Why, Apemantus?
Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.
1st Lord. Hail thyself.
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.
2nd Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I’ll spurn thee hence.
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

1st Lord. He’s opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon’s bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness.
2nd Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no need, but he repays Sevenfold above itself: no gift to him, But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance.
1st Lord. The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern’d man.
2nd Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
1st Lord. I’ll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in Timon’s House.

Hautboys playing loud. Music. A great Banquet served in; Flavius and others attending; then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempironius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly.
Ven. Most honour’d Timon, ’t hath pleas’d the gods remember My father’s age, and call him to long peace. He is gone happy, and has left me rich: Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound To your free heart, I do return those talents, Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help I deriv’d liberty.
Tim. O, by no means, Honest 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.

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on Tim.]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis’d 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.

1st Lord. My lord, we always have confess’d it.

Apet. Ho, ho, confess’d it? hang’d it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apet. You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl: you have got a
humour there
Does not become a man, ’tis much to blame:
They say, my lords, that ira furor brevis est,
But yond’ man ’s ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for, indeed.

Apet. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on ’t.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no
power: pr’ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apet. I scorn thy meat; ’twould choke me, for
I should
Ne’er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man’s blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;11
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There ’s much example for ’t; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and
pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov’d.
If 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.

[3rd Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apet. Flow this way!
A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here’s that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne’er left man i’ the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there’s no odds,
Feasts are to proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS’S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need ’em.
Amen. So fall to ’t:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart ’s in the
field now.

Alcei. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of ene-
emies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcei. So they were bleeding-new, my lord,
there’s no meat like them; I could wish my best
friend at such a feast.

Apet. ’Would all those flatterers were thine
enemies, then; that then thou might’st kill ’em,
and bid me to ’em.

1st Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my
lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby
we might express some part of our zeal, we should
think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods
themselves have provided that I shall have much
help from you: How had you been my friends
else? why have you that charitable title from
thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart?
I have told more of you to myself, than you can
with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus
far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what
need we have any friends, if we should never have
need of them? they were the most needless crea-
tures living, should we ne’er have use for them:
and would most resemble sweet instruments hung
up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves.
Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I
might come nearer to you. We are born to do
benefits: and what better or properer we can call

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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, o'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

_Apem._ Thou wepest to make them drink, Timon.

_2nd Lord._ Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

_Apem._ Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

_3rd Lord._ I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

_Apem._ Much! [Trumpet sounded.]

_Tim._ What means that trump?—How now?

_Enter a Servant.

_Serv._ Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

_Tim._ Ladies? What are their wills?

_Serv._ There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

_Tim._ I pray, let them be admitted.

_Enter CUPID.

_Cup._ Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron: and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

_Tim._ They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome.

[Exit Cup.

_1st Lord._ You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Music. _Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing._

_Apem._ Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way! They dance! they are mad women. Like madness is the glory of this life, As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root, We make ourselves fools, to 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 friend's gift?

I should fear, those, that dance before me now, Would one day stamp upon me; It has been done; Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon; and, to show their love, each sings out an Amazon, and all dance. Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hymnoluds, 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 lively lustre, And entertain'd me with mine own device; I am to thank you for it.

_1st Lady._ My lord, you take us even at the best.

_Apem._ 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 Lad._ Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exit Cup. and Lad.

_Tim._ Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

_Tim._ * The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet! There is no crossing him in his humour; [Aside. Else I should tell him,—Well,—'t 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, and returns with the Casket.

_1st Lord._ Where be our men?

_Serv._ Here, my lord, in readiness.

_2nd Lord._ Our horses.

_Tim._ O my friends, I have one word To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must Entreat you, honour me so much, as to Advance this jewel; Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

_1st Lord._ I am so far already in your gifts,—

_All._ So are we all.

_Enter a Servant.

_Serv._ My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

_Tim._ They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

_Tim._ Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let us be provided
To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [Aside.

Enter another Servant.

2nd Serv. May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3rd Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [Aside.] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were fore'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own
merits:—

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2nd Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3rd Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2nd Lord. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. 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.—Alicibades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all this living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alicib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1st Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

2nd Lord. So infinitely endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.

1st Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon.13

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[Exeunt Alc., Lords, &c.

Apem. 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'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:14
What need these feasts, pomp's, 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.

Apem. So;—
Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock
Thy heaven from thee.15 O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattering! [Exit.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same. A room in a Senator’s House.

Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum, Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar’s dog, And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon, Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight, And able horses: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason Can find his state in safety. Caphis, ho! Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure? Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Imporune him for my monies; be not ceas’d15 With slight denial; nor then silence’d, when— "Commend me to your master"—and the cap Plays in the right hand, thus.—but tell him, sirrah, My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn Out of mine own; his days and times are past, And my reliances on his fracted dates Have snit 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 phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you, And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir,

Sen.

Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro! What, You come for money?
Var. Serv. Is’t not your business too?
Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. 'Would we were all discharg’d!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner’s done, we’ll forth again, My Alcibiades.—With me? What’s your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month: My master is awak’d by great occasion, To call upon his own; and humbly prays you, That with your other noble parts you’ll suit,15 In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend, I pr’ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro’s servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master’s wants,—

Var. Serv. ‘Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,

And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.—

SCENE II.—The same. A Hall in Timon’s House.

Enter Flavius, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
I'd beseech you, good my lords, keep on;  
[Exit Algib. and Lords.

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you,  
[To Flav.

How goes the world, that I am thus encountered?  
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,  
And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is disagreeable to this business:  
Your importunity cease, till after dinner;  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:  
See them well entertain'd.  
[Exit Tim.

Flav. I pray, draw near.  
[Exit Flav.

Enter Apemantus and a Fool.  

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I  
might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription  
of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then,  
that day thou art hanged.  
This is to lord Timon;  
this to Alcibiades.  
Go; thou wast born a bastard, and  
though'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog;  
and thou shalt  
famish, a dog's death.  
Answer not, I am gone.  
[Exit Page.

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace.  
Fool, I  
will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three  
serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever  
hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his  
servant:  
My mistress is one, and I am her fool.  
When men come to borrow of your masters,  
they approach sadly, and go away merry;  
but they enter my mistress' house merrily,  
and go away sadly:  
The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee  
a whoremaster, and a knave;  
which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like  
thee.  
'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a  
lord;  
sometime, like a lawyer;  
sometime, like a philosopher,  
with two stones more than his artificial one:  
He is very often like a knight;  
and generally in all shapes,  
that man goes up and down in,  
from fourscore to thirteen,  
this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man:  
as much  
foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside;  
here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come, with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother,  
and woman;  
sometime, the philosopher.  
[Exeunt Apem. and Fool.
Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me?

That I might so have rated my expense,

As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,

At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perechance, some single vantages you took,

When my indisposition put you back;

And that unaptness made your minister,

Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,

Laid them before you; you would throw them off;

And say, you found them in mine honesty.

When, for some trifling present, you bid me return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you to hold your hand more close: I did endure

Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,

And your great flow of debts. My dear-lv'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 engag'd, some forfeited and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth

Of present dues; the future comes apace:

What shall defend the interim? and at length

How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,

How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,

And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

When all our offices have been oppress'd

With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept

With drunken spilth of wine; when every room

Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with min-

istracy;

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,21

And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord?

How many prodigious bits have slaves, and peasants,

This night engulphed! 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 couched.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:

No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;

If I would breach the vessels of my love,

And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,

As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these

Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you

Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius,—

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his

Honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;

Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say

That my occasions have found time to use them

Toward a supply of money: let the request

Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph!

Tim. Go you, sir, [To another Serv.] to the senators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have

Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant

A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,

(For that I knew it the most general way.)

To them to use your signet, and your name;

But they do shake their heads, and I am here

No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,

That now they are at full, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable.—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know no—but
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!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheery; These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, '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.—

Go to Ventidius,—[To a Serv.] Pr'ythee, [To Flav.] be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak.
No blame belongs to thee:—[To Serv.] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents; Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touche's his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had,—[To Flav.]
give it 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 think's all others so. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in Lucullus's House.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside.] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[Exit Serv.] And how does that honourable complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

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. 'Tis 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 have dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on 't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towards 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.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[To the Serv., who goes out.]—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 saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible, the world should so much differ;
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseless,
To him that worships thee. [Throwing the money away.]
Luc. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

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!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of
nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour? [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A public Place.

Enter Lucius, with Three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good
friend, and an honourable gentleman.
1st Stran. We know him for no less, though we are
but strangers to him. But I can tell you one
thing, my lord, and which I hear from common
rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done
and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie no, do not believe it; he cannot want
for money.

2nd Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that,
not long ago, one of his men was with the lord
Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged
extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged
to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2nd Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before
the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that ho-
nable 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 triles, nothing
comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and
sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occa-
sion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have
sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[To Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare
thee well.—Command me to thy honourable-virtu-
ous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath
sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much
endared to that lord; he's ever sending: How
shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has
he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now,
my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his
instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my
lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?
Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurn
myself against such a good time, when I mig'
have shown myself honourable? how unluckily
happened, that I should purchase the day bef
for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?
Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able
to do 't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use
lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness;
but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had
done it now. Command me bountifully to his
good lordship; and I hope, his honour will con-
ceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to
be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it
one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot
pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good
Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use
mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[Exit Ser.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[Exit Luc.

1st Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2nd Stran. Ay, too well.

1st Stran. 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.

3rd Stran. Religion groans at it.

1st Stran. 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,27
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.—The Same. A Room in Sempronius's House.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't? Humph! '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 three Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O 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? humph!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over; Must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd me in 't; I am 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 receiv'd 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 I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sun,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

Serv. Excellent! your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't; and I cannot think, but in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only: 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.28

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants to Timon's Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius? What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus,

Luc. Serv. And sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter
with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's: but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear, 'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And 'tis as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I am 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 theft.
1st Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand
crowns: What's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
1st Var. Serv. '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. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my
lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so
much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you
are too diligent. [Exit Flam.

Enter Flavius in a Cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled
so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
1st Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—
Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then prefer't you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and
fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their glutonous maws. You do yourselves
but wrong;
To stir me up; let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to redeem, he to spend.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.
Flav. If 'twill not,
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.
[Exit.

1st Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd
worship mutter?
2nd Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and
that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader
than he that has no house to put his head in? such
may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.
Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much
Derive from it; for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wondrously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsok him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.
Luc. Serv. 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 an answer, sir.
Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my
lord!—

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my
passage?
Have I ever been 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. Serv. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Serv. Here's mine.
Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.
Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to
the girdle.

T. 3 K
ACT III.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE V.

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?
1st Var. Ser. My lord,—
2nd Var. Ser. 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:
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 Same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter Alcibiades attended.

1st Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldsens sin so much as mercy.
2nd Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.
Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
1st Sen. Now, captain?
Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It Pleasest time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1st Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of 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; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?
Alcib. My lord,—

1st Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain,—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threat'nings? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why, then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' 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.

2nd Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedaemon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1st Sen. What's that?

Alec. Why, I say, my lords, 'tis done with 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?

2nd Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em, he.

Is a sworn riper: h' as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferred to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1st Sen. He dies.

Alec. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for some parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv'd in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1st 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.

Alec. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2nd Sen. How?

Alec. Call me to your remembrances.

3rd Sen. What?

Alec. 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.

1st Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alec. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1st Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt Senators.

Alec. Now the gods keep you odd enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad; I have kept back their fuses,
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 warring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! 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 magnificent Room in Timon's House.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several Doors.

1st Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2nd Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1st Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2nd Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1st 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.

2nd 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.

1st Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2nd Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1st Lord. A thousand pieces.

2nd Lord. A thousand pieces!

1st Lord. What of you?

3rd Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1st Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

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2nd 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 on the trumpet’s sound: we shall to’t presently.

1st 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.

2nd Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

2nd 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.

2nd Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2nd Lord. All covered dishes!

1st Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3rd Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1st Lord. How do you? What’s the news.

3rd Lord. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1st and 2nd Lord. Alcibiades banished!

2nd Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1st Lord. How? how?

2nd Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3rd Lord. I’ll tell you more anon. Here’s a noble feast toward.

2nd Lord. This is the old man still.

3rd Lord. Will ‘t hold? will ‘t hold?

2nd Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

3rd 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. Land to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for were your goodheads 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 uncovered are full of warm Water. Some speak. What does his lordship mean? Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lake—

Warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon’s last:
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off; and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their Faces.

Your reeking villany. Live loath’d, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trenched 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;—

[Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Hencethrough be no feast,
Whereat a villain’s not a welcome guest.
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1st Lord. How now, my lords?

2nd Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon’s fury?

3rd Lord. Fish! did you see my cap?

4th Lord. I have lost my gown.

3rd Lord. He’s but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4th Lord. Did you see my cap?

2nd Lord. Here ’tis.

4th Lord. Here lies my gown.

1st Lord. Let’s make no stay.

2nd Lord. Lord Timon’s mad.

3rd Lord. I feel ’t upon my bones.

4th Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Execute.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall, That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth, And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools, Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives, And cut your trusters' threats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are, And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen, Pluck the lin'd crutch from the 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 yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! then cold sciatia, 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 banns! Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all), The Athenians both within and out that wall! And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen. [Exit.


Enter Flavius, with Two or Three Servants.

1st Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
2nd Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
3rd Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiar to his buried fortunes
Sink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shun'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3rd Serv. 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:
[Giving them money.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[Exit Serv.

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who 'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;

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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 accur'd,
Rich, only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful 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 serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Woods.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Inflect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several for-
tunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature,35
Raise me this beggar, and demude that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,36
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who
dares,
In purity of mankind stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer?" if one be
So are they all; for every grize 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 disinclains:
Destruction fung mankind!37 — Earth, yield me
roots!
[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, saucy his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle varietarist.38 Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,
vaunt!

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 accur'd;
Make the hoar leprosy adore; 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 ulcers sores
To cast the gorge at; this embalms 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 after 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 war-
like manner; Phrynia39 and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw
thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to
thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am misanthropes, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I
know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:40
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this
change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
_Act IV._

**Timon of Athens.**

**Scene III.**

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_Alecib._ What is it, Timon?

**Tim.** Promise me friendship, but perform none; if Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, For thou 'rt a man!

_Alecib._ I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

**Tim.** Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

_Alecib._ I see them now; then was a blessed time.**

**Tim.** As thine is now, held with a brace of har- lots.

**Timon.** Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world

Voic'd so regardfully?

**Tim.** Art thou Timandra?

**Timon.** 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-checked youth To the tub-fast, and the diet.

**Timon.** Hang thee, monster!

_Alecib._ Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, The want whereof doth daily make revolt In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieve'd, How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth, Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states, But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

**Tim.** I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

_Alecib._ I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon. **Tim.** How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble? I had rather be alone.

_Alecib._ Why, fare thee well:

_Here's some gold for thee._

**Tim.** Keep 't, I cannot eat it.

_Alecib._ When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

**Tim.** Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

_Alecib._ Ay, Timon, and have cause.

**Tim.** The gods confound them all i' th' thy conquest; and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

_Alecib._ Why me, Timon?

**Tim.** That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer My country. Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on; Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-ve'd city hang his poison In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one; Pity not honour'd age for his white beard, He's an usurper: Strike me the counterfeit mawn; It is her habit only that is honest, Herself's a bastard: Let not the virgin's cheek Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps, That through the window-bars here at men's eyes, Are not within the leaf of pity writ, Set them down horrible traitors: Sparo not the babe, Whose dimpled smiles from foolest exhaust their mercy; Think it a bastard, whom the oracle Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut, And mince in 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.

_Alecib._ Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, Not all thy counsel.

**Tim.** Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

_Phr. and Timon._ Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast thou more?

**Tim.** Enough to make a whore forswear her trade, And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts, Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear, Into strong 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 burdens 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 pox of wrinkles!

_Phr. and Timon._ Well, more gold;—What then?—

Believ't, that we'll do anything for gold.

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Timon of Athens

Scene III

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillots 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 foresee,
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 Timon. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have
given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens.
Farewell, Timon;
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—

Strike.

[Drum beats. Exeunt Alcib., Phr., and Timan.]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,

[Digging.

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and cycless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven?
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine:
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root:
Ensear 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 liquorous draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Aepemantus.

More man? Plague! plague!

Aepem. 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!

Aepem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor manly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. 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 diseas'd perfumes, have and 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 gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-
come,
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascl; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Aepem. 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 outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when 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 crea-
tures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven: whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Aepem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Aepem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.


_Apem._ I flatter not; but say, thou art a califf.

_Tim._ Why dost thou seek me out?

_Apem._ To vex thee.

_Tim._ Always a villain’s office, or a fool’s.

Dost please thyself in’t?

_Apem._ Ay.

_Tim._ What! a knave too? 49

_Apem._ If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, ’twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou’st courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives uncertain pump, 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 should’st desire to die, being miserable.

_Tim._ Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune’s tender arm
With favour never clasp’d: but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swarth, pro-
ceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would’st have have plung’d
thysel’
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
Fall 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 should’st 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.

_Apem._ Art thou proud yet?

_Tim._ Ay, that I am not thee.

_Apem._ I, that I was
No prodigal.
confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

_Apem._ Ay, Timon.

_Tim._ A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the 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 would'st be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert German to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

_Apem._ If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

_Tim._ How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

_Apem._ Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

_Tim._ When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

_Apem._ Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

_Tim._ 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

_Apem._ A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

_Tim._ All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

_Apem._ There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

_Tim._ If I name thee.—I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

_Apem._ I would, my tongue could rot them off!

_Tim._ Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! Choler does kill me, that thou art alive; I swoon to see thee.

_Apem._ 'Would thou would'st burst!

_Tim._ Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee.  
[Throws a stone at him.]

_Apem._ Beast!

_Tim._ Slave!

_Apem._ Toad!

_Tim._ Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[A Pem. retreats backward, as going.

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought But even the mere necessities upon it.

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.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the Gold.

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars! Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer, Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god, That soldier'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st 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!

_Apem._ 'Would twere so;—

But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold: Thou will be throng'd to shortly.

_Tim._ Throng'd to?

_Apem._ Ay.

_Tim._ Thy back, I pr'ythee.

_Apem._ Live, and love thy misery!

_Tim._ Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[Exit Apem.]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

_E enter Thieves._

1st _Thief._ 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.

2nd _Thief._ It is noiseless, he hath a mass of treasure.

3rd _Thief._ 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'st get it?

2nd _Thief._ True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1st _Thief._ Is not this he?

_Thieves._ Where?

2nd _Thief._ 'Tis his description.

3rd _Thief._ He; I know him.
Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women’s sons.

Thieves. 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 briars scarlet hips: The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1st Thief. 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 professed; 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 of the grape, Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth, And soul hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together; Do villainy, do, since you profess to do’t, Like workmen. I’ll example you with thievocracy: 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 not less, for this I give you; and gold confound you howsoever! Amen.

3rd Thief. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1st Thief. ‘Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2nd Thief. I’ll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1st Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens; There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [Exit Thieves.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!

Is your despis’d and ruinous man my lord? Full of decay and failing? O monument And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow’d! What an alteration of honour has Desperate want made! What vile thing upon the earth, than friends, Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends! How rarely does it meet with this time’s guise, When man was wish’d to love his enemies: Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo Those that would mischief me, than those that do! He has caught me in his eye: I will present My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord, Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou.

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; Then, if thou grant’st thou ’rt man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not: I ne’er had honest man About me, I; all that I kept were knaves, To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness, Ne’er did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee, Because thou art a woman, and disclaim’st 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 wild. Let me behold Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.— Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou 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 usurping kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I 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 simply honest man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hast'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou 'rt bless'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man and let me ne'er see thee.

[Exeunt severally.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before Timon's Cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon behind, unseen.

Pain. 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 is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alebiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity:
'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. 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 travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. 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.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the 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.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulence.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.
Pain. True;  
When the day serves, before black-corner’d night,  
Find what thou want’st by free and offer’d light.  
Come.  
Tim. I’ll meet you at the turn. What a god’s  
gold,  
That he is worshipp’d in a baser temple,  
Than where swine feed!  
’Tis thou that rigg’st the bark, and plough’st at the  
foam;  
Settles admires reverence in a slave:  
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye  
Be crown’d with plagues, that thee alone obey!  
’Fit I do meet them. [Advancing.  
Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!  
Pain. Our late noble master.  
Tim. Have I once liv’d to see two honest  
men?  
Poet. Sir,  
Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir’d, your friends fall’n off,  
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!  
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—  
What! to you!  
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence  
To their whole being! I’m rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.  
Tim. Let it go naked, men may see’t the better:  
You, that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen, and known.  
Pain. He, and myself,  
Have travell’d in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.  
Tim. Ay, you are honest men.  
Pain. We are hither come to offer you our  
service.  
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I re-  
quite you?  
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.  
Both. What we can do, we’ll do, to do you  
service.  
Tim. You are honest men; you have heard that  
I have gold;  
I am sure you have: speak truth: you are honest  
men.  
Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore  
came not my friend, nor I.  
Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw’st a coun-  
terfeit [To the Poet.  
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;  
Thou counterfeit’st most lively.  
Pain. So, so, my lord.  
Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,  
[To the Poet.  
Why, thy vers’ce swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
That thou art even natural in this art—  
But, for all this, my honest-nature’d friends,  
I must needs say, you have a little fault:  
Marry, ’tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,  
You make much pains to mend.  
Both. Bless your honour  
To make it known to us.  
Tim. You’ll take it ill.  
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.  
Tim. Will you, indeed?  
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.  
Tim. There’s ne’er a one of you but trusts a  
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 assur’d,  
That he’s a made-up villain.  
Pain. I know none such, my lord.  
Poet. Nor I.  
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I’ll give you  
gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies:  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I’ll give you gold enough.  
Both. Name them, my lord, let’s know them.  
Tim. You that way, and you this, but two 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.  
[To the Painter.  
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside  
[To the Poet.  
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—  
Hence! pack! there’s gold, ye came for gold, ye  
slaves:  
You have done work for me, there’s payment:  
Hence!  
You are an alchemist, make gold of that:—  
Out, rascal dogs! [Exit, beating and driving them out.  

SCENE II.—The Same.  
Enter Flavius, and Two Senators.  
Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with  
Timon;  

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For he is set so only to himself, 
That nothing but himself, which looks like man, 
Is friendly with him. 

1st Sen. Bring us to his cave: 
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians, 
To speak with Timon. 

2nd Sen. At all times alike 
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs, 
That fram’d him thus: time, with his fairer hand, 
Offering the fortunes of his former days, 
The former man may make him: Bring us to him, 
And chance it as it may. 

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon! 
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians, 
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee: 
Speak to them, noble Timon. 

Enter Timon. 

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort’st, burn!—Speak, 
and be hang’d: 
For each true word, a blister! and each false 
Be as a caut’ring to the root o’ the tongue, 
Consuming it with speaking! 

1st Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon. 

2nd 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. 

1st 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. 

2nd 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 fall, restraining aid to Timon; 
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render, 
Together with a recompense more fruitful 
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram; 
Ay, even such 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: 

Lead me a fool’s heart, and a woman’s eyes, 
And I’ll beweep these comforts, worthy senators. 

1st 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, &c 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. 

2nd Sen. And shakes his threat’ning sword 
Against the walls of Athens. 

1st 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 tak’t at worst; for their knives care not, 

While you have threats to answer: for myself, 
There’s not a whistle in the unruly camp, 

But I do prize it at my love, before 
The reverend’st threat 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 Aleibiades your plague, you his, 
And last so long enough! 

1st Sen. We speak in vain. 

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not 
One that rejoices in the common wrek, 
As common bruit doth put it. 

1st Sen. That’s well spoke. 

Tim. Command me to my loving countrymen,—

1st Sen. These words become your lips as they pass through them. 

2nd Sen. And enter in our ears like great trium- 
phers 
In their applauding gates. 

Tim. Command me to them;
Act V.

Timon of Athens.

SCENE III. - V.

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 thorns
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.
2nd 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 beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amid, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit Tim.

1st Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.
2nd Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.
2nd Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exit.

SCENE III. - The Walls of Athens.

Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.

1st Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his
files
As full as thy report?
Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.
2nd Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring
not Timon.
Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend; —
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: — this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which import'd
His fellowship if the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from Timon.

1st Sen. Here come our brothers.
3rd Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him ex-
pect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful securing
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

SCENE IV. - The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a
Tomb stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! — No answer? — What is
this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—
What's on his tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days;
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V. - Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades, and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [A Parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and
breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1st 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.

2nd Sen.    So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1st Sen.     These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall
For private faults in them.

2nd Sen.    Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts.   March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1st 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,
Bringing thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and call the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2nd Sen.    What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1st Sen.    Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2nd 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.

_Aleib_.     Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:60
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 remedied, to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

_Both_.     'Tis most nobly spoken.
_Aleib._ Descend, and keep your words.

_[The Senators descend, and open the Gates._

_Enter a Soldier._

Sold._ My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea:
And, on his grave-stone, this inscription; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

_Aleib._ [Reads.] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched
soul bereft:
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill, but pass, and stay not here thy
gait.61
These well express in thee thy latter spirits;
Though thou abhorrest 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._
NOTES TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

1 He passes.
That is, he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds; the meter would be perfect, and the passage less abrupt, if we were to read, he passes praise.

2 If he will touch the estimate.
Agree to the price.

3 When we for recompence have praise'd the vile, &c.
The poet is here reading his own work, and these three lines are the introduction of a poem addressed to Timon.

4 In a wide sea of war.
The ancients wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. The meaning is, he does not limit his subject, but lets it run out to such extent, that the writing of it consumes a wide sea of wax.

5 This conceit'd to scope.
Grandly imagined; it is a conception without restraint.

6 Therefore he will be, Timon.
He is honest because it is his nature to be so; let him enjoy the happiness arising from his honesty, but not the love of my daughter.

7 It would unclew me quite.
To unclew is to unwind or undo.

8 Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow.
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.
Wait for my courtesy until that happen, which will never happen; namely, until thou art transformed to a dog, and these parasites become honest men.

9 That I had no angry wit to be a lord.
Warburton reads;—
That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord.
That is, I should hate myself for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. Mr. Heath proposes to read;—
That I had so wrong'd my wit to be a lord.
But all alterations of the line must be merely conjectural.

10 Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?
The line contains an allusion to a proverbial saying of the time of Shakspere, "Confess and be hanged."

11 Methinks they should invite them without knives.
"It was the custom," says Ritson, "in our author's time for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones may be seen in Parkinson's Museum. They were strangers at that period to the use of forks.

12 My lord in heart.
That is, your health, my lord, with all my heart, in all sincerity.

13 Honour, and fortunes, keep with you Lord Timon.
The sense would be more clearly expressed, and the line more metrical, if the word you were omitted.

14 Will give away thyself in paper shortly.
That is, he ruined by securities entered into. Dr. Farmer would read—thyselv in proper.

15 I'll lock
Thy heaven from thee.

By his heaven he means good advice. He will no longer by counsel attempt to save Timon from ruin.

16 Be not ceased, i.e. silenced or stopped.

17 Good even, Varro.
Dr. Johnson says that this good even is before dinner, for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will go forth again as soon as dinner's done. On this Mr. Tyrwhitt remarks that good even, or as it was sometimes written, good den, was the usual salutation after noon, the moment that good morrow became improper. It may also be remarked that the servants here call each other by their masters' names; this might have been a sly satire on the assumptions of servants, or it might have proceeded from the negligence of the poet.

18 That with your other noble parts you'll suit.
That is, that you will on this occasion act in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities.

19 Enter Apemantus and a Fool.
Dr. Johnson supposes something to be here lost, in which the audience are informed that the Fool and the Page, who subsequently enters, were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtezan; upon a knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity. Shakspere, however, frequently introduces his characters with much abruptness, and leaves their condition and previous history to the imagination of his readers.

20 More than his artificial one.
His artificial one was the philosopher's stone, which in those times was much talked of.
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock.

Sir T. Hanmer says a wasteful cock is a cock-loft or garret put to no use, but Mr. Collins has an explanation which I prefer. He says a wasteful cock is what we now call a waste-pipe; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns, and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation.

With certain half-caps.

With a stiff and cold courtesy; a half-cap signifies a cap slightly moved, not put off.

Ingeniously I speak.

Ingenious, that is, witty, inventive; was anciently used in the same sense as ingenious—open, frank, candid.

To expel sickness, but prolong his hour.

That is, prolong the hour of sickness. His for its.

Yet had he mistook him and sent to me.

Dr. Johnson proposes to read—"had he not mistook him," i.e. had he not been deceived in his opinion of him, and sent to me, I would have supplied his wants.

With so many talents.

Thus the old copy, but we should certainly read with fifty talents, the sum Servilus was directed to apply for. This is evident by the answer—"He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents."

I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him.

This passage is evidently corrupt; the wealth of the speaker could not have returned to Timon, because it never came from him. Sir T. Hamner proposed to substitute attorn'd, but that reading would be hard and forced. Mr. Steevens says the word returns being sometimes used by Shakspere in the sense of replies; as thus he returns, i.e. answers, he would so explain it in this passage, and the sense would be as follows:—The best half of my wealth should have been the reply returned to Timon, in answer to his request.

Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

That is, keep within doors for fear of duns.

He is a man setting his fate aside.

That is, setting aside this unfortunate deed which was predetermined by fate, and for which he is therefore not strictly chargeable.

But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.

That is, I call mercy herself to witness that defensive violence is just.

The rest of your fees.

Fees has no sense; it is probably a misprint for foes.

Green, i.e. young, immature.

With multiplying banns.

That is, accumulated curses; multiplying is used for multiplied.

Let me be recorded.

Sir T. Hanmer would substitute the much clearer and more forcible reading—Let it be recorded.

Not nature.

To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.

This passage is unintelligible, but may be made clear enough by the addition of a single letter. If we read—not natures, &c., the sense will be:—Not those wretched beings who are afflicted with all kinds of evils, can bear a sudden reverse of fortune, and become prosperous without despising their fellow-creatures.

It is the pasture lards the brother's sides.

This is an obscure line which the editors of Shakspere have, in their attempts to explain, rendered still more doubtful. Warburton proposes—the weather's sides. This is merely a conjectural reading, but I think it the best offered.

Fling mankind, i.e. seize upon, grip, or tear.

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods?
I am no idle votarist.

No, I do not desire wealth; my protestations against it are sincere. I am no inconstant suppliant of nature, gold will not tempt me to forsake her solitudes for society.

The wapp'd widow.

Of this word, Johnson says, he has found no example, nor does he know the meaning. Mr. Steevens suggests the meaning of it to be debilitated by the diseases of debauchery.

She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at.

Mr. Steevens would read:—

She whose ulcerous sores the spital-house, &c.

But the passage may stand without emendation; the spital-house is used metaphorically, for the inmates of it, and ulcerous sores for the possessors of them.

I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

That is, I will bury thee again, consign thee to the earth where nature placed thee.

Phrynie.

Shakspere probably meant Phryne, but spelt the name from recollection. She was an Athenian courtesan, so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom, which was artfully uncovered by her advocate so softened her judges that they spared her life.
NOTES TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

42 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules.
We might repair the defective metre by adopting a
Shaksperian epithet, and reading—gules total gules.

44 I see them now; there was a blessed time.
From Timon's answer it is probable that Shaksper
wrote—Thine was a blessed time.

45 I'll trust to your conditions.
You need not swear to continue your absolute lives, I
will trust to your wanton natures that you will do so.

46 And thatch your poor thin roofs,
With burdens of the dead.
Poor thin roofs mean heads which have lost much of
their hair from the effects of disease, which he tells them to
hide by wearing false hair, hair which belonged to the dead.
Thus in Drayton's Momalul:

And with large sums they stick not to procure
Hair from the dead, yes, and the most unclean
To help their pride they nothing will disdain.

47 Below crisp heaven.
Mr. Upton says crisp is used as curled, bent, hollow; Dr. Warburton would read crypt; i.e. vaulted.

48 Hug their deceased perfumes, i.e. their mistresses.

49 What a knave too?
I always knew thee for a fool, now I see thou art a
knave also, for to vex another by design is villany.

50 They mock'd thee for too much curiosity.
For too much refinement, or rather finical delicacy.

51 Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would con-
found thee.
In Gesner's Animal History, it is said that the
unicorn and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as
the lion sees the unicorn, he betakes himself to a tree;
the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his
course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree,
and then the lion descends and kills him.

52 O thou touch of hearts.
Touch is used for touchstone: Thou touchstone of
hearts.

57 Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
We should read much of meat, i.e. much of what you
ought to be.

58 Yet thanks I must you own.
To can thanks, is a common expression among our old
dramatic writers, for to give or owe thanks.

59 _____ It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild.
Warburton says it should be mild for wild. Timon's
nature was already wild enough, but the conduct of the
steward was such as to calm and soften his distraction.

60 Thou drew'st a counterfeit
A counterfeit is a portrait or picture.

61 Allow'd with absolute power.
Allow'd is licensed, privileged: absolute command
shall be granted him.

62 Traverse'd arms, i.e. arms folded across.

63 The time is flash, i.e. mature.

64 Your uncharg'd ports, i.e. unattacked ports.

65 To atone your fears,
With my more noble meaning.
To reconcile them to his noble intention, to gain their
belief of it.

66 But pass, and stay not here thy gait.
Shaksper formed this epitaph out of two which he
found in Plutarch; the following is the passage contain-
ing them. "He [Timon] was buried at Halie near the
sea, and the water surrounded his tomb in such a man-
er, that he was even then inaccessible to mankind.
The following epitaph is inscribed on his monument:—

At last I've bid the knaves farewell;
Ask not my name—but go—to hell.
It is said that he wrote this epitaph himself. That
which is commonly repeated was written by Callim-
archus:—

My name is Timon: knaves begone!
Curse me, but come not near my stone!

H. T.
Cressida.

SHAKSPERE, in the two concluding lines of the prologue to this play, appears to have anticipated that it would not be exceedingly popular; to say the truth, it is the most desultory and rambling of his acknowledged works: extending over too great a period of time for the poet fairly to grasp, consisting of too many incidents for effective combination, and of too many characters to permit of their complete development. In this play we miss that constructive art which is generally to be traced in the works of Shakspere; it is less a drama than a narrative; the story is unconnected and incomplete, and the end is no conclusion. Hector, the hero and favourite of the poet—the brave, yet gentle and generous Hector—is shamefully murdered, in violation both of the laws of arms and humanity, and the large-limbed savage who hacks him to death by deputy, escapes unhurt and in triumph. Troilus talks largely of revenge, but accomplishes none; Cressida is false and unpunished, and, we are to suppose, lives to be the happy mistress of Diomed, until her voluptuous and fickle nature prompts her to abandon him as readily as she has previously left Troilus.

The destruction of Troy would have been a theme worthy of the pen of Shakspere, had he confined his overflowing and sometimes erratic genius to his subject; he had admirable materials in his hand, had he attempted less. The play abounds with characters, but they are introduced and then abandoned: before we are fairly acquainted with them, they vanish. Cressida is little more than a sketch, and Cassandra, the mad prophetess, something less than one. The best developed character is Pandarus, and he is altogether contemptible. Thersites is probably the original of Apemantus; there is, at least, a resemblance between them, but the latter is the most finished character. Shakspere apparently intended to create a sympathy and admiration for Troilus, for he makes "that same dog-fox, Ulysses," speak eloquently in his favour, comparing him with Hector, and declaring that he was:

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deadless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calmed:
His heart and hand both open and both free.

Still, a mere lover is generally an insipid creation, and Troilus is scarcely an exception to the rule; he wants purpose, decision, and moral courage. The conduct of Pandarus is mean and officious enough, but Troilus shares his shame by employing him. Cressida was open to be wooed, and easy to be won; she is sufficiently complying, in all conscience, and only retires when she is feebly pursued. Had Troilus won her in an open, manly manner, he would probably have preserved both her affection and her honour. Fanciful, giddy coquette as she is, she would have remained virtuous, had she not encountered temptation.

But I must qualify my censure; vague as the play is, it is full of fine poetry and profound observations; if we are for a moment angry with Shakspere for his wanderings or his inconsistency, he soon wins us back to him with bribes of thought and beauty. The play also has many fine scenes; for instance, that between Cressida and her uncle, in the first act, is remarkable for sparkling dialogue; the same may be said of the first scene of the second act, between the savage jester Thersites, and the blunt Ajax. The short scene in the third act, where Helen is introduced, is exceedingly natural and lively; the equivocations of the servant whom Pandarus addresses, are fully as humorous as the sayings of the licensed fools in other of our poet's plays. The following scene in the garden of Pandarus, where the lovers meet and confess their affection, is exceedingly beautiful; we are reminded for a moment of a similar scene in Romeo and Juliet, but the resemblance soon ceases—the passionate, though chaste and womanly affection of Juliet, compared to the wanton
appetite of Cressida, is as a pure bright star in heaven to the cold delusive fire which dances in darkness over the stagnant pool or trackless marsh. The dialogue between Achilles and Hector, after the tournament, is in Shakspere’s happiest style. The bulky Achilles scanning the Trojan prince with his eyes, and soliciting the gods to tell him in what part of his body he should destroy great Hector, is the sublime of chivalry. Hector’s passionate rejoinder:—

Henceforth, guard thee well;
For I’ll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithed Mars his helm,
I’ll kill thee everywhere, yes, o’er and o’er.

is equally fine; while the whole of the fifth act is full of vigour and bustle, and exceedingly animated.

Schlegel ingeniously accounts for the manner in which Shakspere has treated this subject by saying:—“The whole is one continued irony of that crown of all heroic tales, the tale of Troy. The contemptible nature of the Trojan war, the laziness and discord with which it was carried on, so that the siege was made to last ten years, are only placed in clearer light by the noble descriptions, the sage and ingenious maxims with which the work overflows, and the high ideas which the heroes entertain of themselves and each other.”

Shakspere is supposed to have produced this drama in 1601 or 1602; he borrowed the story chiefly from Chaucer’s poem of the same name; though he was also indebted to Lydgate’s Historie of the Destruction of Troy, and the first seven books of Chapman’s translation of Homer. But his chief obligations were certainly to Chaucer, who details the love of Troilus and Cressida, and the assistance they derived from Pandarus, at great length. In his story Troilus is slain by Achilles; and, says the venerable old gossip:—

And whan that he was slain in this manere
His lighté goste ful blissfully is went
Up to the holowness of the seventh sphere,
In his place leting everye element,
And there he sawe, with ful avisement,
The erratie sterres, hearkening harmonie,
With sowdis ful of hevin’s melodie.

And doun from themmis fast he gan awise
This litil spotte of eth that with the se
Embraced is, and fully gan dispise
This wretchid world, and helde al vanite
In respecte of the plaine felicite
That is in heven above, and at the last
There he was slaine his loking doun he cast.

The old poet’s story consists of eighteen hundred and sixty-nine stanzas, and is, in my estimation, sufficiently tedious to wade through. It may be very barbarous and tasteless to say so; but although sentiments, which might be eloquent but for the rude and obsolete language in which they are expressed, occasionally occur, still the whole tale does not contain one great or brilliant thought, or one exquisitely poetical simile. Little more than a century and-a-half occurred between the death of Chaucer and the birth of Shakspere, yet the works of the former are obsolete and half-forgotten, while the dramas of the latter are yet as fresh, vivid, and attractive as if they had but just been given to the world. The works of Chaucer have but a feeble ray of genius, cold and flickering—those of Shakspere contain a pregnant heat of vital power which attracts and warms all hearts.

In the collected works of Chaucer, the story of Troilus and Cressida is followed by The Testament of Creseide, a conclusion of the tale by another writer, supposed to be one Robert Henderson, a schoolmaster of Dunfermline. In this continuation, Creseide, for railing upon Venus and Cupid, is by the gods transformed into a leper; and ends her life in great poverty and misery. The idea is coarse and unpoetical but it is not unskilfully treated, when we consider the rudeness of our language at that period.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Priam, King of Troy.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

Hector, a Son of Priam.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 9.

Troilus, a Son of Priam.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 9.

Paris, a Son of Priam.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 8.

Deiphobus, a Son of Priam.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

Helena, a Son of Priam.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

Æneas, a Trojan Commander.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 11.

Antenor, a Trojan Commander.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

Calchas, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.
Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

Pandarus, Uncle to Cressida.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 11.

Margarelon, a bastard Son of Priam.
Appears, Act V. sc. 8.

Agamemnon, the Grecian General.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.

Menelaus, his Brother.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 8; sc. 10.

Achilles, a Grecian Commander.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 9.

Ajax, a Grecian Commander.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.

Ulysses, a Grecian Commander.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.

Nestor, a Grecian Commander.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.

Diomedes, a Grecian Commander.
Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.

Patroclus, a Friend of Achilles.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Greek.
Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 8.

Alexander, Servant to Cressida.
Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

Servant to Troilus.
Appears, Act III. sc. 2.

Servant to Paris.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

Servant to Diomedes.
Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

Helen, Wife to Menelaus, but living with Paris.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

Andromache, Wife to Hector.
Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

Cassandra, Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

Cressida, Daughter to Calchas.
Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.
SCENE.—Troy; and the Grecian Camp before it.
PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that were
Their crowns'et 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, Menelau's queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antemorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And either 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 vaunts and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.


Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! bath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must 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 beshape at suflerance 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 rise in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is 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 fathom deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproof; To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. '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 travel; 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 is 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 Sun-
day. But what care I? I care not, an she wore a
black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's
a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the
Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her:
for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the
matter.

Tro. Pandarus,— 456
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience is, as a virtue, fix’d, today was mov’d:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harnesse’d light,
And to the field go he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector’s wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?
Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?
Alex. They say he is a very man per se, and
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humour, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly seasoned 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.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?
Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Who comes here?
Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.
Cres. Hector’s a gallant man.
Alex. As may be in the world, lady.
Pan. What’s that? What’s that?
Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.
Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?
Cres. This morning, uncle.
Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?
Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. Even so; Hector was stirring early.
Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.
Pan. Was he angry?
Cres. So he says here.
Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he’ll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?
Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.
Cres. O, Jupiter! there’s no comparison.
Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?
Do you know a man if you see him?
Cres. Ay; if ever I saw him before, and know him.
Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.
Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.
Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.
Cres. ’Tis just to each of them; he is himself.
Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—
Cres. So he is.
Pan. — ’Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.
Cres. He is not Hector.
Pan. Himself? no, he’s not himself.—Would ’a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well.—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.
Cres. Excuse me.
Pan. He is elder.
Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.
Pan. The other’s not come to’t; you shall tell me another tale, when the other’s come to’t.
Hector shall not have his wit this year.
Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.
Pan. Nor his qualities;—
Cres. No matter.
Pan. Nor his beauty.
Cres. ’Twould not become him, his own’s better.
Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so ’tis, I must confess)—Not brown neither.
Cres. No, but brown.
Pan. ’Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.
Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.
Pan. She prais’d his complexion above Paris.
Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.
Pan. So he has.
Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen’s golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.
Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.
Cres. Then she’s a merry Greek, indeed.
Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.
Cres. Indeed, a tapster’s arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.
Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.
Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter? ¹¹₀
Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and put me her white hand to his cloven chin,—
Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?
Pan. Why, you know, ’tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.
Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.
Pan. Does he not?
Cres. O yes, an ’twere a cloud in autumn.
Pan. Why, go to then;—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—
Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you’ll prove it so.
Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.
Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i’ the shell.
Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.
Cres. Without the rack.
Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.
Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.
Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o’er.
Cres. With mill-stones.
Pan. And Cassandra laughed.
Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o’er too?
Pan. And Hector laughed.
Cres. At what was all this laughing?
Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus’ chin.
Cres. An’t had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.
Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.
Cres. What was his answer?
Pan. Quoth she, “Here’s but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.”
Cres. This is her question.
Pan. That’s true; make no question of that.
“Ono and fifty hairs,” quoth he, “and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.” “Jupiter!” quoth she, “which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?” “The forked one,” quoth he; “pluck it out, and give it him.” But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.
Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.
Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on’t.
Cres. So I do.
Pan. I’ll be sworn, ’tis true; he will weep you, an ’twere a man born in April.
Cres. And I’ll spring up in his tears, an ’twere a settle against May. [A Retreat sounded.]
Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.
Cres. At your pleasure.
Pan. Here, here, here’s an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I’ll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.
Pan. That’s Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he’s one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.
Cres. Who’s that?

Antenor passes over.

Pan. That’s Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he’s a man good enough: he’s one o’ the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I’ll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.
Cres. Who is that? — I marvel, where Troilus is:—That’s Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That’s Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he’ll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that’s Deiphobus: ‘Tis Troilus! there’s a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece;—look you, how his sword is bloody, and his helm more hack’d than Hector’s; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne’er saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to host.

Forces pass over the Stage.

Pan. Asses, fools, doltis! 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 he such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man’s date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I’ll watch you for that; and that’s one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus’ Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [Exit Boy.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I’ll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[Exit Pan.

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love’s full sacrifice,
He offers in another’s enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar’s praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy’s soul lies in the doing:¹¹
That she belov’d 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 maxum out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain’d, beseech:
Then though my heart’s content firm love doth
bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp. Before
Agamemnon’s Tent.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses,
Menelaus, and Others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis’d largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear’d;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Inflict 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 gav’t surmis’d shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with checks abash’d behold our works;
And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought
else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persitivest constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune’s love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin’d and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest 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.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow baulbe boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb’d bark through liquid mountains
cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus’ horse.¹² Where’s then the saucy
boat,
Whose weak untimber’d sides but even now
Co-rival’d greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour’s show, and valour’s worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the bribe,¹³
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing
of courage,
As rous’d with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent turn’d in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[To Agam.

And thou most reverend for thy stretch’d-out-life.—
[To Nest.

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch’d in silver,¹⁴
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Grecish cars
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be’t of less
expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector’s sword had lack’d a master,
But for these instances.
The 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 foreigners 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,\(^{15}\)
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, farm,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and sphere'd
Amidst the other; whose med'civable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and derrucose\(^{16}\)
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, unteme 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 lath to climb. The general's disdain'd

By him one step below; he, by the head;
That next, by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an anxious fever.
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sources. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Next. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulys. The great Achilles,—whom opinion
crowns
The sinew and the forchand 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 pageants us. Sometime great Agamemnon,
Thy toplless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms un
squad'r,
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 extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorge,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, "O!—enough, Patroclus;—
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split 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, prevention,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes. 17

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will’d; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feats; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulysses. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall 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 dignity:
They call this—bed work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness o’ his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or these, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles’ horse
Makes many Thetis’ sons.


Enter Eneas.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you ’fore our tent?

Eneas. Is this
Great Agamemnon’s tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Eneas. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles’ arm
’Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Eneas. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Eneas. 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 Phoebus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Eneas. 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, Eneas;
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
If that the prais’d himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Eneas?

Eneas. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What’s your affair, I pray you?

Eneas. Sir, pardon; ’tis for Agamemnon’s ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes
from Troy.

Eneas. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon’s sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Eneas. 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 18
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,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To reuse 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 sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. 19 Even so much.

Again. 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.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man.
When Hector's grandsire sulk'd he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantage put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandson, and as chaste
As may be in the world; His youth in blood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Ænæs. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. 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 Ulyss. and Nest.

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges 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.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. This purpose is perspicuous even as substance.
Whose greatness little characters ANN RED.
And, in the publication, make no strain.
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Laby, 9 though Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with dexterity, find Hector's purpose.
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,
It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though 'tis be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwell'd;
For here the Trojans taste our dear at repose:
With their fainst palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd.
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a wailing
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby-figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election: and doubt boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues: Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech:—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell: if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what
are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him.
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt 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.

Neat. 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.—Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites,—
Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full,
al over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—
Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—
Ther. Then would come some matter from him;
I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsealed heaven, speak:
I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book.
Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.
Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou striketh me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—
Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. 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,—
Ther. Thou grumbllest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. COLLOAF!
Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. Thou whoreson cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. 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 put to thresh 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. Thou dog!

Ther. Thou scurvy lord!


Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.
Achil. Well, why I do so.
Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.
Achil. I know that, fool.
Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.
Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.
Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicum of wit he utter's! his evasions have ears that long. I have hobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pit mate is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.
Achil. What?
Ther. I say, this Ajax—
Achil. Nay, good Ajax.
[Ajax offers to strike him, Achil interposes.
Ther. Has not so much wit—
Achil. Nay, I must hold you.
Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.
Achil. Peace, fool! Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.
Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—
Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?
Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.
Patr. Good words, Thersites.
Achil. What's the quarrel?
Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.
Ther. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go to, go to.
Ther. I serve here voluntary.
Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress. Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.
Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?
Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.
Achil. What, what?
Ther. Yes, good sooth; to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which 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 slumber, 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 dis-orb'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 cram'd reason: reason and respect
Makes livers pale, and lusthlood deject.

_Hect._ Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

_Tro._

_What is aught, but as 'tis valued?_

_Hect._ But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the 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 blemish 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 with full consent belied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captitive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry’d—"Go, go,")
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—"Inestimable!") why do you now
The issue of your proper 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 shrick is this?

_Tro._ 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

_Cas._ [Within.] Cry, Trojans!

_Hect._ It is Cassandra.

_Enter Cassandra, weeping._

_Cas._ Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

_Hect._ Peace, sister, peace.

_Cas._ Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
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 godly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

_Cry._ Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.
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 reject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propagation is in one man's valour,
To stand the 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 rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfan'm'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle's thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons, you allege, do more condemning
To the hot passion of dissembler'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 my true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be rendered 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 heay. 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 dependance
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 promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great 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 advokis'd, their great general silept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him.

Enter Thersites.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to 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, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bonache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a plackot. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.


Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeis, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't, she never shrouded any but lazers. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why last thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what 's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what 's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what 's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I 'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.29—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I 'll speak with nobody:—

Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw envious factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry serpigo on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man;
but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[ Takes Ajax aside.]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his foot from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No you see, he is his argument, that has his argument: Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a foot could disunite.

Ulyss. The anity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

[Re-enter Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him: he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus:— We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,— Not virtuously on his own part beheld,— Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him: and you shall not sin, If you do say—we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assertion 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 lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him like an engine Not portable, lie under this report— Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Exit.

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied, We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter. [Exit Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say— he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, casts 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.

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?

[Aside.

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none; But carries on the stream of his dispose, Without observance or respect of any, In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request, Untuck his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only, He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse, That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts, Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages, And battens down himself: What should I say? He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it Cry—'No recovery.'

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent: 'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led, At your request, a little from himself. 

_Ulyss._ O Agamemnon, let it not be so! We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord, That bastis his arrogance with his own seam; And never suffers matter of the world Enter his thoughts,—save such as do resolve And ruminate himself,—shall he be worship'd Of that we hold an idol more than he? No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd; 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 more coals to Cancer, when he burns With entertaining great Hyperion. This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid; And say in thunder—" Achilles, go to him."

_Nest._ O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.  

_Ajax._ If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll push him Over the face.  

_Agam._ O, no, you shall not go.  

_Ajax._ An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride: Let me go to him. 

_Ulyss._ Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel. 

_Ajax._ A paltry, insolent fellow,— How he describes Himself!  

_Ajax._ Can he not be sociable? 

_Ulyss._ The raven Chides blackness.  

_Ajax._ I will let his humour's blood.  

_Agam._ He'll be physician, that should be the patient.  

_Ajax._ An all men Were o' my mind,— 

_Ulyss._ Wit would be out of fashion. 

_Ajax._ He should not bear it so, He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it? 

_Nest._ An 'twould, you'd carry half.  

_Ulyss._ He'd have ten shares. 

_Ajax._ I'll knead him, I will make him supple:—  

_Nest._ He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises:

_Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry._  

[Aside.  

_Ulyss._ My Lord, you feed too much on this dislike._  

[To Agam.  

_Nest._ O noble general, do not do so.  

_Dio._ You must prepare to fight without Achilles.  

_Ulyss._ Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.  

_Here is a man—But 'tis before his face; I will be silent._  

_Nest._ Wherefore should you so?  

He is not emulous, as Achilles is. 

_Ulyss._ Know the whole world, he is as valiant. 

_Ajax._ A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! 

_I would, he were a Trojan!_  

_Nest._ What a vice Were it in Ajax now——  

_Ulyss._ If he were proud?  

_Dio._ Or covetous of praise?  

_Ulyss._ Ay, or surly born?  

_Dio._ Or strange, or self-affected?  

_Ulyss._ Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure; 

_Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck: 

_Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition: But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight, Let Mars divide eternity in twain, And give him half; and, for thy vigour, Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom, Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,— Instructed by the antiquary times, He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;— But pardon, father Nestor, were your days As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd, You should not have the eminence of him, But be as Ajax. 

_Ajax._ Shall I call you father?  

_Nest._ Ay, my good son.  

_Dio._ Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.  

_Ulyss._ There is no tarrying here; the heart 

_Achilles Keeps thicket. Please it our great general To call together all his state of war; Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow We must with all our main of power stand fast:
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Room in Priam’s Palace.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pau. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Ser. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pau. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pau. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Ser. The lord be praised!

Pau. You know me, do you not?

Ser. ’Faith, sir, superficially.

Pau. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Ser. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pau. I do desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of grace.

[Music within.

Pau. Grace! not so, friend: honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pau. Know you the musicians?

Ser. Wholly, sir.

Pau. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, sir.

Pau. At whose pleasure, friend?

Ser. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pau. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who shall I command, sir?

Pau. 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 is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love’s invisible soul,—

Pau. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Ser. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pau. 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 needs.

Ser. Sudden business! there’s a stowed phrase, indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pau. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pau. 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.

Pau. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Par. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pau. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we’ll hear you sing, certainly.

Pau. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Par. Go to; sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pau. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that’s a sweet queen, i’faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Par. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—
ACT III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE II.

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida. 30

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.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love; this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh, love'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! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats 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-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit. A Retreat sounded.

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must 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.

Helen. Twill make us proud to be his servant,
Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Give us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?
Troy. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?
Troy. 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 transpontance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds: 472
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressida!

Pan. Walk here 'tis the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

[Rev. Pan.]

TRO. I am giddy; expectation whisks me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, turn'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite: 'I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[Exit Pan.]

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 encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the 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 not? 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 loth 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 feefarm 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 of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's

“-in witness whereof the parties interchangeably” —Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

TRO. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thou?

Cres. Wished my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

TRO. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abrupti? What too curious dress copies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRES. More drags than water, if my fears have eyes.

TRO. Fears make devils chorubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

TRO. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

TRO. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruousness in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

TRO. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name 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.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy

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of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord:
if he flinch, chide me for it.

_Tro._ You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

_Pan._ Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

_Cres._ Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

_Tro._ Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

_Cres._ Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that 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 unsecreat to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I wo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue:
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

_Tro._ And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

_Pan._ Pretty, 'tis faith.

_Cres._ My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

_Tro._ Your leave, sweet Cressid?

_Pan._ Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

_Cres._ Pray you, content you.

_Tro._ What offends you, lady?

_Cres._ Sir, mine own company.

_Tro._ You cannot shun yourself.

_Cres._ Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

_Tro._ Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

_Cres._ Perchance, my lord, I show more craft
than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For, to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

_Tro._ O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,) To feed for sate 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.

_Cres._ In that I'll war with you.

_Tro._ O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon; 83
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

_Cres._ Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

_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.

Cres. Amen.

Pat. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and 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!

[Execut.

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 alonethat, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incur'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself, From certain and possess'd conveniences, To doubtful fortunes; sequester'd 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.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor, Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear. Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,) Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange, Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor, I know, is such a wretch 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.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him, And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have What he requests of us.—Good Diomed, Furnish you fairly for this interchange;

Withal, being word—if Hector will tomorrow Be answer'd in his challenge, Ajax is ready.

Dis. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden Which I am proud to bear.

[Execut Dis. and Cal.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands! the entrance of his tent— Please it our general to pass strangely by him, As if he were forgot; and, princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard upon him: I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me, Why such implausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:

If so, I have derision med'cineable,
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 feet.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on A form of strangeness as we pass along;—So do each lord; and either greet him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. [Exit Agam. and Nest.

Achil. Good day, good day.


Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.


Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit Ajax.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend, To send their smiles before them to Achilles; To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune, Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
ACT III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax 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 shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are
devour'd,
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perserverance, 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 fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear;
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in
present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'er top yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the corner:— Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, descri in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,
Not going from itself: but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turna not to itself,
Till it hath traveller, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,) Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, 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 rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
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 gift,
More hard than gilt o'er dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou grand 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 would'st 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 drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulysses. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.37

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulysses. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in 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,38
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mammish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war.
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unlock his amorous field,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
He shank to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much humour
by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly go'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
These 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 aque, subtly taunts
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarmed: I have a woman's long-
ing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage
Even to my full of view. A labour say'd!

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking
for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroic
endegulling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peac-
cock, 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 polit-
cic 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 it 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 is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a mon-
ster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on
both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him,
Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he
professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite him the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.
Ther. Humph!
Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—
Ther. Ha!
Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent!—
Ther. Humph!
Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.
Ther. Agamemnon?
Patr. Ay, my lord.
Ther. Ha!
Patr. What say you to 't?
Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy.  A Street.

Enter, at one side, Æneas and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, and Others, with Torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?
Dei. 'Tis 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 toad—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 arn't, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.

Patr. Your answer, sir.
Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.
Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make cuttings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.
Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stir'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[Exit Achil. and Patr.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

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 enfeebled Antenor, the fair Cressida:
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. Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'tis faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?
Dió. Both alike: He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soiture,) With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,) With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece; You, like a lecher, out of whorish loves Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors: Both merits poiss'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman,
Dió. She's bitter to her country: Hear me,
Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple Of her contaminated carrion weight, A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak, She hath not given so many good words breath, As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do, Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy: But we in silence hold this virtue well,— We'll not commend what we intend to sell. Here lies our way.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same. Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.
Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down.
He shall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give us soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cres. Good morrow then.
Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you sweaty of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crowns,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief.
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry:—
You men will never tarry,—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.
Pau. [Within] What, are all the doors open here?
Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.
Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,—
Pau. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?
—Here, you maid; where's my cousin Cressid?
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.
Pau. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?
Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good, Nor suffer others.
Pau. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capuchia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[Knocking.

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ACT IV.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE III.

Cres. Did I not tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!'—
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber;
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Tro. Ha, ha!
Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing. — [Knocking. How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[Execut Tro. and Cres.
Pan. [Going to the door.] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter 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 are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither; Go.

As Pandadorus is going out, enter Troilus.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?
Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash.40 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 Diomede's 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.41
[Execut Tro. and Æne.

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!

Enter Cressida.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?
Pan. Ah, ah!
Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?
Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!
Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?
Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!
Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?
Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.
Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.
Pan. Thou must.
Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No, kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—
Pan. Do, do.
Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks:
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[Execut.

SCENE III.—The Same. Before Pandarvus' 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 in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [Exit.

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief's 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 temperize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!


Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here: Let me embrace too: “O heart,”—as the goodly saying is,—

—— O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sighs thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods enry?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justice roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguides our lips
Of all rejudgments, 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.
Injuries time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thiev'ry 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.

Pan. [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 Pan.

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!

When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly
For it is parting from us:
I speak not, “be thou true,” as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, “be thou true,” say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true,

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.
Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor feel the high laud, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and prompt

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discouraging devil,
That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will?
Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [Within.] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and
Diomedes.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, guard, 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 o'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressida, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
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 mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be priviléged by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour.—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[Exeunt Tro., Cres, and Dio

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.

Dei. 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.


Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles,
Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and
Others.

Agam. 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 spheric bias check
Out-swell the cholic of pull'd Aquilon:
Act IV.

TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA.

Scene V.

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.]
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is this you Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss. '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 Diomed, with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid? Dom. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menchus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are old, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then.
Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your father.
[Dict. leads out Cress.
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fye, fye 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.⁴⁴
O, these encouters, so gib of tongue,
That give a consting welcome ere it comes.⁴⁵
And wide unlasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For shittish spoils of opportunity,
And darthers of the game. [Trumpet within.
All. The Trojans' trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, armed; Aeneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Aene. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By my voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?
Aene. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing.
The knight oppos'd.

Aene. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?
Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.
Aene. Therefore Achilles: But, what'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.⁴⁶
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT IV.

Achill. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight, Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord 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 stride before their strokes begin.

[Ajax and Hector enter the lists.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight; Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word; Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue; Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free; For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows; Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty, Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath: Manly as Hector, but more dangerous; For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes To tender objects; but he, in heat of action, Is more vindicative than jealous love: They call him Troilus; and on him erect A second hope, as fairly built as Hector. Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth Even to his inches, and, with private soul, Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own! Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st; Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—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 could'st 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 check, and this sinister Bounds-in my father's;" by Jove multipotent, Thou should'st not hear from me a Greekish member Wherein my sword had not impressure made Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay, That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother, My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, 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 O yes Cries, "This is he,")) could promise to himself A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectancy 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 seld 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 unarmed the valiant Hector.

Hec. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me: And signify this loving interview To the expectors of our Trojan part; Desire them home.—Give me thy land, 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, my own searching eyes Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one That would be rid of such 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.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you. [To Tro.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother’s
greeting:—
You hence of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Men. The noble Menelaus.  
Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untried 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.
Hect. O, pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have
seen thee,
As hot as Persians, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forlets and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i’ the
air,
Not letting it decline on the declin’d;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
“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.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good, old chronicle,
That hast so long walk’d hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in
contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha!  
By this white beard, I’ll fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there’s many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
You towers whose wanton tops do burst the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
Hect. I must not believe you:  
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Aehil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses,
though!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Aehil. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on
thee.
Aehil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Aehil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of sport thou’lt read me
o’er;
But there’s more in me than thou understand’st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Aehil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of
his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector’s great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens
Hect. It would discredit the bless’d gods, proud
man,
To answer such a question: Stand again
Think’st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Aehil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I’d not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I’ll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forgo that stiethed 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,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles’ Tent.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I’ll heat his blood with Grecian wine to-night, Which with my scimitar I’ll cool to-morrow.— Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.


Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon’s box, or the patient’s wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr’ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles’ male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what’s that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-gripping, rupture, cantharis, loads o’ gravel i’ the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, scatias, lime-kilns i’ the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled verse-simple of theetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whRESON indistinguishable egg, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of slave silk, thou green sacrent flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal’s purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-dies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow’s battle. Here is a letter from queen Hecuba; A token from her daughter, my fair love; Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it: Fall, Greeks; 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 banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [Exit Achill and Patroclus.

Thersites. 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 earer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as car-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of euckolds; 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 tead, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe. I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the house of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomed, with Lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Achill. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achill. Good night, and welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [Exit Agam. and Men. Achill. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, keep Hector company an hour or two.

Diomed. I cannot, lord; I have important business. The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. I'll follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[Aside to Troy.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.
Hect. And so good night.

Exit Diomed; Ulysses and Troy following.

Achill. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exit Achill, Hect, Ajax, and Nest.

Thersites. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most injust knave; 'twill do no more trust him when he leaves, than I will a serpent when he kisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brablar the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is predestined, 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—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Diomed. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them Tiresias.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him?

Diomed. How now, my charge?

Cressid. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.

Tro. Yeas, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Thersites. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Diom. Will you remember?

Cressid. Remember? yes.

Diom. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cressid. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Thersites. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:—

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, 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!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his check!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump,
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past:—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell:
Then never shall mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go—One cannot speak a word,
But it strait starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall he plagu’d.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr’ythee, come.—

Exit Dio.

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 Cres.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, My mind is now turn’d whore.

Ulyss. All’s done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recorrelation 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 deceptions functions,
Created only to calumny.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ’d for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid’s rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil
our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on’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 sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods’ delight,
If there be rule in nuptial itself,
This was not she. O madness of discourse;
That cause sets up with and against itself
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdiction, and love assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no oracle for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne’s broken web, 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, dissolv’d, and
loos’d;

And with another knot, fire-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, arts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and gryseous relics
Of her o’er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach’d
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Infam’d with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix’d a soul.

Ther. 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 compos’d by Vulcan’s skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricane call
Constring’d in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune’s car
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He’ll tickle it for his coney.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false; false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they’ll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;  
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.  

_Tro._ Have with you, prince—My courteous  
lord adieu—  

Farewell, revoluted fair!—and, Diomed,  
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!  
_Ulyss._ I'll bring you to the gates.  
_Tro._ Accept distracted thanks.  

[Exeunt _Tro., _Ene., and _Ulyss._  
_Ther._ 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed!  
I would creak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode.  
Patroclus will give me any thing for the  
intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do  
more for an almond, than he for a commodious  
drab.  
Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery;  
nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take  
them!  

_SCENE III._—Troy.  
Before Priam's Palace.  

_Enter Hector and Andromache._  

_And._ When was my lord so much ungently tem-  
per'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?  
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.  

_Hect._ You train me to offend you; get you in:  
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.  

_And._ My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to  
the day.  

_Hect._ No more, I say.  

[Enter Cassandra.]  

_Cas._ Where is my brother Hector?  

_And._ Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:  
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,  
Pursue him on knees; for I have dream'd  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaugh-  
ter.  

_Cas._ O, it is true.  

_Hect._ Ho! bid my trumpet sound!  

_Cas._ No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet  
brather.  

_Hect._ Begone, I say: the gods have heard me  
swear.  

_Cas._ The gods are deaf to hot and peevish  
vows;  
They are polluted offerings, more 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.  

_Hect._ Hold you still, I say;  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—  

_Enter Troilus._  

_Hect._ How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-  
day?  

_And._ Cassandra, call my father to persuade.  

[Hect. _Exit Cas._  

_Hect._ No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy har-  
ness, 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.  

_Hect._ What vice is that, good Troilus? chide  
me for it.  

_Tro._ When many times the captive Grecians fall,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.  

_Hect._ O, 'tis fair play.  

_Tro._ Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.  

_Hect._ How now? how now?  

_Tro._ For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;  
And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;  
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.  

_Hect._ Fye, savage, fye!  

_Tro._ Hector, then 'tis wars.  

_Hect._ Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.  
_Tro._ Who should withhold me?  
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;  
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recurrence of tears;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin.  

_Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam._  

_Cas._ Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:  
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.
ACT V.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

SCENE IV.

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 erupt, To tell thee—that this day is ominous Therefore, come back.

Hect. Illyria is a-field; And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, Even in the faith of valour, to appear This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith. You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect; but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you: Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit And.]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl Makes all these bodeiments.

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 doleous forth! Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement, Like witless ants, 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.]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclain: Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight; Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[Exit severally Pri. and Hect. Alarum.]

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe, I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear? Tro. What now? Pan. Here 's a letter from you' poor girl. Tro. Let me read. Pan. A whoreson phthisic, a whoreson rascally phthisic 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 tease in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [Tearing the letter. The effect doth operate another way.— Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change togethер.— My love with words and errors still she feeds; But edifies another with her deeds. [Exit severally.

SCENE IV.—Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THEMATIS.

Ther. Now they are eapless-clawing one another; I 'll go look on. That dissembling abominable valet, Diomed, has got that same wotry doing 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 whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a slockless errand. O the 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. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

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!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve! [Exit Tro. and Dio., fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?
Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.
Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [Exit. Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me;
But a plague break thy neck, for frightning 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.—The Same.

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 chastis’d the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Serv. I go, my lord. [Exit Serv.

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corse of the kings
Epipheus and Cedit: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thous, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta’en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis’d: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nestor. Go, bear Patroclus’ body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac’d Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he’s there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled 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.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great
Achilles
Is arm’d, a wenching, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus’ wounds have rous’d his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack’d and chipp’d, come
to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm’d, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
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.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus’
horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis’d the amorous Trojan,
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Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great
Achilles
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Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha! Have at thee, Hector.
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriended thee now,
But thou must hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune.
[Exit.

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, here me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a
goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll brush 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.
[Exit.

Scene VII.—The same.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. 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 arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is deereed—Hector the most must die.
[Exit.

Scene VIII.—The same.

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then
Thersites.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are
at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo!
now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!
The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!
[Exit Paris and Men.

Scene IX.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrid core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cast 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.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels;
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hect. I am unarmed; forego this vantage, Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I
seek. [Hect. 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 retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth,
And, stickler like, the armies separate.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[Sheath his Sword.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exit.

Scene X.—The same.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor,
Diomedes, and Others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
ACT V.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Nest. Peace, drums.

[Within.] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Again. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE XI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Æneas and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter 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!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all imminence, that gods and men,

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him, that will a serreech-owl aye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;

Make wells and 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-siz'd 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 thoughts.—

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exeunt Æneas 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 Tro.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—

O world! world! world! this 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 cases;

And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.
NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

1 OrgulOUS, i.e. proud, disdainful.
2 Speere up the sons of Troy.
To speere, or spear, from the old Teutonic word Spere, signifies to shut up or defend by bars.
3 And hither am I come
A prologue armed.

The speaker of the prologue was to be habited in armour, not, says Dr. Johnson, "defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war before a warlike play."

4 Leaps over the count.
That is, the aount, what went before.
5 She's a fool to stay behind her father.
Caecias, the father of Cressida, was a priest of Troy, who being sent by Priam to consult the oracle at Delphi, concerning the event of the war, and finding that the Greeks would obtain the victory, he deserted to them, and never returned to his own country.

6 Between our Ilium.
Ilium is here used to mean the royal palace of Priam, but Mr. Stevens says that Ilium, properly speaking, is the name of the city; Troy, that of the country.

7 How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not ashield?
From various lines in this play it appears that Shakspere pronounced Troilus improperly as a dissyllable.

8 They say he is a very man, per se.
That is, paramount, the paragon or flower of men.
9 Into a compassed window.
That is, a circular or bow window.

10 Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?
Lifter is here used equivocally to mean thief.

11 Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.
This appears a contradiction, and the following lines express a meaning entirely opposite. We should read, "joy's soul dies in the doing;" which means that the fire of passion is extinguished by enjoyment.

12 Brandling between the two moist elements,
Like Persseus' horse.

Pegasus is the only flying horse that we hear of in ancient mythology, and he did not belong to Persseus, but Bellerophon. But Shakspere followed the author of The Destruction of Troy, in which he found the following account: "Of the blood that issued out (from Medusa's head) there descended Pegasus, or the flying horse. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, it is understood, that of her riches issuing of that realtime, he (Pegasus) bounded and made a ship, named Pegase, and this ship was likened unto a horse flying."

13 The brise, i.e. the gad or horse-fly.
14 As venerable Nestor, hatched in silver.
We should read thatched with silver, his head rocked or covered with silvery white hair.

15 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre.
By this centre, Ulysses means the earth itself, not the centre of the earth. According to the Ptolemaic system, the earth is the centre of the solar system.

16 Deracimite, i.e. tear up by the roots.

17 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.
Paradoxes has no discoverable meaning; we should probably read paradoxes.

18 Who in this dull and long-continued truce.
Shakspere has fallen into an error here. In the previous scene the Trojan princes are represented as returning home from that day's fight; and Cressida's servant tells her that Ajax "yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down;" yet here a long truce is spoken of as being then in operation.

19 Let blockish Ajax.

Shakspere appears to have confounded Ajax Telamonius with Ajax Oileus. Perhaps he was led into this error by the author of The Destruction of Troy, who, in describing these two persons, improperly calls Ajax Oileus, simply Ajax, as the more eminent of the two.

20 The plague of Greece upon thee.
Probably an allusion to the plague supposed to be sent by Apollo on the Greek army.

21 He would pun thee into shivers.

Pun, says Dr. Johnson, is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for pound.

22 An assinago, i.e. an ass.

23 Every tithe soul, amongst many thousand dimes.
Disme is the tithe or tenth. Every tenth among many thousand tenths.
NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

32 And, for an old aunt.
Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax.

33 Our fire-brand brother.
Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she would be delivered of a flaming torch.

35 The soil of her fair rape.
Rape anciently signified the carrying away of a female without any idea of personal violence.

36 Aristotle.
Aristotle was not born until 382 years before Christ, and Troy was taken by the Greeks 1,184 years before Christ; so that the poet is guilty of an anachronism of more than eight hundred years.

38 Make that demand of the prover.
The folio somewhat profanely reads, to thy Creator. The quarto has, of the prover, but the meaning is, I think, the same. Make that demand (i.e. why thou art a fool?) to thy Creator who hath made thee one.

39 I'll lay my life with my disposer Cressida.
It is difficult to know how Cressida can be the disposer of Paris; Mr. Malone suggests that Shakespeare might have written despiser; and adds:—"What Pandarus says afterwards, that 'Paris and Cressida are twain,' supports this conjecture." Mr. Ritson offers a different solution; the line ought, he thinks, to be spoken by Helen. She calls Cressida her depositer, because she had deposited her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus is ready to swear she loved more than Paris.

31 An you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.
That is, in the shafts. Fills is a word used in some counties for thills, the shafts of a cart or waggon.

32 A kiss in fee-farm.
That is, a prolonged kiss, a kiss of unlimited duration.

33 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon.
As true as steel is an old proverbial expression, a sword of good steel being a weapon on which its owner could rely. Plantage probably means vegetation, plants of any kind, and the allusion is to the common opinion of the influence which the moon was supposed to posses over the vegetable kingdom.

34 That through the sight I bear in things, to Jove.
This, some editors have altered to—the sight I bear in things to come. "The word," says Dr. Johnson, "is so printed, that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be love or Jove. I believe that the editors read it as love, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning."

35 That man—how dearly ever parted.
However excellently endowed.

36 Who, in his circumstance.
That is, in the detail or circumduction of his argument.

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7 Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.
Polyceena, in the act of marrying whom he was afterwards killed by Paris.

28 There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state.
A secret administration of affairs, a sort of ubiquity, in wise governments, which no historian can unveil.

29 His purpose meets you.
I bring you his meaning and his orders.

40 My matter is so rash.
That is, my business is so hasty and abrupt.

41 The secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
The first line is defective; Mr. Theobald would read—the secret things of nature, &c.

42 What wicked deem, i.e. thought, doubt, or judgment.

43 The port, i.e. the gate.

44 At every joint and motive of her body.
Motive is used for motion. Her wantonness shews in every act or motion.

45 That give a coasting welcome ere it comes.
A coasting welcome has been surmised to be an amorous glance of invitation, and, ere it come, to imply that the lady makes the first advance, and intimates by her manner that familiarity will not be unwelcome.

46 This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.
Ajax and Hector were cousins, Ajax being the son of Hesione, the sister of Priam and aunt of Hector.

47 Or else a breath.
A breathing, a friendly encounter just sufficient to make the combatants pant with their exertion.

48 Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath.
Does not utter an immature or unsuitable thought.

49 Most imperious Agamemnon.
Imperious and imperious had the same meaning.

50 The noble Menelous.
Menelaus would scarcely apply the epithet noble, to himself; Mr. Ritson supposes that this sentence should be spoken by Ajax.

51 I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou.
By the utterance of this line as it stands, Achilles would evidently insult Ulysses. Should we not read though for thou?

52 You ruinous butt: you whoreson indistinguishable cur.
This is said in allusion to the deformity of Thersites; he is called a ruinous butt, on account of his graceless and lump-like figure; and indistinguishable, because he is of an unnatural and undetermine shape.

H. T.